ALUMNI ASSOCIATION
PROPERTY.
DO NOT TAKE FROM ALUMNI ROOM.

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MRS. ELLA RAWLS READER, THE GREATEST BUSINESS WOMAN IN THE WORLD.

See page 310.

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EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE

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ALUMNI ASSOCIATION PROPERTY. DO NOT TAKE FROM ALUMNI ROOM.

THE MARBLE AND BRONZE GROUP UPHOLDING THE "VOORUIT'S" STANDARD.

The Vooruit of Ghent

By VANCE THOMPSON

Illustrated with photographs

"It is organized industry, organized thrift, organized well-being, and a very capable organization of the joy of life."

I KNOW the gray city. It is Ghent in Flanders. Drowsy canals creep through it. Belfries and towers lift up their melancholy heads; and the bells drone. But the great gloom of Ghent you cannot know unless you come into it when a leaden day lies thick upon it. A sad and ancient city of labor. The weavers' shuttles have gone to and fro there for ages. Roman adventurers coming into these parts found the Flemings weaving yellow serge. Through all the years the spinning-wheels have turned and the clatter of the loom has never ceased. It is one of the world's historic labor-fields. I had come up out of the countryside—the part of Flanders I know best. In the gray castles life goes splendidly in the old feudal way. It is like one of the old paintings, wherein they eat and drink at huge tables—a fire roars up the chimney—savorsome girls dance a round—through the windows a

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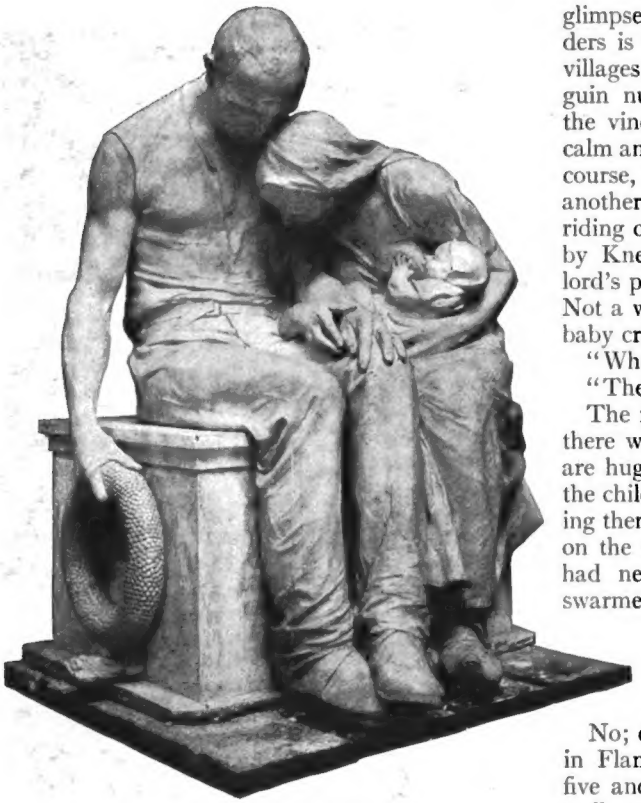


THE PEOPLE MOURN.
This monument marks the "Vooruit" burying-ground near Ghent.

glimpse of brown, fat fields. And this Flanders is very beautiful, with its prairies and villages. Peasants sing in the taverns. Beguin nuns caress white lambs. And under the vines and among the blue flowers it is calm and good as in a picture or a fable. Of course, in a feudal land like this there is another side to the story. One morning, riding out from the château, we came round by Knesselaere, a meager village where milord's peasants dwell. And it was deserted. Not a woman looked from a doorway; not a baby cried.

"Where are the people?" I asked.

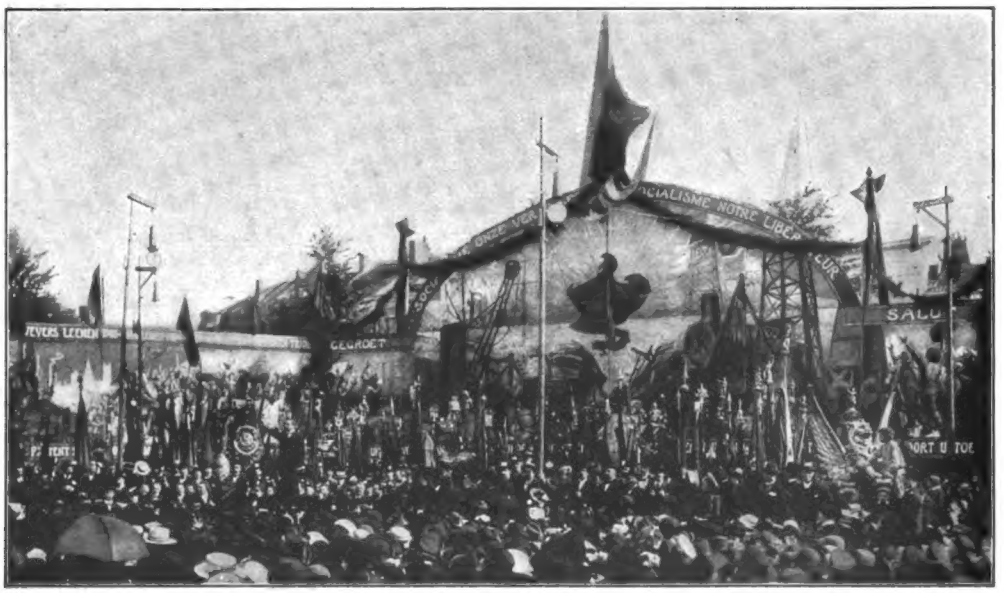
"They are at work, yonder," said my host.

The road wound through the woods; and there we found our peasants. In the forest are huge ant-heaps. The men, the women, the children were digging out the ants, carrying them in sacks, and dumping them in piles on the road. So wretched a lot of helots I had never seen—ragged, frost-nipped, and swarmed over by the ants.

"In the name of good industry," said I, "what is that for?"

"They are feeding my pheasants," milord said.

No; even in the countryside all is not well in Flanders—at Hamme I saw children of five and six turning the wheel on the rope-walk, and they work for thirteen hours a day. What would it be, I wondered, in this gray



INAUGURATING A NEW "VOORUIT" COOPERATIVE BUILDING.

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THE INTERIOR OF A "VOORUIT" COOPERATIVE CAFÉ.

city of Ghent, which is a giant ant-heap like those of the forest of Knesselaere. You shall see.

THE CONQUEST OF POVERTY

The story I have to tell is a very simple one; and yet it is palpitant with the iron romance of shop and factory, and it contains, I believe, a prophecy. In Ghent the working men have perfected an organization which forecasts—if it does not wholly realize—the future. Unquestionably a social transformation is going on everywhere. Behind the great aggregations of capital on the one hand and of labor on the other, the discerning man may make out the vague shadow of a new organization of society. In fifty years, say in a hundred years—a prophet need not be precise—the conditions of labor will have changed. Now, to visit Ghent is to visit one of these cities of the future. The working men there—sooner than the rest of us—have broken with the past and effaced the old traditions of labor. They have created, if not the city of the future, at all events a tolerable

THE FIRST HOME OF THE VOORUIT.

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THE FAÇADE OF THE "VOORUIT" COOPERATIVE STORE BUILDING.

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INTERIOR VIEW OF THE "VOORUIT" COOPERATIVE STORE.

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A WALL PANEL IN THE "VOORUIT" HEADQUARTERS.

city within a city, a state within a state; it is the pale dream of old More and Robert Owen and Fourier made true and tangible. It is organized industry, organized thrift, organized well-being, and a very capable organization of the joy of life.

The beginning was more than modest. A quarter of a century ago what Leiter I know not was gambling in preparation for it. These weavers and spinners—the worst paid laborers in the world—banded themselves into a society. "Vooruit," they call it, which is as though one said "*En avant!*" or "Forward!" And they have gone forward. The "Vooruit" is more than a society; it is a

THE "VOORUIT" HEADQUARTERS, CONTAINING LIBRARY, THEATER, AND LECTURE-ROOMS.

THE EDITORIAL OFFICE OF THE "VOORUIT" NEWSPAPER.

FAMINE.
Modeled by the Socialist sculptor, Van Biesbroeck.

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Chicago wheat and sent a famine into Ghent, as into many an Old World city. A few working men were gathered at Paul Verbauwen's, in the Belgrade street. They struck out the idea that bread might be made at a cheaper rate should they club their funds, buy in quantity, and bake in common. In a few days they got together eighty-five francs and ninety-three centimes—say $17.18. They hired an old cellar and, with an old baker and an old kneading-trough and an old oven, the work began. It was cooperation of the simplest sort. It grew, however, as such things have not grown otherwhere. To-day the "Vooruit" possesses at Ghent a vast bakery turning out hundreds of thousands of loaves of bread, a large department store, a dozen grocery shops, pharmacies in all parts of the city, an enormous "Headquarters," with theater and concert rooms; a bank, a printing-house, daily and weekly newspapers, a hospital and operating-room, art galleries, libraries, and gymnasiums, the largest cotton factory in Ghent—these and a score of subsidiary works. There are 160,000 people in Ghent. Of these, 100,000 are affiliated to the "Vooruit," so that, of men, women, and children, five-eighths of the civic population are enrolled in this inner city of thrift, industry, and economic reform. The communal property is worth millions of francs. They have gone "forward," indeed, from that old cellar where an old baker kneaded the first cooperative bread.

The "Vooruit" is not merely commercial: it has fine ideals, educational and political; these organized working men are Socialists one and all; the material well-being which has come from cooperation is used in the service of what Anseele calls fondly the Great Idea. From the "Vooruit" as a center the lines of missionary effort radiate in every direction, covering Belgium with "People's Homes," with clubs for social study, with libraries and schools. A strange world! These working men, bent and deformed by lives of toil, are touched with apostolic fervor. They go out as on a crusade. Old and young, the women with the men, they march out against the great feudal stronghold of that capital which makes life so unequal—the splendor of riches and the black leanness of labor. It is like that pathetic crusade of the children; with flowers and songs they marched away along the dusty roads praying; and though they did not reach Jerusalem, yet those who followed where they led, took the city. These are the thoughts that haunt one in this gray town of Ghent—a citadel conquered by the visionary army of labor.

The chief of this great organization is Edward Anseele, a Socialist member of Parliament. One of the founders, a laboring man like all the others, he is one of the great men of this industrial age. His greatness is evident in the fact that the organization he has built up is independent of himself. With him or without him, it will go on just the same. The idea is bigger than the man.

Any one who "respects the ideas of the Socialistic party" may become a member of the "Vooruit" by paying an entrance fee of twenty cents. That is all. Nothing could be simpler. Membership entails no responsibilities. It offers certain advantages which the member may take or leave as he pleases. Since it is our business to see what those advantages are, let us go first of all—for the "Vooruit" is built upon bread—to the bakery. A long drive through the gray and stony streets. The bakery is on the outskirts of the city. The huge buildings bulk large along the riverside. We enter a court. At one side are the stables, where, in miniature stalls, hundreds of big dogs growl or sleep or tug at the chain. The delivery wagons, be it known, are drawn by dogs; and good draft-animals they are, too, hardy and cheap. Beyond is a large hall with kneading-troughs of the latest mechanical pattern. Weird machinery kneads the dough, carries it on to the bake-room, cuts it, stamps it, takes it finally from the ovens, and ranges it, in endless lines, upon steel frames. In perfection of appointment the cooperative bakery rivals the great houses of Vienna. The workmen are in white linen. They have dressing-rooms, steam baths, a library for idle hours. Working in three shifts, eight hours a day, they are paid the ruling wage of the day. At present they get $5.60 for a week of seven days, which is the union wage in Ghent. A foreman's pay is $6 a week. The chief product is wheat bread, of which over two hundred thousand pounds a week are distributed. The price, of course, varies. The day of my visit, a two-pound loaf was sold to the public for five cents and was delivered to the members of the "Vooruit" at the price of seven cents.

This difference of two cents between the cost price and the selling price is the basis of the multiple works of the society. Once a week, on Sunday, each member procures a number of brass counters, each good for a two-

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pound loaf. Suppose the housewife takes ten loaves. The sum of seventy cents, then, is charged against her in the Bread Book. At the end of every three months the account is made up. Our housewife, for instance, has used ten loaves a week for twelve weeks; for these 120 loaves she has paid, at seven cents apiece, the sum of $8.40. Now the outsider, buying the same bread, has paid only five cents a loaf, or $6 in all. In other words the members of the "Vooruit" have consented to pay $2.40 more than the bread is worth. It is compulsory thrift. At the end of every three months the saving is given back in the form of a credit slip, good at any one of the numerous shops of the "Vooruit." In this way every family saves automatically a few cents—how many depends upon the size of the family and the consumption of bread—daily, and accumulates a fund for the purchase of the dearer necessities of life, such as clothes, furniture, medicines. Except bread, all the articles furnished by the cooperative stores of the "Vooruit" are sold at nearly cost price.

This obligatory saving has another side which is of great importance in the successful growth of the enterprise. The sums thus saved form a considerable capital, which is lent without interest to the society. Even 100,000 loaves a week at the advanced price represent $24,000 every three months, or $96,000 a year. This working capital, upon which no interest is paid, explains the commercial prosperity of the "Vooruit." The household, in paying a trifle more than the market price, lays by fifteen, or twenty, or even thirty dollars a year—not a large sum in the eyes of the American working man; but in Flanders, it should be remembered, life is cheap, or at all events simple. The family wage, where both husband and wife work, is rarely more than $6.50 a week. If there are children they may gain forty or fifty cents a week in the cotton factories; a large family may see its earnings mount to $17 or $18. The main outlay is for food, and, as bread forms the staple diet, a great part of the family income goes to the "Vooruit" bakery. Two cents out of every seven cents expended comes back, however, in articles of prime necessity, in schools or insurance.

These facts and figures have, I trust, no repellent air; in no clearer way can one explain the strange growth of this city of labor.

Will you assume, for instance, that the housewife has received $10 worth of credit slips from her bread account? She goes to one of the great shops of the "Vooruit"—perhaps to that Groote Magazynen in the Vrydagmarkt. It is an immense new store that would not seem out of place in the shopping district of New York—with its huge staircases ornate with palms, its electric lights and attractive window displays. Carpets, clothes, shoes, hats, furniture, dry goods—everything that one can dream of buying—can be purchased here. And the good housewife makes her purchases, paying with the fictive money of credit slips. In return she receives not only her goods, but new credit slips amounting to six per cent. of her expenditure. So, in a way, the more she buys, the more she saves. In the last trimester the six per cent. return to purchasers amounted to about $40,000. Not in money, of course; fictive money, if you will; accumulated thrift which must—as you will see—go on accumulating.

In many cases not all the credit slips are expended. They may be placed in the savings-bank, where they draw an interest of four per cent. The forms of insurance are many. The payment of one cent a month insures a succor of six loaves of bread a week in case of illness or lack of work. One cent a week provides for the services of the physician; and for women in childbirth free bread, spices, coal, and all things needful during ten days. Finally, the "Vooruit" pays a yearly pension to members over sixty years of age who have been in the society for twenty years. The amount of the pension depends upon the individual outlay. Thus, a member who has spent $30 a year in the "Vooruit" shops gets a pension of $20; if his yearly expenditure has been larger, his pension rises in proportion. Upon the death of the husband the pension goes to the wife.

This, in broad outline, is the economic base of the "Vooruit." They were necessary facts and had to get themselves told—if other cities in the labor world are to be fashioned on the model of the "Vooruit"; and now, if you will, let us go out among these citizens of the future and see how they live and take the joy of life.

THE COMMUNAL USE OF LIFE

Ghent is dotted with the shops and factories of the "Vooruit." In its great cotton mill it has established the eight-hour day. Within the last few months it has set about erecting houses, comfortable and homely, for its members. Hopefully and well does life

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open before the young working man who is of the "Vooruit." What he can gain, though it is not much, is spun out into multiple safeguards, comforts, pleasures. His union—no matter what trade he is of—has its well-appointed room in the great Festival Hall in the Bagattenstraat. In the library he finds the literature of his craft. Below stairs is a spacious café where of an evening he may foregather with his fellows—and their wives and children—and drink the good mild beer brewed by the "Vooruit." On another floor is a theater, with a capital stage. Weekly the members of the Multatuli Club give a play—perhaps "The Weavers" of Hauptmann, or "The Bad Shepherds" of Octave Mirbeau, or an Ibsen drama; for they love the grim, strenuous plays that cut close to modern life, these young men and women of the factories. The play I saw was by Cyriel Buysse; and it was that Flemish masterpiece "The Family Von Paemel"—a gloomy and pitiful play, depicting the misery of a family of peasants. The parents are old, humble, and resigned; but the children rebel against the poverty that shuts them in and the tyranny that weighs upon them. Prison and death get the sons; the daughters vanish into a worse misery; and the old parents are driven from their hut—not so much a play as a black fragment of life. These working people mimed it with a terrible sincerity that was more effective than art. The audience did not applaud. What things were done on the stage they had seen done within four walls and in a village street. They listened in silent comprehension—pale women, lean from endless work, bent men with labor-loosened joints, old and young. And it was strange to find here the last word of dramatic realism, the subtlest study in modern stage literature—for Buysse has gone beyond Ibsen and Strindberg — "understanded of the people." I do not believe Paris with all its free theaters could furnish such an audience. New York, I am sure, could not.

The drama of the "Vooruit" carries a weightier purport than mere amusement, though there is aside from it amusement enough. There are dances in the ballroom; in the garden the young folks gather summer nights; the electric bulbs shine among the trees; the "Vooruit" band—one of the best in Flanders—plays; or it may be the Choral Societies, men and women, sing. The young men and the young girls—they in blouses and bloomers—frequent the gymnasium. Over their pipes the old men read the *Daily "Vooruit."* For the babies there are *crèches* in various quarters of the town; for the young children, kindergartens. And twenty-two Wijk clubs—local clubs for men and women—keep the members of the "Vooruit" in touch with each other; here neighbors meet and gossip in the good Flemish way. The humdrum of workaday life has been decorated, as you see, with beer and skittles. Every honest pleasure that kindly folk can enjoy is within the attainment of the folk of the "Vooruit."

The loaf of bread pays for it all.

In that gray city of Ghent, under the sky of lead, they have found a way of living with safety, comfort, and pleasure.

That is something; indeed it is much; few aggregations of mankind have been able to organize life so well; and they of the "Vooruit," you should bear in mind, are the worst paid workers in the world and they live under an almost feudal tyranny of church and state. What they set out to do they have done; they have established a social well-being which is to a great extent independent of the political and economic conditions of Flanders. They have found prosperity in organized communal thrift. And what they have done is being done all over Belgium—at Brussels, Louvière, Jolimont, Houdeng, a dozen places; and in France and Holland and Germany. You ask yourself whether this is the city of the future. Is this a dim realization of the Socialist's dream? Then surely we may await the future with some confidence. And the most important fact, to my mind, is the fine altruism and the splendid intellectualism of the "Vooruit." Men and women are touched with the fervor of the ideal. They believe in humanity. They have confidence in the ultimate working out of the great equation. None of their pleasures is mean or dirty. They have not established a music hall. And their theater does not exhibit silly farces. Just as they have tried to get the best physical well-being they are trying for the best in education and art.

Five-dollar-a-week men, six-dollar-a-week men—

Here is one of the things they spend their money on; that famous bread money so thriftily saved.

Adjoining the new bakery is a great studio; these weavers, shoemakers, dockers built it for one of their fellows who had found his way in art. And they gave him clay to model and marble to cut and said to him: "That is your

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part—make beautiful things; give us beauty in our homes and in the homes of the 'Vooruit.'" The young man, their fellow, had been out in the world. At Paris, Venice, Naples he had got his share of fame; but the "Vooruit" called to him and he came back to it, to the gray city and the gray world of toil. There is not to-day a sculptor in Europe—for Rodin is old and Sinding, too—who has Jules Van Biesbroeck's originality, power of hand, and vigor of imagination. He is a very great artist. Withal he is the poet of human suffering and dolor and the poet of the great hope that haunts the eyes of the young generation; and he is the artist of the "Vooruit." In that mystic figure of the Sower—she who sows the seeds of destiny—the synthetic vagueness of line is new and wonderful in art; and the figure of a slim working girl, cowering under her shawl, has a pathetic grace that will haunt one for many a day—he has fashioned the soul, humble and sad, of toil. A young man, all beard and waving hair, he comes and goes in his studio. On the walls are the cartoons of his frescoes for the halls of the "Vooruit"—heroic epics of labor, spacious symbols of humanity, the great thought greatly fashioned. And the working men come in to see how "their artist" is getting on. Dusty bakers, metal workers, bare-armed fellows black from the coal yards, and many weavers, loom-deformed; they eye the work and question the artist, going deep into his purport, judging the workmanship like the good craftsmen they are. And Van Biesbroeck explains, argues—radiant with force, triumph, generosity. Where could he find a public so quick in sympathy or keener in understanding? Not in the salons of Paris. And to me this art-spirit—which is the flower of the "Vooruit"—is more marvelous than the social prosperity builded upon a loaf of bread.

The conquest of poverty is a splendid thing; when it goes hand in hand with the attainment of education and mental culture, with artistic creation, it is the best of all things. Tolstoi hoped once that art would go to the people; there is evidence that art is coming from the people—and an art broader in power, richer in humanity, more relentless in realism than any art the world has known. Not alone the "Vooruit" bears witness.

"En woor een" is the motto of the "Vooruit"—one for all and all for one. Union and organized thrift—upon these they have founded that equalitarian city which is, perhaps, a fragment of the future civilization. And if this be indeed the way posterity is to live—why, posterity is to be congratulated. Life will be pleasant—how does the phrase go?—as in a picture or a fable.

Summer's End

By ZONA GALE

A SHEAF of broom-flowers, yellow at the heart,
Drugged with the sun and listless with the dew,
The silence of the ordered petal edge
With flame shot through.

A sheaf of broom-flowers, amber with the light,
Green with the jade of leaf-work, shadow dull:
Pale silver silk sown with thin silver veins,
O—wonderful!

A sheaf of broom-flowers, lipped with line of brown,
Because the urge of death is in the hours;
O dawn in dust! O hand that cannot close
Upon the flowers!

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The Story of Wi

By G. B. LANCASTER

Illustrations by Harrie Stoner

And if I have taken the common clay,
And shaped it cunningly
In the form of a god that was digged a sod,
The greater honor to me.

HE was a clod when Lane found him—a piece of six-year-old Maori flesh, with the carriage of a conqueror, and the tongue of a dissolute gutter-snipe, and the brown of the earth that bore him in his supple skin. Lane was looking for land in those days, and waded deep in the waters of indecision before he finally paid tithe to Mindoorie in the province of Southland. He had searched Taranaki, Wairarapa, and Auckland in the north, and had fallen foul of many native *kiangas* where the pakeha was unwelcome. He had nearly got himself mere'd (this is done with a thing like a tomahawk) a score of times, and in those ways he assimilated some unofficial dregs of Maori information.

Then he met Wi—which is, in full, Wiremu Poananga—which is, in translation, William Clematis. Wi's father was dead in a coastal raid, and Wi's mother, being sick, had been cast out, according to custom, that she might die without defilement to the *pa*. This she obligingly did, and Wi sat on her body out in the white sunlight, and beat her with his baby fists because she took no heed of him.

Lane rode past, and he hooked up the child with his crop-handle under the armpit, and demanded explanation in his broken Maori from the men who lolled at the gates.

They could not touch the body until certain formulæ had been observed, for the Maori body is sacred, both in life and death. And they could not touch Wi, for Wi had touched the Thing on the grass. This was made clear while Wi stood up, defiant in his nakedness, and hurled all the bad words of his knowledge at the pakeha. He was grandly built (but this is a race-mark. Maoris make the finest footballers in the world until they grow tallowy from overeating), and his strong little face had none of the round-eyed stolidity of the ordinary Maori infant.

"He's too good to go loafing about in a *pa* all his days," said Lane, and forthwith sought out Wi's only remaining relative. For Wi came of a tribe that had fallen on evil days, but—in some crosswise fashion—he had the blood of Te Arawa in his veins.

The woman who belonged to Wi was old and toothless, and a smoker of some sixty years' standing. She spoke no English, and understood less. But Lane made pantomime with his tobacco-pouch and the wrathful Wi, and in due time the bargain was struck. The *pa* provided Wi with a shirt that came to his middle, and trousers that buttoned over the shoulders and made him behave outrageously. Then Lane set him on the horn of the saddle, and took him away to be fashioned into a pakeha. It was the act of a very young man, and it was quite possible that it would lead to complications later on. But Lane gloried in the knowledge that it was a chance in three lifetimes, Maoris being notoriously devoted to their babies, and won the love of the fierce little heart in a week.

"What are you going to do with the brat?" asked Brazenose when Lane came back to town. "He follows you round like a poodle-dog, and he does seem to have a mortal dislike to clothes. Besides, he will be most sinfully jealous when you form other ties."

When Lane left England, he had said in his wrath that he would never marry. And it may here be noted that he kept that oath.

"We'll meet that when it comes. Just now I've to teach him our lingo, and cleanly habits. He's quick in the uptake. And I want to see how the Maori temperament stands English training."

This was before education of the native became a matter of custom, and Brazenose grinned his derision. Wi had left a double row of teeth-marks in his arm that morning.

"You'll find it a dangerous amusement, then. The imp has too much devil in him for my taste."

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A PIECE OF SIX-YEAR-OLD MAORI FLESH, WITH THE CARRIAGE OF A CONQUEROR AND THE TONGUE OF A DISSOLUTE GUTTER-SNIPE.

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But Lane understood the plucky, passionate baby soul rather better.

"Don't you believe it. He'll be a fine man one day. There's spunk in the little beggar. I thrashed him yesterday, and never got a chirp out of him. Hurt him properly, too, and he took it like a man. Yes; I'll make something valuable out of Wi 'fore all's done."

"Wish you joy," said Brazenose, unconvinced.

But Lane laughed, and betook himself without fear to the making of Wi.

Wi was a solemn infant, with strong white teeth that tested all strange things, from the soap in Lane's dressing-room to saddle-straps and a new half-sovereign. This last he folded as fingers fold paper, and sealed with indent of sharp teeth; and Lane wore it on his watch-chain until his death.

Every dog in the town followed the child, and he played in the gutters with those of his race, and was severely whipped in consequence quite three times a week. Lane ruled with a stern but absolutely just hand, and there came to Wi slowly some notions of truth and uprightness—the two things which nature has not bestowed on the Maori in any prodigality.

It is very true that he found delight in sinning up to the full of his power; but his unbreakable love for Lane was such that it ever gave to the man the victory when the two wills met. Men at the club called the child "Lane's joke," and took much pleasure in teasing him until Wi learned the futility of losing his temper, and wielded the cunning of his tongue instead. Then Lane began really to feel the burden of responsibility. Through the months that rushed into the years Wi drank of more bitter waters than are usually poured for the young, and tasted maturer joys. For, like all aboriginals, he ripened out of his time, and was wise in things that a boy should not know, before the down came on his lip. In the school, where he mixed with pakeha boys alone, he brought trouble on his black head at the first. He used their speech and their games, but he held his own by the power of his fist, and sang most improper songs of love and war and hate in the dormitories of nights. And when the Head made objection, Wi mimicked him down the corridor-length, and went from his punishment to sin again.

Lane came in the first term-time to see how many of the commandments the boy had broken. For well he knew that not to all pakeha is the Maori brother under the skin.

He walked on to the playground with the Head; and Wi, having picked himself out of a practise scrum, galloped up the field headlong, capless, with gleaming eyes and teeth.

He shook hands with a white man's grip, and gave his greeting in a white man's tongue. Lane looked him over in complete satisfaction.

"And that's all right. You are a regular pakeha now, Wi."

"*Wai?* I am more than the pakeha," said the boy, strutting. "I can lick every chap here 'cept Calf Richards, and he's learnt boxing. I want to learn boxing, too, pater."

"You've licked 'em all?" demanded Lane. For there were well over a hundred boys, and Wi had been there just three months.

"All that were big enough." The quick blood blackened Wi's face. "They called me '*pononga*'! *E-E-! Nga tangata kino!*"

"*Pononga*" means slave. It is the one epithet which the Maori will not forgive when it is used with intent.

"It's not unlike Poananga," suggested Lane, hiding a grin. "Perhaps they knew no better."

"They know now," said Wi, balancing on one foot. "May I learn boxing—soon?"

"Well," said Lane, "but you mustn't kill 'em all, Wi. You're too strong for your years already."

"To be strong is best of all things," said Wi decidedly. And Lane laughed, half agreeing.

Providence had attended to the boy's outward person with more elaboration than was absolutely necessary; and it is certain that Lane gloried as deep in the well-hung limbs and clean-shaped face and neck as in the spirit that he had handled with so much love until it stood up, unashamed and eager, and fearless with the childlike faith that is altogether Maori. Wi poised his body as no Englishman can or ever will do, and his lines, though fine and thoroughbred, already gave promise of enormous strength. It was in his strength that Wi took all the pride and delight of a young animal—and in his knowledge of woodcraft—and in the fortune which had given him two languages wherewith to scourge the boy who angered him.

But his temper was purely terrible at times; and when he sought to slay the Mindoorie cook with a sheath-knife, Lane flogged him until his arm fell limp, drawing blood before repentance. The repentance came at midnight, when Wi faced Lane where he smoked an uneasy pipe in the study, and told him in lordly words that he was forgiven.

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This, for the Maori blood in the boy. The white training showed next, and then Lane dressed the raw back with pitiful fingers, concurring in Wi's suggestion that slit green-hide should not be used hereafter.

But Lane put no physical punishment on Wi again; for it is not possible to flog an elephant without dual loss of dignity, and very soon men began to fear Lane's little brown boy because of his powerful body. The casual observer called him fat. But those who saw him stripped for fight on the football field knew the meaning of the mighty knobs that swelled and shifted under the yellow jersey, and ran in following ripples down the brown shining limbs.

"You'll have the fellow a prize-fighter 'fore all's done," warned Brazenose; but Lane took no heed, designing other ends for Wi.

Wi was to go into the House, and speak for the rights of his own people. He was to learn the worth of the soil which his own people had ceased to hold. He was to impress on them the need for sobriety, and for much besides, if they hoped to continue a factor in the land.

Wi knew all about it. And when his school-time was passed, he came down to Mindoorie to tell Lane that he could not do this thing.

It was hard to tell, and Wi came at it crudely, so that Lane sat up in the veranda chair, and looked with eyes that Wi had not seen before.

"Yes? You intend to set yourself against all that I have worked and planned for since you were six years old? This needs explanation, I think. Well?"

"Don't put it like that," said Wi, and choked.

"I will put it like that. Well?" Then as Wi continued in silence, Lane turned on him fiercely. "What is it? Brazenose always said— Is it prize-fighting, or—a woman?"

This tickled Wi.

"Not either, exactly," he said, chuckling gently. "It is—I want to go into the Church."

"The Church!" Lane leaned back suddenly. "The Church! Rubbish!"

"I must," said Wi, his great hands gripping and ungripping. "A man needn't be a softy because he preaches—can't be, if he means to go among my folk. I've been thinking it over these two years, pater. And there are several reasons——"

"Yes?" Lane had himself in hand again. "We will have them, please."

Wi lifted his shoulders as if he were fitting them to a load, and the spare grizzled man watched him unflinchingly.

The men were singing down at the wharès, and Cortiss's gay shout led the way. Wi waited until the music had died in laughter. Then he said slowly:

"Speaking largely, you white men have taken away our beliefs, and not bothered much about giving us anything in exchange. And there is nothing messes up a race so much as want of religion. We don't stick to our own codes of honor, and—so far—we have not assimilated yours. This is what will knock us out, body and soul, unless we can learn better. I have learned better, and I'm going to pass the knowledge on to my people."

"Get some one else to do it," said Lane. "Wi, you are a born speaker. I knew it when you first swore at me in the *pa*. You'd be much more use in Parliament."

"The Native question is overhandled there already. They all want to roof in the house before the floor-plates are laid. I think I could lay some floor-plates," said Wi, with grave sincerity. "You must let me serve my own people, pater. I belong to them."

"You belong to me," said Lane sharply.

"No." The dark blood ran to Wi's forehead. "I owe you everything—don't think I forget that—but I was Maori before you took me."

"Well?" Lane sighed impatiently. "You said there were several reasons?"

A weka was calling to his mate from the flax in the paddock-creek. The notes were indescribably mournful, and Wi shivered as he answered.

"I am stronger than any man I have ever stripped to. I am stronger than any man I have ever seen, I think. And we Maori are not as you pakeha. Our passions have not had the centuries of repression. I have a very devil of a temper—you should know that—and it is so easy—" He ran his hand up his left forearm, and flung it out in explanation. Maoris make half their speech with their bodies.

"Ah," said Lane, understanding that Wi feared himself. "And so you wish to make the Church your whipper-in? That is very noble of you, Wi."

Wi made a quick step, and for just one moment Lane saw how the Maoris of old put terror into their enemies. It was not a nice sight at all.

The look died.

"You didn't mean to hit quite so hard,

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THE FIRST NIGHT THAT HE MET THE LITTLE WHITE GIRL.

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pater. All right. No; I'm not seeing this as a coward. I didn't think to have to tell you that." Then his voice grew rougher, as if some great force drove it. "I cannot swing in a rata-loop always. I must choose the above or below. Already I have fought more desires than you ever will; and do you think I do not know the hearts of my people? We are a very noble race, but we can sin most fully on all counts that your religion forbids. Your faith is my faith; by training first, and now by choice. And my people are mine by blood. I think you will understand, perhaps—" He broke off abruptly, and his free light step beat out up the drive where the shadows were thickest.

A Maori can never be absolutely frank. He has too many generations that guarded life with the tongue behind him. But Wi gave to this white man more than the native generally gives, and Lane was not ungrateful.

To prove it, he sunk his own desires, making no parade, and sent Wi to a Maori Theological College that he might learn among men of his caste. Since Wi was to give his life to the brown man, it were better that he should not become too English.

Brazenose laughed when he heard of it.

"Wi will convert his hearers by force," he said. "And he is morally certain to be chucked out before he is priested. He hasn't an overgood record, and Nature never intended him for this kind of thing."

"Don't," said Lane. "Wi makes me ashamed. He follows the God of our fathers with more reverence than nine-tenths of us do. You know how dead earnest a Maori is when he gets set on a thing? Wi is putting all his soul into this."

"Bah! He'll soon be sick of a student life."

"Don't you believe it," said Lane; and his keen eyes softened, recalling a memory. "He took me to his own church last time I was up north. They hold the services both in Maori and English, and the students read the lessons. Wi read one—in Maori—and you know he's got a voice like a bird on the tree. The sun came in just the same on the hideous gods they've got carved on the walls, and the white stone font, and the black bent heads. I tell you it made me feel—feel as I haven't felt ——"

"And that's no argument at all," said Brazenose irreverently. "Wi's made a good many men feel as they haven't felt —and a good many women, too, I don't doubt."

"Not to his knowledge, I think. And that bothers me sometimes. Wi will have to go lonely all his days. He's not likely to look at a Maori, and he daren't look at a white girl."

Between the Maori man and the Maori woman there is all this difference. The woman may mate with a white man. For the Maori man there is nothing of this kind. No white woman weds with him, to the third generation. And he shapes his life accordingly, and has no desire that it should be otherwise. In his dignified soul he has toleration for the alien, and perhaps a little contempt.

But Wi had been bred to love an Englishman, and he had lived among pakeha until he had forgot this unwritten law. And it was so that the mischief fell.

Besides—and this fired temptation—the old woman who charred for the house-master spoke no more than the voice of the town when she said, "It's a strong body takes a woman more'n looks, and he's got both, wi' a cunning tongue added. You take it from me, Mrs. Blayne, he's the boy for the gels."

"An' fur more than the gels," said Mrs. Blayne over her teacup; and the other chuckled comfortably.

"Well, listen now. I seed 'em go by this mornin'—him an' the little Eru chap—when I was a-carryin' water fur the bilers. 'Hillo, old lady,' says he. 'Gimme that bucket till I put it up the steps fur yer.' 'Yer might put meself up too,' says I, chaffin', 'seein' as there's ten on 'em.' An' as I'm a livin' soul, he picks me up immediate like I was a skein o' packthread, an' dumps me on the veranda wi' the bucket. An' me no fairy neither."

Mrs. Blayne agreed without reservation.

"Must ha' the strength of a elegant," she said.

"An' the reach of it, too, barrin' the trunk. I thought I stud six fut from him. 'What'll yer want fur payment?' says I, gigglin' an' gaspin'. 'Jest this,' says he, an' kisses me fair on the mouth. Then they goes off laughin', him swingin' head an' shoulders above Eru. And I didn't wipe off that kiss."

The college students did their own work, and Henare Poihewa, whose father was so great a chief that his real name could never be mentioned, thought it no shame to scrub out his cubicle twice a week.

It was this same Henare who went with Wi the first night that he met the Little White Girl. There were other girls in the room, but none so white and so small. Wi could have

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broken her between his palm and three fingers, and this made him feel clumsy for the first time in his life. But he sang to her instead—sang the strange Maori chants that have no scored music, and that tug at the heart-strings of the pakeha and hurt him, because he knows that he is forever outside the mystical, unexplainable power that begets them. And it happened that he made the Little White Girl cry—stealthily, behind her hand, that none might see. But Wi saw; and he went home treading on air, to find relief in wiping the floor with Rau Wilson, who had annexed his blanket.

In the next months Wi saw the Little White Girl weekly—at picnics, and at all other places where it is possible for two people to talk apart from the eyes and ears of all the world. The Little White Girl said openly that Wi was quite adorable; and Wi in innocent sincerity, began to desire her for his very own. And now would have entered the element of danger if Wi had not been training his spirit for higher things. For the savage overword is might, and the Little White Girl did not know it.

Then it grew near to the time when Wi must take his deacon's orders; and Lane, setting things in careful train that he might go up and see it done, had his world struck away beneath him by a frantic letter from the Principal. It implied that Wi was possessed of madness and many devils, and implored Lane to come straightway.

"PRAYERS CAN'T MAKI ME WHITE. MY BODY IS BLACK, AND MY SOUL IS THEREFORE BLACK."

Lane went that night. There was a heavy sea outside the Heads, and the boat labored like a tortured soul. But she could not have known anything about the torture of Lane's soul.

It was because he understood so much of that part of the Maori which cannot be tabulated that Lane was afraid. When such as Wi give up the game, it is better to forget that they were once true men. For the memory will be painful. Wi had cleansed himself for his work in all faithfulness and honesty, but — Lane shivered, tramping the wet deck. He knew the savage drop in the blood which nothing could purge. Yet it does not poison the veins of more than one man in three hundred.

The Principal was upset, and much annoyed with Wi. Brazenose, when the thing became public, said that he did not wonder. It appeared that Wi had come in one night, and comprehensively cursed the College—all that it contained, all that it said, did, and was. He had then thrown Ware Taureka, who attempted to hold him, and put out his shoulder; and when finally overpowered by numbers, had surged into slow-dropping Maori, which — to judge by the faces of his companions, the Principal himself being a literary scholar exclusively—was unfit for the ears of divinity students, or any one else.

Lane remembered the little brown boy who had railed at him in the *pa;* and he remem-

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bered all the patient years that had gone between.

"Where is he? I want to see him—now."

"He is confined to a small room over the stair, pending a reply from the Bishop. His expulsion will, of course, be necessary—his public expulsion. We must do what we can to ameliorate the effects of this disgraceful affair. Not that I am alarmed for the others. They are good, steady lads——"

"Will you kindly allow me to see him at once?" asked Lane in a desperation that shook him as the Principal took him up the narrow uncarpeted stairs that Wi's feet had helped to hollow.

"He will give no reasons to any one," said the Principal, fitting the key in the lock. "He is absolutely sullen and uncaring."

Lane nodded. If Wi had not been uncaring he would long since have broken in the door that stood between him and liberty.

"I will see him alone," he said. "No, I am not afraid. Wi will not hurt me. Did you forget that he is my adopted son?"

Then the Principal muttered something about being sorry, and went away, leaving the grate of a lock behind him, and the silence of the two in the room.

Wi turned round. He was thinner than when Lane had last seen him; but that might be the result of closer study. His manner was courteous and easy as ever, and his handshake firm. But behind the big dark eyes there was a something shut down. The one was a native; the other the white of a usurping race. Lane felt it, as Wi intended that he should.

"What is it, Wi?" asked Lane simply, and put a hand on the broad shoulder.

Wi stood without speech or movement.

"Did you know how you had crumpled that fellow up?" said Lane. "The cross throw, was it? Must have been a plucky man to stand up to you."

The child-side purred under the praise.

"He hadn't a hope. None of them had a hope if they'd come singly. But they spilt on me like shingle from a tip-dray." He swerved aside. "Won't you sit down? I've only a bed, and it creaks——"

"You're looking a bit off color, Wi." Lane was feeling his way carefully, for the Maori mind has many windings, and no white man may hope to hold the clue. But this seared a raw place somewhere, and Wi spoke thickly.

"Off color! I can never be off color. Not when I am dying—not when I'm dead. Look at my hands."

He held them out with the quick grace that never allowed his bulk to be clumsy, and Lane stared at them, puzzled, seeing nothing new.

He had always known that Wi was dark among his kind. For where the sun touched him he was purplish-brown; he bruised ink-blackly, and his finger-nails were burnt-sienna.

"Don't be an owl," very sharply. "What does that matter?"

"I can never be white, can I? Prayers can't make me white. I've tried—I've tried. My body is black, and my soul is therefore black. That is what you pakeha think. That is what you think, oh, *hunga mohio.*"

He was wild with a passion that made his young face terrible. But his will took command as Lane cried:

"Wi—for God's sake——"

"Keep your white God for speech with white people. He is the pakeha God. *Ia tuku!* He is not mine. I have served Him—your God—and His *tamariki* laugh at me. *Aue! Naku ano i mea, i he ai ahau.* But I will not any more. Keep your white God, for He is nothing to the Maori."

"This is blasphemy, Wi. Are you mad?"

But to Lane the slow, incisive voice was more hopelessly awful than any madness which runs all ways.

"*Ka te noa,*" said Wi, without interest, and squatted on the floor. "Are you going?"

Lane cast his eyes round the bare room in search of some weapon to drive home. A psalm-book of Wi's lay on the floor, brought up, probably, by Henare. It had been dog-eared, and well loved once. It was desecrated shreds now, ground underfoot. Lane looked from it to Wi, sitting still and stolid. The attitude was comically suggestive, but Lane was not seeing fun just then. Wi was pakeha no more. That was all it told him.

"Wi," he said, and went to him. "Because I have been father to you all these years, tell me what has happened. Tell me, dear old chap."

Wi stood up; and it was his breaking voice in the little dark room that came back to trouble Lane in lonely evenings on Mindoorie.

"How can I believe your Bible that does not speak truth? It calls all men equal. Then am I not a man? Yet am I like a man, though some say I am liker a bullock. But if the pakeha is not for the Maori, then is the pakeha's religion not for the Maori. Thy God shall be thy God, and thy God only.

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And thy maidens shall be thine, and thine only. It is quite plain. Oh, most truthfully does the white man call the brown his brother!"

"The Little White Girl," thought Lane; and under his breath he did not wish her well. "Just so, Wi. You are not a man. You are a child that cries and beats the earth because it is not smooth as a passion-fruit rind."

"No," said Wi; and the something behind his eyes was lifted that Lane might understand quite fully. "A man is a coward who cannot stand up under sorrow. I am not a coward. It is because I did not see before. I am strong, but that has no hold against things that are not of the flesh. How can that be given with the one hand which is taken away with the other? The Maori is not fit to love the *tamaiti*—the child of your God? Then is he not fit to love your God. That is all. I have learned it. I will not forget."

"And all this because a white girl has played with you," said Lane.

Wi sprang with a snarl, swung the other man up, and Lane looked to have his head rammed between his shoulders against the wall. But he came again to his feet unhurt, and Wi stood still. It was a mightier self-control than Lane had seen in a man before.

"I beg your pardon most earnestly, Wi," he said.

"Do you not see"—Wi paid out his words as if each gave him separate pain—"that this is the foreword of all? The white and the black are meant to be two peoples forever. And your faith teaches that they are one. Then is your faith false that I have loved. There is no future for the Maori. He has sloughed his religion, and that of the pakeha is not for him. What shall I go into the *pas* and *kiangas* to teach my people?"

It was the white training that drove Wi to give explanation where he honestly believed explanation to be due. But the spirit shaping this was not within Lane's comprehension. Only he saw that trouble had been averted for the Little White Girl in exactly inverse ratio to the payment given by the man.

"But that is not the law of God," he said. "It is mere outward observance. Can't you believe——"

"No, I cannot believe. This has eaten into me until it has eaten all belief away. I will go to my own gods. They are many, and I can cut new ones out of wood if I like. But I think that I will not believe them either."

Lane had thought to tell Wi fearfully of the disgrace that awaited him. Very nearly, he laughed to remember. When a man has lost his hold on eternity he does not regard the wrath of his kind.

A Maori is generally dignified—even in European clothes. The tragedy of a dying race was in Wi just then. Lane watched the impassive dark face where the light from the little window touched it, and his voice was broken.

"What will you do, then?"

Wi lifted his shoulders. It was a curious trick he had sometimes, as if a weight bowed him.

"There will be fuss here first, I suppose. They will talk, and talk again; and the Head will call me evil names. But he does not know all I called him that he had taught me lies for so long. The boys know. Ware laughed. He said I was drunk. That is why I would have killed him. And then I will go away. Anyway, it does not matter. And I will sit in the sun, and smoke, and drink brandy. And if Ware comes again to tell me that I am drunk, I will pull him in half. In our creed there is no punishment after death. So perhaps this is better."

"And have you forgotten me?"

There was a quick movement from the window. But it stilled again.

"No, I have not forgotten you. I think I should have been angry once if it had been said that I should leave you. But it does not matter now. I will not live with you again. The pakeha has cheated my trust through all these years. He has given his Bible and withheld the application. I have not forgotten that either. No; I go to my own gods." Then, as in the old days, his eyes were shot with the craftiness of the savage. This was inevitable when you remember all that had gone before. But it made Lane heart-sick to see it come.

"That was a game you played with me, oh, *atawhai* pakeha; and it has hurt. But I shall sit in the sun and drink brandy, for I have no care to live. I know too much, and I am too little. And all white men are liars. This is the ending."

And Lane went out.

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Ella Rawls Reader, Financier

The Story of the Greatest Business Woman in the World

By JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS

I

EDITOR'S NOTE.—This is the first instalment of the life story of the greatest business woman in the world. Ella Rawls Reader began her career in New York ten years ago, addressing envelopes in a newspaper office. Four years later she was at the head of the largest stenographic agency in the metropolis. She organized a ten-million-dollar railroad in Alabama in opposition to J. Pierpont Morgan, obtained great contracts and concessions in London and India, entered into competition with Wall Street to control the copper interests of Peru, settled a South American revolution at her own breakfast-table, undertook to organize the finances of Santo Domingo, and would to-day be at the head of affairs in that island but for the unexpected intervention of President Roosevelt. Withal, a charming and womanly woman, one of the main tenets of whose philosophy seems to be: "If I miss a chance to help any one who needs my help, then my luck will go wrong."

"WHO is this Mrs. Reader?" The question was asked on the floor of the United States Senate last March, asked with suspicion and resentment. The treaty between this Government and the island of Santo Domingo, the treaty negotiated by Commander Dillingham and Minister Dawson, and godfathered by President Roosevelt, was being stubbornly forced back in the direction of the pigeonholes: obviously some power had been set in motion against it, and the rumor that began with a vague hint of a woman's influence ended with an interesting disclosure concerning one Ella Rawls Reader, fiscal agent-elect of the little bankrupt island in the Caribbean.

Women are using their new freedom to follow strange activities. I know one who is an engineer and builds bridges, another who pilots a steamboat on the Mississippi, a third who organizes and manages prima-donna concert tours; most of the professions now show feminine competitors, and many a woman capitalist is running her own affairs with a sagacity that quite takes her out of the category of the "unprotected." But the field of adventurous finance, of syndicates and corporations, the Wall Street world where diamond cuts diamond and the devil takes the hindmost, was very generally left to masculine enterprise until the quiet advent of a young woman from Alabama, a young woman who has eschewed the easier paths, the smaller deals, and intrepidly has plunged into the perilous waters where Morgan and his fellows rule the waves.

Danger, excitement, millions in the balance; trickery, malice and slander; help and fellowship and the glory of success—these are the elements that have made up the daily life of Ella Rawls Reader for the past ten years. Hers is a career worthy of careful study, both in its triumphs and its failures, for through the door she has opened other women are bound to follow. It is not necessarily an isolated or exceptional case, but the quick, bold beginning of a new movement, full of danger and charm, which will have caught up many women of prisoned activities before the century has run out

This story is to tell how an American woman, young, fine-looking, with a large, childlike simplicity of manner, a warm heart and a soft, southern voice, came within an ace of being dictator of an island republic, with absolute power over its foreign relations, and with concessions, rights, and privileges to the value of twelve million dollars. It will be a strange story, yet a natural enough outcome of the career that has led up to it. Mrs. Reader missed her chance of the Santo Domingo regency by a bare three days· the

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papers giving her power of attorney were already being engrossed when she encountered the familiar Wall Street demon of treachery. The success of her plan depended on secrecy,—and some one told. A bare half-dozen knew, so accidental leakage was practically impossible. Some one saw bigger profit in betrayal than in keeping faith; and the United States Government, suddenly cognizant of what was going forward, cabled Morales, the president of Santo Domingo, to deal only with its appointed representative, and Morales dropped his fiscal agent-elect, to await Commander Dillingham and the United States proposals. The Dillingham treaty was duly placed before the Senate and a hot struggle ensued. Many senators objected to the terms of the treaty. Many more resented the precipitate action of President Roosevelt in going so far without first gaining the senatorial approval. Senator Morgan, in speaking against the proposed terms, told of another and better treaty which had been prepared by the fiscal agent-elect of the little island, and so the Reader story came out, in a very stormy session. The Dillingham treaty was pigeonholed. And the public at large echoed the question:

Who is this Ella Rawls Reader?

There have been so many picturesque ventures and adventures in Mrs. Reader's career that the financing and management of a tottering government did not seem to her an overwhelming undertaking. Perhaps few projects could overwhelm a young woman who, at eighteen, plunged into New York without money, friends, or training, to make her fortune. Two years after her arrival she had started a stenographic office, in a little room with one typewriter and nothing else to speak of; four years later this was one of the biggest and best-known stenographic offices in the city, with at least forty machines at work all the time and an earning capacity that sometimes reached $50,000 in one year. When, on her marriage, Ella Rawls handed this business over to her manager, she could look back at earnings amounting to more than $250,000 in the eight years of her ownership. And meanwhile she had been free to try outside schemes of steadily increasing magnitude.

The first was an Alabama railroad that was to connect Mobile with Birmingham, and eventually with Chicago. She was twenty-four when she planned this and started out to raise money to carry the project through: two years later, without outside help, she had secured a backing of $10,000,000. Victory seemed very near when J. Pierpont Morgan awoke to the fact that this new line would seriously interfere with his own Southern Railway. How good a fight Mrs. Reader made against the autocrat of Wall Street we shall see later.

Her next venture was an encounter with a committee of the English House of Lords. A well-known engineer was trying to get his method of electrical control applied to a portion of the London Underground Railway, and the committee of the Lords, which held the deciding power, had to be enlightened as to the value of his invention. This Ella Rawls undertook, and carried through with a brilliancy that brought her many openings in the way of partnership and cooperation. She preferred her freedom, though she presently went into temporary partnership with a firm of engineers long enough to secure a five million dollar contract for a railroad across the state of Johore, in India. The Sultan of Johore had the giving of the concession, but had fought shy of letting it go—until this straightforward young American, without artifice or preamble, shook his dusky hand and asked him for the contract.

Copper-mining in Peru was the next opening for the brimming energies of this extraordinary young woman, and here she found herself plunged into a genuine Wall Street battle, with the Andes for a background—a battle that is still waged, although her side has signal victories to its score. Who shall dominate the copper-mining interests in Peru?—that is the point at issue. J. B. Haggin and his Cerro Mining Company represent the enemy. The mode of attack has been to fill the Reader camp with spies, to slander her good name and the good standing of her company, to dog her movements with detectives, and even, in proved instances, to intercept her letters. Wall Street warfare makes no allowance for sex, except, perhaps, to fight a woman a little more meanly than might be ventured with a man. Her copper company is well on its feet now, but Mrs. Reader is still fighting for her life in the "little crooked street, at one end of which is a churchyard; at the other end, the river."

To Ella Rawls Reader there is nothing romantic in all this, it "happened so naturally": she deals with large operations, with politics and intrigues, as composedly as the average housekeeper deals with the grocer and the laundress. Whether it will read in the end as a story of success cannot be foretold of a

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woman of only thirty-two who has entered the Wall Street field. She has the financier's mind, adventurous, optimistic, quick to grasp large aspects, to plan and organize campaigns; a bulldog tenacity while there is a shred of hope left, a philosophical shrug when that vanishes. The main tenets of her philosophy seem to be: "Everything that happens to me is for the best," and, "If I miss a chance to help any one who needs my help, then my luck will go wrong"—tenets that are probably results rather than causes of a total lack of bitterness or animosity and a great and active kindness of heart.

The femininity of this most unusual young woman asserts itself in too intense a concentration on her projects; but inner strain has had no effect on a serenely placid manner. Her quiet hands rest in her lap, her blue eyes look circumstances tranquilly in the face. One never grows quite used to the contrast between her physique—the outer expression of herself—and the inner facts of her history. The facts suggest the aggressive, sharply business-like woman, the one who greets you with a curt, "Well?" and a suspended pen; the frowning, quick-moving woman with manly garments and bad shoes. It seems incredible that this gentle, graceful person, whose clothes are well-cut and whose pretty hands are carefully tended, whose voice has vague southern cadences, and who stands so obviously for health and trust and good-will, should be cabling in cipher and outwitting detectives and securing capital in the very teeth of the enemy; yes, and should be nursing schemes larger than any of these under her black hat with its white chiffon veil. The next ten years will add some vital chapters to Mrs. Reader's biography. Meanwhile we see her pretty, frank, warmly responsive, with a vast fund of sunny good nature, at the far end of which lies a flash of temper as fine and remote as the Lombard woman's dagger in her garter and quite as valuable in the extreme emergency. She has pulled her gun on a man who deserved it, this calm, kindly woman, as will be told in its place. She has the courage of a Napoleon in dealing with governments—and her heart would stop beating at a lonely encounter with a tramp or a snake. Most feminine of all, she frequently acts because of "a feeling": when to move, where to retreat, are with her largely matters of that good old intuition whereby every son's mother of us has found her scissors and taken her umbrella from the beginnings of time.

The inheritance of the little Ella Rawls was compounded from a Rawls of Wales and a McLeod of Skye, a dour mixture had it not been warmed and softened by a Flannigan of Dublin, a generation back. She was born in 1873, at Morgan Springs, Alabama, a little town about nine miles from Marion. Her father, Edmund Socrates Rawls, was a well-known physician, deeply ambitious for his six children, determined that they should be educated, cultivated men and women—a determination that they did their youthful best to circumvent. Ella did well at school—when she went: as a rule she preferred going fishing. Her mother, who had married at seventeen, had kept a certain childlike attitude toward life, and rather abetted the truancy.

When Ella was thirteen the family moved to Birmingham and there a piece of tragic folly threatened to mar her whole life, for at fifteen she married. She did not even think she was in love with the man, whom she had known only a few weeks; she was simply impatient to get out into the world, and vastly ignorant of life. The plunge into realities shocked and horrified her past healing: after an unhappy, rebellious year or two, she left her husband. His subsequent career was disastrous: He went to Chicago, where, a few years later, he married again, and shortly afterward committed suicide.

Dr. Rawls's health was broken now, and through bad debts and poor investments he had lost most of his property. Ella made up her mind that she would go to work and retrieve the family fortunes, and to that end obtained a position in a sawmill at $3.00 a week. The relative size of the week's work and the salary was too discouraging, and she very soon gave it up to try other fields; but opportunities down there were small and the vision of going to New York to seek her fortune came and persisted. Her family fought it with tears, with anger, with threats and dire forebodings. A friendless southern girl alone in that great Yankee stronghold! Disaster would be the only outcome. But Ella had the courage of youth and ignorance, and she was not born a McLeod of Skye for nothing. The family were now desperately poor, and her profound faith in her powers at last broke down the resistance. She was not quite eighteen when she set out alone, with no trade and no training, to conquer New York.

On Thanksgiving night, 1891, a tall, slim girl from Alabama arrived at the Marlborough Hotel, New York, and was shown to a room.

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As soon as she had taken off her hat she sat down on the hearth-rug and counted her assets: $16.35 and some old-fashioned jewelry. Her Thanksgiving dinner—bread and milk—was brought up to her and she ate it there in front of the fire, with her wealth still in her lap. And there was not one soul she knew in all the vast city outside. She was not as frightened perhaps as she ought to have been; yet there was enough dismay in her hopefulness to stamp the picture of that evening indelibly in her memory. She could remember it smiling, four years later, when she counted up more than two hundred invitations for Thanksgiving dinner.

In the morning she asked the hotel clerk to direct her to a boarding-place, and a few hours later had moved her small belongings to 124th Street, and started on her quest.

It was not so bad at first, while her money lasted and she could afford car-fares. Up and down she canvassed the city, but no one seemed in need of a young southern girl whose principal qualifications were that she could ride and shoot better than most men. She answered countless advertisements, but after the first few questions it was always the same: "You won't do." No schooling to speak of, no trade, no discovered talent, no experience, no knowledge of the city or of the adjoining districts—what other answer could there be for a tall, slim girl from Alabama!

When the money was gone she began to pawn the jewelry, to pitifully poor advantage. Presently she fell behind in her weekly account, and the landlady, for the $6 owing, refused to give her further board, agreeing that the girl could keep her little hall-room for $1.25 a week.

In her business career, Ella Rawls has had the reputation of being always ready, day or night, to help any one to a position, be it that of cook or bank cashier. These workers—not twenties, but hundreds—owe the chances she has opened to them in large measure to the eleven weeks' misery that followed the end of her little hoard. She pawned her possessions, her clothes, keeping the one good gown necessary to appear in; she walked, walked, walked, from 124th Street to Wall Street, a weary nine miles of pavement that soon wore through her one pair of shoes; and still the hopeless "You won't do." Night after night she heard the other boarders flocking down to dinner, and ached with hunger till she could have gnawed her own fingers—could have done anything but ask for food, poor little southern lady. It was real starvation in these days, the starvation that clamors passionately for a time, then subsides into a sullen, indifferent faintness. The one possession she had not parted with was her pistol; she had begun to have a feeling that there might be a need for that.

At last she gave up. Her body was worn out with lack of food and long marches, and her tired spirit had come to the conclusion that there was no place for her in the world. The giving up was not a tragic hour, but one of great peace and relief: she could only think how glad she was that she need not struggle any longer. It would have happened weeks before but for dread of the shock and horror to her family, from whom she had kept her struggles hidden; but now she could not hold out any longer, even for them. She wrote a long letter to her father, telling him how she had failed and begging him to forgive her for taking the one way out of her misery. Then she went out to post it, into a clear winter night sown thick with stars and shining with fresh snow.

Between her and the first mail-box came a party of children, evidently just from some church festival, all gay, exuberant, ruddy with life. The mother-feeling was passionately strong in Ella Rawls, and even to-night she could not pass them with indifference. Her step grew slower. They were so joyously alive; their laughter followed her like a message. Surely, surely there must be room for her somewhere! She went to the mail-box, but turned away from it with the letter still in her hand, and came back to her room. The pistol was not needed that night. There was to be one more trial.

The next day she started out aimlessly, but a big sign, *Evening Post*, gave her her direction like a finger of fate. She was shown in to the manager, Mr. Sherwood Seymour, and made her usual request for work. His manner was kindly as he pushed forward a chair and asked her what she could do; and she was in no state, mind or body, to bear kindness. Her face went down into her hands. "Scrubbing—anything," she sobbed, all her southern pride gone for the moment. Then, in shame at her collapse, she pulled herself together and announced tremulously that she was a good rider and a crack shot—her two foremost claims to distinction in Alabama. Mr. Seymour was kindness itself and that very day she had work, the addressing of cards and envelopes at $1.50 a thousand. Mrs. Seymour

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also proved a warm friend, and the time of starvation was over, though there were still lean days and many hardships on the road ahead, as well as impaired health that was several years in mending.

The *Post* continued to find work for her, and, through Mr. Seymour, the Remington Company lent her a typewriter, which she struggled with valiantly evenings, that she might have a profession. Then in the intervals of the *Post* work she began to go to the big down-town offices to secure typewriting. One memorable visit was to Colonel Henry H. Adams, war veteran and iron merchant, a visit that turned the whole course of her career. Mr. Adams consented to dictate a test letter, and Ella Rawls opened her notebook with shaking hands. When the letter was taken she transcribed it on one of the office machines and submitted the copy to Mr. Adams. It was a neat copy, but unfortunately it did not contain some important elements of the original, and her one desire on earth was to slip out unnoticed and never come back. But Mr. Adams would not permit that.

"You are tired and nervous; come back in the morning and try again," he insisted, and would not let her go until she had promised. In the morning she came back—walking; and the second letter was worse than the first. Mr. Adams glanced from it to the flushed, humiliated face watching him.

"Now look here," he began; "I am going to say something that may sound hard to you. You will never make a good typewriter. You haven't the flexibility it needs, and you can't acquire it now. But you've got something better—executive ability. You're the kind that can command attention—look how you've made me take an interest in you already. I tell you that you can go about and get work; all you need is to hire some one to do it for you. Very well, then—start a stenographic office."

Of course it seemed to Miss Rawls utterly impossible. How was she to hire an office when she could not even manage car-fare? Mr. Adams met her objections stoutly and promised her a big batch of work the first day her sign was out. The organizing brain in her, which he had divined, woke up and began to feel the tingle of new possibilities. The result was that, a little less than two years after her arrival in New York, she rented her first office at 26 Cortlandt Street with a total capital of $28 in hand. The month's rent was $40, but a friend—she was beginning to make many friends—lent her the balance.

She had not a stick of office furniture to begin with, but it seemed to come magically from all sides when those who had seen her struggles heard of this new venture. The rush of good-will seemed to bring success with it—in two weeks she had hired an assistant. The first month earned for her $55, the second $100. She set up a circular letter and business cards, and sent out as many as her supply of stamps would permit. Most of the manual part was now left to the assistant, while the manager herself canvassed for work, asking for it with a simple directness and a persistence that brought it in in steadily increasing volume.

In stenography one piece of work, well done, leads inevitably to others. Ella Rawls's first big city contract, in the spring of 1894, was the beginning of her great prosperity; and the way she secured it was highly characteristic. She had gone into the office of the Erie Railroad with her business card and her request for work, and a friendly official, after some talk, asked why she did not apply to the Corporation Counsel, who had the giving out of city contracts. The girl had never heard of a Corporation Counsel, but she promptly wrote to him asking for work; and received no answer. Then she went to his office where, by refusing to explain her business to a subordinate, she finally secured an interview with Mr. W. H. Clark. She was barely twenty, still thin as a starved cat, pretty, exceedingly young-looking. He looked at her in open amusement at her request for a contract.

"What do you take me for?" he asked genially. "This is not woman's work: you can't take those proceedings."

Miss Rawls assured him that she would supply an experienced man stenographer. Mr. Clark still regarded it as a joke.

"Where do you think you could pick him up?" he suggested.

Miss Rawls stayed, politely but firmly urging her request, until she won some vague assurance that he would "see what he could do." Then she went away; but for that day only. Every few days she was back, ladylike, gentle, determined, until at last he gave in.

"You're so infernally persistent, I'll have to appoint you!" he exclaimed, and she carried home with her the contract for the East Croton Commission, which dealt with condemnation proceedings against property needed for the New York water-works, and which earned for her over $30,000 in cash and an inestimable amount in future work.

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One of her biggest city contracts, the work in connection with the widening of Elm Street in 1896, was secured, according to her, by the merest chance; as though the power to grasp and use chances were not the very marrow of business ability. Ella Rawls is fond of asserting that things just happen to her, drop into her hands ready for plucking with no need of cleverness on her part; she has never realized that to others with fumbling hands and uncertain eyes the same chances are accorded—and missed.

Chance also helped her to get the work of the famous Committee of Seventy which armed itself to defeat Tammany Hall and elected Mayor Strong in 1894. Mr. John P. Faure, Secretary of the Committee, was interested at that time in the St. John's Floating Hospital, which daily carried a cargo of sick and suffering out of the city's heat into the breezes of the bay. One of the nurses, who happened to be a friend of the Rawls family, invited Miss Rawls and her sister to come down in the early morning and see the start. At first the sister flatly declined to go if Ella went: "Every one she speaks to, she'll pull out her business card and ask for some typing," she declared, out of bitter experience. Ella solemnly and good-humoredly promised that her cards should not leave her belt-bag, and virtuously kept away from the subject even when she found herself talking to Mr. Faure, who was also witnessing the start. It was the nurse who unconsciously made the plunge.

"You've got the Committee of Seventy, Mr. Faure—why don't you give Miss Rawls some of your work?" she demanded; and she herself took a card out of the girl's bag. The sisters could only laugh and explain their compact. Mr. Faure inquired where her office was and appeared that afternoon at 26 Cortlandt Street, where he asked a great many questions.

"Could you handle some big work if you had it?" he finally demanded.

"Try me and see," was the quick answer. That very day one of her stenographers was put to work—and kept at it until three the next morning. The following day Mr. Faure sent for a man to report a confidential meeting. Miss Rawls's power to get good workers and keep them up to a high standard proved, as always, her strongest weapon. When the notes had been handed in to Mr. Faure, he came back to Cortlandt Street with the solemn announcement: "Young lady, I have appointed you as the confidential secretary of the Committee of Seventy." Miss Rawls betrayed no elation. "How much do I get?" was all she said. She did not dream, then, that this position was to earn for her, directly and indirectly, more than $50,000 in cash and to increase her reputation incalculably.

It was characteristic that when, in the course of this new work, she was asked if she could report a mass-meeting, she answered "Yes" at once, then set out to discover what a mass-meeting was and how it should be reported. The meeting was to be held in Madison Square Garden that night, so she procured a card that would admit her to the place and went up at once to map out her campaign. It was not a simple problem which she had to think out. Sixteen newspapers would have to be furnished with complete reports, which must be delivered at the earliest possible moment after the meeting closed. She found a room opening out of the hall where the typewriters could be established, and planned her equipment here—tables, chairs, machines, a row of files where the copy for the different papers could be hung. Then she sat in the big empty hall with her watch open and mentally organized the stenography. Six men, she decided, after an hour's timing of imaginary speakers, would be needed to take the notes, in relays; the first would take for fifteen minutes, then go out to dictate his notes, number two slipping into his place for a slightly shorter period, and so on, each "take" being appreciably shorter than the one before, until that of the last man was less than three minutes. In that way the machines would keep fairly close to the speakers, and only the briefest possible "take" need be begun after the close.

When her plans were perfected, she had to purchase supplies and see that the machines were in perfect condition. By five o'clock that afternoon everything was in readiness and girls were at work sandwiching sheets of paper with carbon, for sixteen copies had to be made at one time, and the report would run from one hundred and fifty to two hundred pages. When the meeting opened, Miss Rawls was there with her stenographers, watch in hand, and her plan went through like clockwork. Three-quarters of an hour after the last address the complete report had gone out. In subsequent mass-meetings she shortened this final interval to twenty minutes, for she had plenty of practise, handling sometimes one every night for a week.

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It is a curious fact that while the Committee of Seventy was fighting Tammany Hall, Miss Rawls's office did the stenographic work for both sides, with never a leakage to betray the fact. The Tammany work was carried on in quarters across the hall, Miss Rawls herself being the only one to pass between—and she is one whose right hand never betrays her left. Mayor Strong, after his election, gave her many big commissions, as well as a silver medal for being the first woman ever appointed on the public works of New York.

When the Greater New York Commission was appointed, in 1896, Mr. Faure gave her letters commending her for her stenographic work, as also did Cornelius N. Bliss, who had been a very active member of the Seventy. With these she went to Alexander H. Green, who had fathered the project of a Greater New York, and secured his influence. The meetings were held at the Long Beach Hotel, down on Long Island, and Miss Rawls, duly appointed, took up headquarters there with seven or eight stenographers and wrote the charter of Greater New York.

This same summer, 1896, she was also doing the private correspondence of the McKinley campaign, keeping ten or twelve stenographers constantly at the Fourth Avenue headquarters. Add to all this the work of the Police Commission under Roosevelt, and a vast amount of private business, and it is little wonder that she found in her office a thorough education in politics and finance, as well as ample means to carry out her dream of restoring the family fortunes.

It may interest other women to know to what Ella Rawls attributes the success of her first venture, the stenographic office that made her a well-to-do woman and set her free to try the venturesome schemes that were beginning to simmer in her ambitious brain. First of all she puts her unflagging diligence in going about after new work. Even when the office was running to the top of its capacity, she never let well-enough alone, but went out daily with her business card, and her calm, frank manner, seeking more. She did not do business with subordinates, but asked for the principals, and was seldom refused admittance; then she explained herself and requested a trial. "Who sent you to me?" would often be asked. "No one. I just saw your name and came in," would be the straightforward answer. A likeable personality, quiet but wholly free from shyness or self-consciousness, had no doubt something to do with the success of these interviews; for she nearly always came out with a new patron on her list.

The next element of her success was the office spirit, the solidarity of interest with which her employees worked for her. Perhaps that was founded on the fact that she was so open-hearted to their interests and so ready to be fond of them. She was strict in certain ways: the good name of the office depended on that; but strictness so well mixed with affection never rouses antagonism.

The third great qualification for success was trustworthiness. Women have a name of being loose-tongued, and the secrets of corporations and commissions must be far above the danger of leakage. A man in high political office once astonished Miss Rawls with a present of a handsome gold watch. She sent it back with a few friendly words explaining that she was grateful, but that she already owned a watch. The sender evidently concluded that he simply had not hit on the right thing, for presently from the same source came a box containing a very beautiful diamond necklace. She returned this with a polite note to the effect that she had no active use for diamond necklaces, and then, putting things together, realized that the offering was due to sheer nervousness; in her past note-books lay a record of a part this man had once played in a secret meeting, a part which was not in accordance with his present position, and whose betrayal would sadly upset him. So she gathered together the inconvenient notes and, taking them to the secretary of that past meeting, secured his receipt for them. This she laid, without comment, on the desk in front of the would-be donor of the diamond necklace.

"What is that for?" he asked.

"You know better than I," was the direct answer. He laughed and pocketed the slip; her establishment had gained a strong supporter. And good fame spreads as surely as bad.

It was in 1897, six years after her arrival in New York, that Ella Rawls made her first active move in the field of finance. So far she had only been preparing her equipment. The real campaigns were now to come.

The Story of "The Greatest Business Woman in the World" will be continued in the October number.

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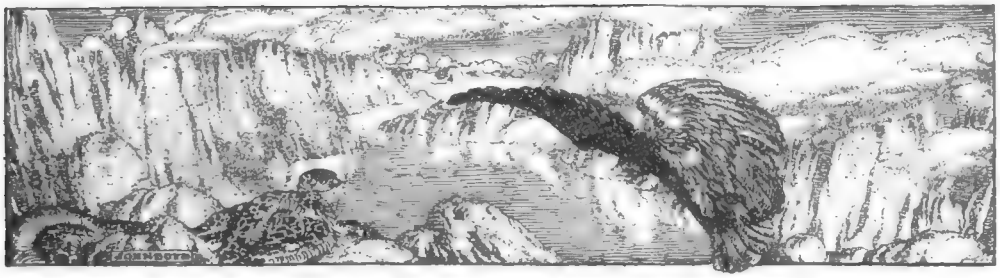

The Song of the Falcon

By MAXIM GORKY

The famous young Russian Novelist and Revolutionary Leader

A WIDE expanse of waves, lazily lapping the beach, and far away, out beyond, the great sea, motionless under the steel-blue light of the moon. The silvery soft surface blends with the deep blue southern sky, reflecting the motionless but feathery cloud-shapes, with their background of delicate star tracery. The sky seems to be stooping lower and ever lower toward the sea in its effort to understand the meaning of the murmur of the ceaseless waves, as they glide sleepily toward the shore. The mountains, clad with trees distorted by the blasts of the northeast wind, raise abruptly their summits toward the blue waste overhead; and their angular and severe outlines are softened and toned by the warm, caressing breath of the southern night.

Grave and pensive stand the solemn mountains, throwing dark shadows over the green waters, as if arresting with their somber weight the monotonous tidal movement, and silencing the ceaseless ripple of the waves, and the sighs of the feathery foam. The only sounds that break the mystic silence blend and interweave with the silvery light of the moon, which has not yet appeared above the mountain-tops.

"A- Ala-Akh-A- Akhar," sighs softly Nadir-Raghim-Oggli, an old Chaban from the Crimea; a tall, white-haired, sun-bronzed, wiry, and wise old man.

He and I lie stretched at full length on the beach beneath a huge boulder that has been torn away from the parent rock still overshadowing it; a boulder, standing by itself in forlorn gloom, covered with a growth of green, mossy slime. On the side near the sea the waves have tossed up mud and seaweed, and the boulder, with its fringe of hanging weed, seems fastened to the narrow strip of sand which divides the sea from the cliffs. The flame from our fire lights up the side near the cliff. The flame flickers, and the shadows dance on the old boulder, and on the network of cracks that spreads over its surface, giving it almost the appearance of a sentient living object.

Raghim and I are cooking some soup made with a fish we have just caught; and both of us are in that frame of mind when everything appears pervaded with spiritual life, and clear to the understanding; when the heart is softened, and when one's only longing is to think and dream.

The sea caresses the beach, and the voice of the waves sounds entreatingly, as if craving leave to approach the fire and share its warmth. From time to time in this harmony of sounds one can detect a higher and more daring note; it is the voice of one of the waves, as it ventures to creep nearer to us.

Raghim, leaning on his elbows and resting his head on the palms of his hands, lies with his breast pressed against the sand, and peers thoughtfully into the misty distance. His high sheepswool bonnet is pushed far back on his head, and the sea-breeze blows freshly on his broad furrowed brow.

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He is musing aloud, without observing whether I am listening; and he is apparently addressing himself to the sea.

"The man who is faithful to his God goes to Paradise. And he who does not serve God and the Prophet? . . . Perhaps he is now in this foam. . . . Or perhaps he is that distant, silvery spot on the water. . . . Who can say?"

The dark, mighty, and spreading sea catches a ray of light; here and there flecks of moon rays dapple its surface; the moon herself shows now above the rugged mountain-tops, and with her light floods the sea, which answers the greeting with a sigh.

Then the pale light spreads over the beach, the boulder, and the spot where we are lying.

"Raghim, tell me a fairy tale!" I say to the old man.

"Why?" asks Raghim, without turning his head.

"I don't know why; but I like fairy tales."

"I have told you all I know; I have no others."

The way he speaks shows me that he desires me to ask him again. Once more I make my request.

"If you like, I will repeat the words of a song," says Raghim.

I love old songs; and he repeats one for me in a low-pitched recitative, trying to preserve in the cadences of his voice the peculiar rhythm of the song.

X

High up on the mountain-side glided an adder, and coiled itself in the depths of a ravine, from which it gazed down on the sea.

High in the heavens shone the sun, and the mountains threw back toward the sky its heat; below, the waves dashed against the cliffs.

From the depths of the ravine, amidst darkness and foam, a torrent rushed toward the sea, carrying with it great stones and boulders. White, mighty, and foam-clad, it cleft the mountain-side, and rushed with a threatening roar to meet the sea.

Suddenly there fell into the ravine, where couched the adder, a falcon with wounded breast and blood-stained feathers.

It fell with a piercing cry; and in impotent rage it dashed its breast against the hard rock.

The adder, alarmed, glided hastily away; but it soon realized that the bird had only a few minutes more to live.

Then it glided back to the side of the wounded bird, and looking at him straight between the eyes, it hissed:

"You are dying, then?"

"Yes, I am dying," replied the falcon with a sigh of anguish. "I have lived gloriously. I know what happiness is. I have fought bravely. I have seen the sky. *You* will never see it near, as I have done! Ah, you poor creature!"

"But what's the sky? Nothing but empty space! How could I move about there? Here I am quite comfortable; it is warm and damp."

Thus spoke the adder to the free-born bird, and in its heart laughed at him for his dreams.

It thought to itself: "Whether one flies or glides, the end is always the same. All falls to the ground, and all ends in dust."

But the brave falcon suddenly revived and shook his wings; he raised his head, and once more looked around.

Water dripped from the gray stone, and the air in the ravine was moist and suffocating.

The falcon gathered up his remaining strength, and cried in anger and pain:

"Ah! If only I could rise once more toward the sky! I would seize my enemy, I would press him against my breast, and I would choke him with my blood! Oh! glorious battle!"

And the adder reflected: "Life in the sky must really be very pleasant, if one may judge by the longing of this bird!"

And it said to the free-born bird: "Crawl to the edge of the ravine, and throw yourself down. Perhaps your wings will support you once more, and you will live once again in your own element."

The falcon shuddered, and, with a piercing cry, crawled to the edge of the ravine, slipping as he fluttered over the slimy stones.

He reached the edge, stretched out his wings, and breathed deeply. Then his eyes flashed, and he fell forward.

Like a stone bounding on the rocks, he fell, breaking his wings, and scattering his feathers.

The spray from the descending torrent caught him, washed the blood from his body, wrapped him in its foam, and carried him to the sea. The waves dashed against the cliff with a dirge-like cry, and the bird's body was lost in the immense expanse of waters.

For some time the adder lay reflecting on the death of the bird, and on his strange longing for the sky.

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Then it turned its gaze toward the blue vault of heaven, which forever beckons mortal eyes with a vision of bliss.

"And what can this dead falcon have seen in this boundless, limitless space? Why, after death, do such creatures continue to disturb our souls with longings for the sensation of flight in the blue ether? What do they see there? I might learn all that they knew were I able to fly for ever so short a time."

Thus the adder mused, and presently it changed its musing into action. It threw its body into coils, sprang forward in the air, and flashed in the sunlight like a strip of ribbon.

But, born only to glide along the earth, flight for it was impossible. Not realizing this, it fell on the stones below, but escaped without injury. Then it contemptuously hissed:

"After all, then, that is the whole charm of flight! It is nothing but a fall.—What an absurd bird! It does not know how good the earth really is; so after a time it grows tired of it. To soar in the sky is, indeed, the only thing that attracts it; and all it desires is to seek for life in the fiery ether. There is nothing up there. Plenty of light, I grant you; but no food, and nothing to support the living body. Why, then, so much pride? Why these reproaches? Is it only to hide the madness of its desires, and its complete incapacity for the real work of life? What an absurd bird! But I won't be fooled any more with such chatter; I have seen through it all now; I have explored the sky; I have flown in the ether. I have gaged it; and I know now what a fall means, for I have fallen, and remained uninjured. So that henceforth I believe more strongly than ever in myself! Let those who are unfitted for living on the earth continue in these illusions. I know the truth. I no longer believe in them. The earth is the only reality. I live on the earth."

And it coiled itself round in a ring on the stones and felt very satisfied with itself.

The sea flashed in the broad sunlight, and the waves dashed threateningly against the shore.

In their deep, lion-like roar there thundered the song of the proud bird. The cliffs trembled under their shock, and the sky resounded with the echoes of the thunderous song.

"We sing the praises of the glorious madness of the brave!

"The foolhardiness of the brave is the wisdom of life! Oh, daring falcon, fighting your enemies, you have bled to death! But the time will come when each drop of your blood will, like glowing sparks, kindle a flame in the gloom of life; a flame that will warm many daring hearts with the frenzied desire for freedom and for life!

"We sing the praises of the glorious madness of the brave!"

Silence broods over the opal surface of the distant sea; there is music in the rhythmic splashing of the waves on the beach. I lie silent, gazing out over the waste of waters, flecked here and there with silvery streaks of moonlight.

Our pot begins to boil. One of the waves, as if in playful provocation, creeps toward Raghim's head.

"Where are you coming to? Get back there!" says Raghim, with a gesture that almost seems to express a command; and the wave obediently runs back toward the sea.

This quaint action of Raghim's in addressing the waves as if they understood appears to me at the moment neither strange nor absurd. Everything around us seems so weirdly alive, so tender and caressing. The sea lies stretched before us in calm majesty, and one realizes that in its salt breath, as it plays round the still warm mountains, there is hidden a mighty but restrained power. Inscribed on the dark blue of the sky, in a golden tracery of stars, is a peaceful, solemn message, soothing the soul, and warning the mind of an approaching tender ecstasy.

Though lapped in drowsiness, nature all around is watchful; and there is a feeling in the air as if at any moment the liquid stillness might suddenly reawaken and break into a harmony of inexpressibly sweet sounds.

These sounds will perhaps explain the mystery and the riddle of life; will explain it to the mind, which they will then extinguish like the fitful light of a will-o'-the-wisp.

But the soul they will transport into the blue ether, where the shimmering tracery of the stars will greet it with the divine harmony of complete understanding.

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THE INCUMBRANCE RETIRED TO A CORNER AND WAITED.

The Incumbrance

By EDNA KENTON

Illustrations by Everett Shinn

THE Incumbrance stood very still while his face and ears were viciously washed and scrubbed. Without protest he let his small arms be twisted most painfully into his Sunday jacket, and he set about the polishing of his small shoes with an intentness that argued well from the first for the shine he soon afterward timidly displayed.

But the very handsome lady before the cheap and highly varnished dresser who was getting into a pink silk bodice with more or less trouble, and whose black taffeta skirt rustled ominously, merely shook her head without looking at him, planted some more pins in her mouth, and proceeded to insert them where they would do the most good regardless of glitter; and the Incumbrance therefore retired, wisely enough, to a corner of the bedroom, and clasped his small hands about his knees and waited.

The handsome lady, after several glances at an ornate clock, ticking complacently on her gaily flowered wall, and one or two stamps of a tolerably well-shaped foot, completed her toilet and turned on the Incumbrance.

"Now, not a sound out of you, to-night," she said emphatically, as she went to the narrow hall in answer to a knock. "Hallo, May—not a sound, do you hear? I've got to take the kid down to the theater to-night. His grandmother went down to Indiana this morning to nurse Tom through typhoid, and left me in a mess. Me reception lady down at that dentist's office from nine to five and extra lady in Julius Cæsar from seven to eleven! With this house and this kid! No, he's never been down to the theater before—his grandmother's always here—get your hat, quick! I know Maime Harrison makes money off her boy, but it's only four weeks' run and don't pay for the bother."

The Incumbrance, in thoughtful memory

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of a small lake-gale blowing briskly, settled his small cap firmly over his ears, yielded his hand to his mother's grasp, and stumbled after her down the narrow stairs and along the ill-lighted streets, till they reached Milwaukee Avenue. There he was pushed into a crowded car, and stood wedged between his mother and May. After they left the car he kept breathlessly up with them all the way down Clark Street; past cigar-stores, drug-stores, clothing-stores; past one playhouse whose great sign the Incumbrance rapidly spelled out as he was swept past it: "Performance now going on!" At an entrance to a dark alley his mother gave a sharp twist to his wrist, and dragged him after her along a narrow, two-planked walk, and into an entrance before two great doors which opened gingerly enough to admit them.

Once inside, the Incumbrance advanced a stealthy step, while his mother bantered with the man at the door, and looked about him. Incumbrance, by the way, was not his name, nor was he called that in a titular sense, but he was what people meant when they said: "Grace has an incumbrance." And since that was what he really was, it is what he shall be called.

The Incumbrance knew that he was standing on a stage, though he had never stood on one before. He saw brick walls towering above him on three sides. He stared at the fourth side, made merely of a great, heavy curtain. Beyond it were people, he knew; people who had come to see. He stared at a gold throne just before him, on which reposed a little fox-terrier of a man, chewing a wisp of excelsior instead of smoking the forbidden cigar. He saw a great gold statue, too, with bunches of palm-leaves near by, and white pillars——

His mother seized his hand again, and pushed him ahead of her, up three flights of stairs, into a long, low-ceiled, brick-walled room. About the narrow table stretching its length were some fifteen or twenty women. The Incumbrance knew without shock or hesitation what they were doing. His handsome mother often made up, too, at home, and the Incumbrance had learned there was something about getting the eyes properly darkened that was very nervous work. At such times he stayed in the kitchen with granny.

"Thought you never brought the kid!" cried a woman to the Incumbrance's mother.

"His grandmother's away," said Grace tartly. "And me down at that dentist's all day, and here all night—and with the house and the kid to run—Lord!"

"Pity—s'long as you got to bring him—you didn't run him in for the mob kid," said the woman sympathetically. "Maime Harrison's boy——"

"Where is Maime?" asked the Incumbrance's mother still tartly, as she jerked off her pink silk bodice, and flung a towel about her shoulders. "Ain't that the fifteen-minute call?"

The other woman applied her rabbit's-foot vigorously to her eyelids. "I saw Maime down on State this afternoon," she said. "She can get inside when stage-call's given, and get both of 'em ready before the curtain. Last night she dressed herself on the stage."

A curt call broke through her laugh. "Comin' in, ladies."

"It's Tim," said the Incumbrance's mother easily. She gave a perfunctory pull to her shoulder-covering, as Tim, the bow-legged call-boy appeared.

"Maime Harrison's out," he said. "Her kid broke his leg on the way down to-night. This kid ever been on, Grace?"

"Lord, no!" said Grace acidly.

"What's to hinder throwin' him on? He don't cry nor get scared, do you, sonny?"

The Incumbrance's mother answered for him. "You bet he don't. How much is there in it, Tim?"

"Double rates to-night, for sure," Tim said promptly. "Throw him into the duds, Grace. Some measly kid's got to show, and I'll have to run in a newsboy if yours don't, and it'll be the devil to find a little Johnny-on-the-spot that's small enough."

"Get out of your coat, Tony," said his mother sharply. "Sling me the duds, May. All right, Tim. Put on those stockings and take off your shirt and roll up your flannel sleeves." She herself was rapidly adjusting a crimson silk robe with its essential scarf to her fine figure. She thrust some enormous jewels in her hair, on her arms, and on her fingers. As she snapped the last bracelet on her arm the stage-call came.

The Incumbrance had been dressed hastily only a short hour before, but during the next two minutes he experienced the *ne plus ultra* of haste without waste. His whirl was mental, too, as well as physical, for while bewildering garments were cast on him, his mother talked.

"You'll be with May first. She's pitcher lady. Never mind what pitcher lady is—

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she's it. She carries a pitcher in the procession—that's all—now shut up. You hold to her, and don't get scared when the curtain goes up. The people out there don't bite any more than you bit when granny took you down to the Bijou to see 'The Denver Express.' When a man comes to set you on his shoulder, you go, and don't you think of getting scared and queer the show. Look at that little girl over there, not near as old as you, and does she get scared? Well, then! Me? Never you mind what I am. I'm patrician lady. There!"

The Incumbrance stole a glance at the little girl. "Is it a play I'm actin', mother?"

"Oh, you're actin' all right!" said his mother dryly. "Grab him, May. When that man comes to get you, you go, or I'll find out why later."

The Incumbrance just managed not to cry out when they came on to the stage, so marvelously was it changed from the bare space it had been a short half-hour before. Great steps ran across its rear. In its center stood the gold statue, and men and women in strange garb crowded its boards. May hurried him across the stage, caught up a pitcher which the ubiquitous Tim handed her, and poised it on her shoulder, and then the Incumbrance heard Tim's hands come together with a resonant clap, and Tim's voice urging on all the throng of "extras" to a merriment unprovoked by outward show. May pushed the Incumbrance directly in front of her, and from a spot within his foot's reach the great curtain swayed and slowly rose.

The Incumbrance stared dizzily out into the black pit. He had an impression of great shouting and tumult, and then he was handed over to a tall man who bore him on his shoulder through the close-herded crowd, just as a grand procession began to move across the stage. Every one was shouting, and suddenly the Incumbrance shouted, too; for beside a litter, fanning the lady who lay there, was his mother in her rich red silk and golden scarf. The Incumbrance noted with a great swelling of his loyal heart, that of all the "extra ladies" only three others were "patrician ladies" and wore silk gowns, and no other one wore crimson silk. And of all the "patrician ladies" no one stood so far down in front as his mother, lazily fanning the lady who lay in the litter. Conquering heroes passed in the grand procession, and the throng of "extras" screamed their names, and the Incumbrance screamed them too, but all the time his eyes were elsewhere. Finally, just as a strange, new man stalked impressively on to the stage, every one moved, and the tall actor carried the Incumbrance safely off.

"Is it all? Am I through acting?" he asked fearfully.

"You're a new broom sure," said the tall actor. "Scared?"

"AIN'T THAT THE FIFTEEN-MINUTE CALL?"

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"I've been to places before," said the Incumbrance sturdily. "To 'Flaming Arrow' an' 'The Denver Express.' I wasn't scared."

The tall actor surrendered him to his mother. "Where's the other kid?" he asked.

"Broke his leg," Grace returned. "Hush, Tony. Yes, you bet there's another man out there acting, and he'll eat you alive if you make a racket. Get up those stairs."

It was only the tall actor who saved the day. Thanks to him, the Incumbrance, with a sigh that nearly rent him in twain, was allowed to sit gingerly down on a step, and be borne on the crest of the storm then raging into a new and glamorous world. Had he looked straight across the stage, he might have seen Tim, on the other side, producing a major part of the frantic storm by means of a great sheet-iron curtain hung against a far wall. But the Incumbrance stared straight down into the heart of it, his ears pierced by its wail, and the terrified shrieks of the "extras." He was dimly conscious that the curtain fell; that the "storm ladies" brushed against him on their way to the dressing-room; that his friend the tall actor came along and picked him out of the way of hurrying "supers," and carried him up to a higher landing. There he came to himself.

While he looked down upon the very making of a lovely garden by brawny stagehands, he listened to the story of the play, and made it clear to the tall actor that he knew what a senator was, and had heard of a forum, and knew that a man killed on the stage does not die.

"There's Tim!" he cried suddenly. "Why does Tim walk in front of The Man?" The Incumbrance capitalized with awe that was instinctive. For Tim, the alert, the bow-legged, was swinging easily along in front of The Man, pushing out of the way a senator here, a soldier there, making a path through which The Man might unswervingly tread. The Man was that selfsame Man whose quiet entrance had scattered earlier to retired limbo the herd of "extras."

The tall actor laughed. "Tim's the busiest man in the company," he said. "What with keeping the whole push up to time for their entrances, and running the two mob-scenes, and helping round when anybody's laid off, why he manages to keep from being homesick for lack of something to do. But everything's off when His Nibs is ready to walk on or off, and Tim'd better be Johnny-on-the-spot. If he wasn't round to lead the old man on and off, and keep the rest of the bunch from mixing in, there'd be forty-seven different fits thrown. If Tim ever let any 'supe' bump in, or lost out, and the old man had to break through alone—" The tall actor turned down both his thumbs, and drew out his sword with a bloody flourish.

After that the Incumbrance watched The Man with tense eyes; watched him later as Tim led him skilfully through a howling wilderness of steps and columns, with The Man obedient at every turn; hungered after the glory that enveloped the Tims of life. Mere words cannot paint the emotions of the Incumbrance's soul as the dagger of The Man went home later, and a great one of the Romans fell. He hugged himself together in his little red tunic, and clung desperately to the step. He reminded himself sturdily of what he well knew, that no one killed on a stage is dead, but he had not counted on the awful glare of blood-red lights, and was glad to see the curtain fall, and the long prostrate figure lying at full length before the empty throne come to life by means of a slap and a jerk from the merry gentleman who had just been weeping over him.

"What happens now?" he asked with a gulp.

"Skin your eye now," advised his actor friend. "It's the mob scene. I've got to get on my leather apron and my club. I'm due right here as the 'second citizen.'"

So alone the Incumbrance listened to two great orations, and saw a great and realistic concourse of "extras" swayed to and fro.

"What happens now?" he asked as his tall, leather-jerkined actor friend again climbed the steps and stopped beside him.

"A ghost!" said the tall actor sepulchrally. "Your mother wants to hurry you home now because she's got her make-up off in time to slip out between the acts, but she can't go, because you've got to see the ghost."

The Incumbrance looked up timidly. His mother was standing on the step above him.

"A kid must be a novelty to you," she said to the tall actor. "Oh, I'll wait!"

Therefore was the blood of the Incumbrance, some fifteen minutes later, congealed to iciness as he watched the effect of the Invisible upon The Man. He swallowed hard, and presently leaned far over the wooden railing to watch The Man, with the

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sweat and pallor of pure physical exertion upon him, follow meekly after Tim the superb. His mother handed him his cap with an air of finality, and he put it on his head—at a new angle, a wide-awake angle affected by Tim the bow-legged. He glanced up at his mother. "Could I—?" he began, but her face was not encouraging, and he stopped.

The tall actor was by him again. "Does he come to-morrow?" he asked dryly.

"Goes on for the rest of the run," Grace answered curtly. "Maime Harrison's boy is done for."

The Incumbrance spoke again, bravely. "Could I—" he began as before—"stay some other night and see The Man die?"

His mother seized his hand and began to drag him after her in silence. She stopped half-way across the landing, and looked down at him.

"Do you want to stay till the end to-night?" she asked impatiently. His eyes answered eloquently. "Get back there then and watch. And keep still," she added, more from pure habit than because she meant to say it.

Therefore did the Incumbrance that night see The Man plunge his sword stark into his breast and die. And as he was led down the stairs by his imperious mother, both of them were waved back by the more imperious baton—a mere wisp of wood in this instance—of Tim the bow-legged and all supreme, that The Man might pass in peace. The Incumbrance tilted his cap even a little more as he walked proudly out. Few might aspire to be Tim. Fortunate were those who fell athwart the path of that snappy autocrat, if only to be waved aside out of the way of Tim and of The Man who trod meekly after him.

From then on was the Incumbrance numbered, in his own mind, among the elect of the earth. Every night he held May's hand with more assurance as the great curtain swayed and trembled and slowly rose. Every night the black pit grew less and less appalling. He grew to know by heart the places for Tim's quick, "Come on, boys," as that gifted genius directed the shouts and hurrahs of the motley populace during the first-act celebration of Cæsar's triumph. One night as the runners in the great procession tore madly across the stage, the Incumbrance yielded to sudden utter happiness and clapped his hands vigorously, as Tim was clapping his behind the wings. Then, as the tall actor swung him to his shoulder, something winy and delicious made swift ascent to the Incumbrance's small brain.

"I know what comes next," he whispered boastfully, as he and the actor waited for their cue. "'See whether their basest metal be not moved they vanished tongue-tied in their guiltiness go you down that way toward the Capitol——'"

"Well, you little devil!" his actor friend commented as he moved on again with his shrieking burden, and stood kick after kick against his chest, while the litters and the Incumbrance's mother moved past them.

"What else do you know?" the tall actor demanded later, after he had set the Incumbrance on the upper landing, and the storm scene was in noisy progress down below. Whereupon the Incumbrance let loose the flood-gates of his overburdened soul and spake: with the intonation of Antony, with the fantastic twist of Cassius, with the very tongue of The Man himself, his enunciation, his distinctive tricks of delivery. The Incumbrance was known throughout his school as a speaker of parts. And in this new world his very being was in process of vital quickening.

Yet every world has its woe. The next evening Tim rolled up the stairs into the "extra ladies" dressing-room.

"Where's his ma?" He jerked his thumb toward the Incumbrance, who was tying on his small sandals, and who immediately stopped his engrossing labor.

"Down-stairs," said Dollie's mother, Miss Ross. Dollie was the little girl belonging to the mob, whose part in the first act balanced, on the other side of the stage, that of the Incumbrance.

"Well, Miss Ross," said Tim easily, "you take her patrician outfit. You're cast for her part now."

"Who said so?" demanded the lady so suddenly elevated.

"The old man hisself," called back the departing Tim.

The Incumbrance listened with scarlet cheeks to comments and speculations.

"Gee!" whispered a girl near him. "I'd hate to get sent back to the mob from patrician lady. They can't do more to you and me, Jen, than throw us out the stage-door."

"Grace's been jealous as cats of the leading lady," remarked the young woman called "Jen." "Grace's got a cute little

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HE MADE IT CLEAR TO THE TALL ACTOR THAT HE KNEW A MAN KILLED ON THE STAGE DID NOT DIE.

trick of standing in front of the litter so as Her Nibs don't show up well. Grace got called good and hard last week about it. I bet that's it."

The Incumbrance knew from his mother's eyes when she came in that she had heard. He waited for her to fasten on his brief tunic, and then he sidled over to Dollie's side.

"Is your mother goin' to be storm-lady to-night?" he inquired casually. He stared gloomily over the little girl's shoulders at the dull robes his own mother was putting on.

"Why is your mother goin' to be the patrician lady, too?" he asked again.

The little girl looked complacent. "She don't chew gum," she said comprehensively. The Incumbrance looked dazed. "Your mother chewed gum down in front last night," she explained. "He saw her from the wings. Mine didn't, and she's storm-lady and patrician lady, too."

"Can't anybody chew gum if they wants to?" the Incumbrance asked sturdily.

"I don't know," Dollie hesitated. "Not while they're fanning or while He's looking, I guess. Anyway my mother's storm-lady and patrician lady, too."

"You said that before," said the Incumbrance huffily, and he walked off, watching Dollie's mother bitterly, as she struggled with the gold scarf. She did not know—how should she know?—how to put it on!

Now it happened that from the beginning of that evening a grim and untoward fate held the stage and its people. A silent member of the mob, during an impressive moment in the first act, fell ungracefully into the rear scenery, thereby causing some painted pillars to sway like those of Gaza at the time of Samson's last appearance. Some of the red glass necessary for the murderous effects of the murder scene slipped from the unlucky operator's hands, and crashed earthward, striking, in transit, the bared head and shoulders of the murdered hero's chief mourner, thus rendering his immediately subsequent lament over the dead body one of bitter wrath rather than sorrow. It also gave a weird effect in cross-lights, which did not render the figure of The Man impressive. Wild crashes of scenery at unharmonic intervals throughout the evening did not add to its gaiety.

Safe above the confusion the Incumbrance sat and mourned. He was glad

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when the glass broke and the scenery fell. He turned his back on the little girl when she came and sat by him. He reasoned that because she was a girl, she would take the first chance to say again that her mother was patrician lady now and storm-lady, too, and he was quite sure that if she said it again he should slap her.

He snickered gloomily to himself as he caught the growing strain of the night. The stage-manager was quite distracted, and even Patrick, the company electrician, threw the wrong shift once at emphatically the wrong time. The scenery men were merely blundering fools. Properties and pillars fell from their hands with maddening racket. Tim alone moved as usual, alert and thoroughly himself. What time he was not leading The Man about, to and from the stage, and calling all the other players at their proper times, he was pulling at some tangle, with his wisp of excelsior still in his mouth. The hundred and fifty supers caught the contagion of confusion, and behaved like the overflow mass of an imbecile asylum. They hissed at the wrong time and failed to cheer at the right moment. One of them ruined one of The Man's finest bits of oratory by cheering two seconds too soon, and was incontinently fired as soon as he shambled off. The Incumbrance shivered when that unfortunate man rah-rahed, and then he remembered. He would have been sorry about the broken glass and the scenery and lights if Tim had suffered thereby. But Tim was the same to-day as yesterday. "There's no one else worth thinking about in th' whole blame show!" reflected the Incumbrance moodily. "If He don't know everybody chews gum, when they c'n get it!"

It was entirely in keeping with the murky aspect of things that the Incumbrance later should slip down the stairs at the moment when his mother was coming up, and be soundly boxed therefor; also that, when he finally descended with her, bound for home, he proved himself at last worthy of his name, got desperately caught in a great throng of gold-helmeted "extras" who were pouring up in an endless stream from the basement dressing-rooms, and was pushed back farther and farther away from his mother, nearer and nearer to the stairs he had just stumbled down. To push his way to her then was an impossibility, so he reached out eager hands for the gifts the gods gave him, and watched The Man from a new and delightful point of view. Yet resentment still burned

DOWN THEIR CENTER MARCHED THE INCUMBRANCE AND MEEKLY AFTER HIM CAME THE MAN.

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A STRANGE THING WAS HAPPENING—HIS MOTHER'S ARM SLIPPED ABOUT HIM.

hotly against him who had wrought unnecessary disgrace.

It would seem that all things which might well happen in one brief night had happened, but there yet remained one catastrophe, a thing which no one, not the stage-manager, not even The Man himself, accustomed to reckon and allow for all human failings, had ever counted on. Straight toward the Incumbrance, his scene ended, walked The Man, with Tim, the alert and bow-legged, the very Cerberus of call-boys, missing from his post, for the first time in all his devoted years of service. Between The Man, earnestly striving even in the tumult of this night of nights to be sunk in the artist's oblivion, and his dressing-room there pressed and swelled an appalling mob, made up of men variously meaning and all stupid. The Incumbrance heard the tall actor beside him swear quickly and fervently.

Suddenly, the Incumbrance remembered his question that first night of service, and the tall actor's answer. He remembered the last unfinished sentence: "If Tim ever let a 'supe' bump into him, or lost out on the cue and let His Nibs try to break through alone—" He remembered that ominous flourish of the sword, and as he remembered he caught a very ominous flash from The Man's eyes as they peered about for Tim, Tim the absent.

The Incumbrance sprang suddenly forward. He jerked his cap off with Tim's own jockey-sweep of arm, all his resentment suddenly gone in the face of The Man's great need.

"I'll show you the way, sir," he whispered eagerly. In a second's time he had become Tim, to the doffed cap and the bow-legged swagger. He pushed hard against a super.

"Get out o' the way, there," he said, eagerly. "Get out o' the way, you. It's Him!"

The herd of Roman soldiers parted to the right hand and the left. Down their center, straight toward The Man's dressing-room, marched the Incumbrance, and meekly after him came The Man, with no careless elbow to jostle and annoy. As the curtain of The Man's dressing-room fell on him and his pale valet, the Incumbrance heard a fervent comment above him.

"Well, I *am* blowed!" the tall actor was saying. "Here's your mother, you young limb! And here comes Tim, on a lope, with a busted head—fell down-stairs—eh?——"

He broke off to receive a whispered com-

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munication from the very pale valet who had slipped from the dressing-room, and then he turned to the Incumbrance's mother.

"Sit down and take it easy, Grace," he counseled. "He—in yonder—wants to see your kid after the show. Never mind Tim. He's not as dead sore as he might be. And you can sure prove your alibi."

But Tim continued to bleed and curse the stairs and the scenery and his fate. Meantime the Incumbrance sat with beating heart beside his mother. He watched with agony, as he always watched it, the self-killing of The Man. Then, as The Man passed him, after the final fall of the curtain, he slipped, in obedience to a gesture, from his mother's side, and disappeared within a very sacred portal.

"He had me tell him about school, an' we did the murder scene. I was Antony," the Incumbrance said. It was past midnight, and he was seated beside his mother in an almost deserted Milwaukee Avenue car. A great pride beat through his voice. "It was fine. Antony came in an' heard me. I didn't forget a word. An' he didn't either," he added proudly of his partner in art. "We acted other places. Once I was it where He talks to th' people before Antony comes in, an' makes 'em mut'ny." The Incumbrance rode bravely over the word. "He said for my mother to keep sendin' me to school, *sure*."

Despite its pride, the Incumbrance's voice had been very steady, but suddenly he began to stammer. "An' he said—when I told him—when I explained that everybody chewed gum—he didn't know I belonged to you before—you're to go on being patrician lady all the time—Tim'll fix it to-morrow—and the other lady won't be both—she'll jus' be storm lady an' not both——"

The Incumbrance's mother looked down at him curiously. She laughed a little. Her eyes were very hard and shining.

"Did you care, Tony?" she asked.

The Incumbrance hesitated. "You—look nice in red silk," he said shyly. "Down in front—where people see. You stood ahead, lots of times, of the lady in the litter."

Suddenly the Incumbrance felt a queer thrill run through him. A strange thing was happening. His mother's arm slipped about him, and he felt himself drawn up to her. For a moment he was silent from sheer surprise. Then he settled down very naturally into the curve of her arm and against the pink silk bodice, and with his hand he even daringly rustled the black taffeta silk skirt.

"Till to-night," he said, confidentially, "I'd made up my mind to be Tim. I didn't think I ever could be quite Tim, but I'd made up my mind. But I can be Tim, so I've made up my mind again, an' some day I'm goin' to be Him. I don't think I ever can, but I'm goin' to be."

His mother laughed again. Then she and Tony got out of the dingy car, and started up the dull side street hand in hand as always, but with a difference. For strangely enough, as strangely as things happen and as suddenly as they change, Tony had become purely and simply Tony, and was no longer an Incumbrance.

A Portrait

By MARY ELIZABETH BLAKE

WHERE she doth walk, the common street
Grows fragrant as her footsteps pass,
As when one treads with careless feet
On violets hidden in the grass.

And when she speaks—within a land
Of strange delight does fancy roam,
As if on some far distant strand
To homesick hearts came sound of home.

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DECEMBER AND MAY.

The Natchez Trace

By JOHN SWAIN

Illustrated with photographs by the author

IT was on a cool, delightful afternoon in June that I stumbled down a disappearing road over the end of a spur-ridge in middle Tennessee, into the rocky bed of a musical little branch which here usurped the functions of a highway. With stockings and shoes in hand, I waded and limped over the sharp stones, back and forth as the wagon-tracks led into and out of the stream, and at last, sighting a cabin on the hill at my left, mounted slowly up to the fence before it and hailed the man who sat on the tiny doorstep.

"Hello," said I, and waited for him to look up; "am I on the Natchez Trace?"

He looked at me with doubt and distrust in his eyes.

"Huh? On the Trace Road? Are you on the Trace Road? Why, no, sir, I don't rightly reckon you are. No, sir, I should say for sure you ain't. No, sir. Why, the Trace Road—that's the Ridge Road. That's back there ten miles or more. On the Trace Road? Why, no, I should say you was ten miles off the Trace, mister."

In humility my mind went back to the advice I had received from an old woman at She Boss (expressively named hamlet!) some four hours earlier.

"You're going a mighty crooked road," she had said, "and maybe you'll keep to it all right. But I reckon you'll find the Natchez Trace easy to travel and hard to foller. You better ask everybody you see if you're on it."

Easy to travel and hard to follow I had found it, indeed, for I must have taken the wrong turn not more than a mile down the road from She Boss. After that I had not scorned to follow the old woman's advice, but I had met no one to ask. I had plodded ten miles or more along the crest of a beautiful ridge, hundreds of feet above the bordering valleys, winding in and out around coves and hollows, traveling a fading roadway through an open oak forest; and in all that ten miles I had heard no more human voice than the distant murmur of the lonely cow-bell, and had seen no more friendly countenance than that of a half-wild heifer calf which had stopped for a momentary glance before crashing away into the timber. I should have asked her, had she waited.

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Time was when the traveler by the Natchez Trace was not so easily lost; for a century ago the winding trail on the Tennessee ridges, from Nashville on the Cumberland to Natchez and Fort Adams, was the only wagon-road to the Mississippi, the only overland route to New Orleans and the New Louisiana Territory, and the main artery of travel for the whole Southwest. Soldiers, settlers, Indians, freebooters, fine ladies in carriages, lawyers and merchants on the mail stage, all traveled over it, and not an event in what was then the most interesting part of the continent failed to have its connection with this thoroughfare.

Down this historic way I was on pilgrimage. Camera in hand, I had set out from Nashville to follow the footsteps of Old Hickory, of Claiborne and of Mason the Robber, and of countless others who had gone to make history in the lower valley; but most of all, to visit a shrine which should be ever sacred to lovers of adventure and of the wilderness—the tomb of the intrepid young explorer, Meriwether Lewis. With the whole nation busily preparing to celebrate the centennial of the purchase of the territory which he explored, and of his wonderful journey to the Oregon, it seemed to me, who am by nature a tramp, a welcome duty to give a little time to the memory of the unfortunate youth, and to bring back to a careless people the picture of his lonely gravestone on its wooded hilltop, uncared for, unvisited, and forgotten.

This Natchez Trace itself, even if it were not so picturesque and delightful in its whole length, has played so great a part in our country's history that it by right demands attention and a visit from us.

For our roads are such intimate factors in our lives, they are so filled with the romance and with the character of the people who make them, whom they make, that we cannot give too much thought to them. If it be true that after death our souls as our bodies become again part of the world in which we dwell, I like to think that as his dust has become the dust, so the soul of Lewis has become the spirit, of this ancient roadway, which leads over hills and across valleys, far from crowded cities, under the sun and the stars, shaded by oak and elm and chestnut and the sweet-scented yellow pine, and which bears on its surface the tread of common, true-hearted, humble people. Such a road I love. There is for me no greater charm in outdoor life than

"SLATER'S."

He took me in to share the comfort of his big living-room.

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"WATER VALLEY."

Where the Trace descends into a hollow.

to wander along it, trying to absorb something not only of its external, instantly apparent beauty, but of its subtler essence, that intangible, spiritual beauty which it has for those who know it familiarly, who have been born, have gone to school, have fought, and loved, and courted, and come to old age, beside it. And in all of these things which go to make a road enjoyable to the traveler, and give it, to me, all the authority and charm of an intimate personal narrative, this century-old highway of the Southwest is paramount.

Century-old—nay, much more than that. For when the first white men came to the valley of the Cumberland, they found this same thoroughfare along the ridge-tops from the Duck River and the region beyond it up to the salt-lick at Nashville, as deeply grooved and as smoothly worn as it is to-day. Countless herds of buffalo, traveling in the same path for unnumbered years, had made a trail which red man and white adopted as they found it. Buffalo, like Indians, are hilltop travelers in a wooded region, and the white man in a new land found safety on the same lofty ridges.

A hundred years ago the eyes of America were on the Southwest. We were on the edge of a war with Spain over the closing of the Mississippi; and under orders from Washington, Wilkinson, in command at Fort Adams, held solemn conclave with the Indians who owned the east bank of the big river, and by treaty established a sacred post-road through their country. It left Nashville on the old buffalo trace, crossed the Tennessee at Colbert's Ferry below the Mussel Shoals, and striking the hills back of the Big Black, came down to Natchez and on to New Orleans, with a branch to the Walnut Hills. The road was more than a military necessity, for so many pirates infested the Mississippi that merchants returning from New Orleans needed a safer route home with their money.

After it was opened it became all things to the Southwest. Methodism went down that way in the person of Tobias Gibson; later, Lorenzo Dow followed him with the camp-meeting spirit. Old Hickory marched his army down to Natchez over this route in 1813, and marched it back again next spring. And from that day till nearly our own it has been the great center of that country's activity. Now the railroads have come, the settlers have moved down into the valleys and opened up poorer roads in tributaries of branches and

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through swampy lowlands. But the Trace is still there upon its ridges, the best road of them all.

Thus it was with a reverence for all the old road has seen that I turned into the Hillsborough pike in Franklin, Tennessee, and set out upon my pilgrimage. I fell in with a farmer lad, and moved by the eternal rivalry of city and country, we raced along at a gait of five miles an hour, up hill and down, each wishing fervently that the legs of the other would give out, yet neither willing to call a halt. We were at Boston Corners long before lunch-time, and so far was I on my way that when I had finished a generous meal at a farmhouse and had chatted for half an hour with my host, I had but to stroll up a crooked wagon-track through the woods, on the edge of a noisy brook, three miles at most, to the cross-road and the thrice-blazed tree that told me I had come at last to the highway of history and legend.

Almost around the corner I ran across my first tradition—a living one. I had passed a log schoolhouse in which a score of youngsters were at their tasks or peering out through the open chinks, and had begun to notice here and there long, ragged scars on the oldest trees, relics of the days of blazed trails; I had found my hilltop road a pleasant but lonely one and was beginning to wonder where I should pass the night, when I sighted an old man and a young mule, like December and May, trudging slowly across a stony field. Sickly yellow corn a foot above ground fairly cried for better nourishment. An old woman in a half-demolished log cabin crooned a weird song; and the mule, a shaggy, two-year-old jennet, with feeble strength pulled a tiny plow with which the old man was steering a wavering two-inch furrow between the rows. The string harness broke as they reached the fence, and he paused to watch me manipulate my camera—something the like of which he had never seen, the use of which he does not know to-day.

"Corn's got to be plaowed," he whined in a feeble, apologetic voice, as he saw me; and then, with a weary smile of ready friendship, came up to the stake and rider on which I leaned.

A living tradition he was, indeed. Forty years before, a young man in a Northern village, he had enlisted for the war. Wounded in some skirmish in its second year, he had been captured by the country people, and had been held captive till the fighting was over. There was no notion of "exchange of prisoners" in their minds. They had secured a "Yankee," and they kept him at work till a couple of cavalrymen, jogging homeward, told them of Lee's surrender and the final peace. Then they turned him loose; but by that time a more subtle chain had been woven about him, and so he married and settled down among his old captors. Somehow he never prospered. He had secured a discharge but had lost his papers, so he could get no pension; and now with his wife, as old and feeble as himself, he struggles on from year to year with his stony field, fetching his water—for drinking purposes only—up a path through the brambles from a brook in the valley, seldom going beyond the sight of his cabin, waiting, waiting, waiting for this captivity of life to cease. Poor old chap! He patted his jennet on the neck and assured me weakly that she was "a willin' little beast."

He told me how I might follow the road for another five miles to a certain weather-beaten chapel, and there turn into a lane and go a half-mile or so back to some cabins, and from them take a path diagonally across some fields, and over a bit of ridge and down through the woods there to a clearing, and on down to the bed of a branch, and along that to the ruins of a mill, and across the branch again by that, and up the hill again, when I should come to Slater's, whose cabin was larger than his own, and as hospitable. So I did, and wondered as I went what girl up North had grieved because her lover had not returned, what mother had mourned a missing son as dead, while he was struggling through his life down there.

Slater was as hospitable as I had been led to expect. He took me in to share the comfort of his big living-room, and after a supper of pork and biscuits we sat before an oak-log fire—up on the hilltop it was a frosty night for all it was June—and he questioned me for news of the outer world, which he had not seen in twenty years. Slater was a melancholy man. He lived on pork and biscuits too much and had trouble, he assured me, "with his intensities." So with cheerful good-will I recommended him to write to Dr. Dowie, one of whose cardinal principles, I neglected to add, is "thou shalt eat no pork." I shuddered to think of my hospitable host deprived of this, almost his only sustenance. He made me a full partner in the great log bedroom, in the distant gloomy corners of which, in an array of four-posters, slept the multitude

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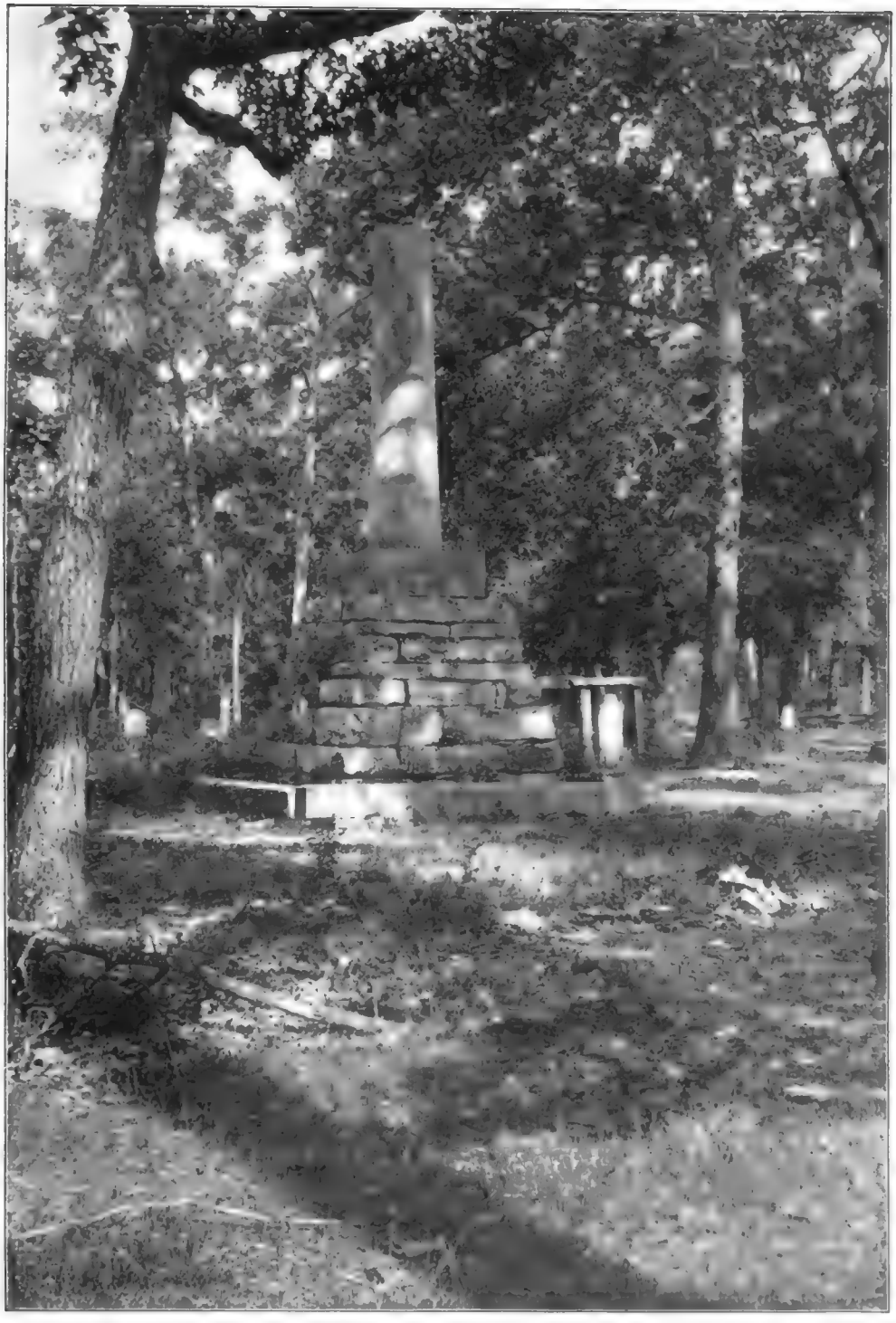

"TO VISIT A SHRINE WHICH SHOULD BE EVER SACRED TO LOVERS OF ADVENTURE AND OF THE WILDERNESS—THE TOMB OF THE INTREPID YOUNG EXPLORER, MERIWETHER LEWIS."

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A CABIN ON THE HILL.

of children and their elders, retiring in the chaste seclusion of the darkness, and arising before daylight could bring a blush to any cheek. And as I went on my way after breakfast—yet before six in the morning—he assured me that there was nothing to pay, but that he was willing to have the boot on the other foot for the privilege of hearing what was happening in the world without.

The Trace was a familiar road to Slater, and he gave me directions for following it through Kinderhook, once a settlement but now a deserted store, and so by Pigg Hill and the ridge above Jones's Creek and Leatherwood, to Gordon's Ferry on Duck River. Never have my feet traveled a more grateful way than the level boulevard upon the ridges into which he directed me. Narrow and winding, but shaded and firm it was, and at frequent intervals some lover of history had nailed upon the trees boards bearing the legend: "Natchez Trace."

Gordon's Ferry is gone now, and a big iron bridge above the ancient ford bears travelers across Duck River. Once over it one mounts to the hilltop again steeply, and so by a pleasant walk comes down to Shady Grove, of happy name but unsavory memory. I fell in with one of "Fighting Joe" Wheeler's old troopers there, and dined well at his house. He knew my road from the Cumberland to the Mississippi, and had ridden every foot of it, and told glowing yarns of cavalry excursions along it. But when I mentioned John Morgan as one who might have come that way, the trooper's wife answered while the old man smiled.

"Yes," she said, "John Morgan came up this road once. I remember it well. Noted it at the time. It was the only time I ever knew him to stop for a road. Usually he came up the hill on one side and down the other. Any country was good enough for Morgan, road or no road."

I went up to the higher hills after dinner, and through the quaint little hamlet of She Boss—where my prophet predicted failure—and then, where the Trace suddenly turned to one side and dropped to the valley to cross the Kettle Gap, I kept ahead on the hilltop, and went on to my confusion in the Sunrise Branch.

It was Dick Bates who set me right when I had almost become web-footed, and kept me overnight and to breakfast, and set me on my way with the assurance that he never yet had let any man pay him for staying in his house.

Blessed is the way that leads to Little Swan, and yet like other roads to happy lands, it is hard to travel. Back and forth through the sparkling waters of Big Swan Creek I waded that day, over sharp stones and heavy sandbars. I followed dim paths from ford to ford, or now and then a roadway, seeking ever the trail to Palestine and the forgotten site of Newburg. Somewhere on the hills up there was a marble shaft on a granite pedestal to the memory of young Lewis, and that I sought.

Slater had heard of it. Bates remembered that it was "plumb in the middle of Lewis County," but didn't know who was buried there. As I neared Palestine I met at last a teamster who twenty years before had explored up that way and had seen it.

"Some chap was murdered up there," he said. "The place is ha'nted." He didn't remember just where it was. "Keep on up Swan to Little Swan, and when you get up to the head of that, you cross the Trace again. Take the Trace Road, and when you get about

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two miles this side of Newburg—only the town ain't there any more—it'll be up to one side in the woods, like."

With these definite directions I wandered beside that beautiful creek. The mountainous hills grew higher with every mile, and frowned gorgeously over the clear waters. The forest grew more dense, the clearings smaller; and under bends of the bank, where the water was deepest, handsome, foot-long brook-trout sported in full view. Oh, it was a day to remember, this on Little Swan, and almost at the end of it, when my feet were sore and my muscles weary, I came to Grinder's Creek and to the home of a woman who knew positively where the monument was. Her house was the nearest dwelling to it—two miles and a half away.

"You take not that little hog-trail by my fence," she said, "nor that buggy-track across the creek, nor yet that real, plain path; but if you're good at paths the's a trail runs between them and the creek. Take that up the creek, this side, till you come to where some water dreens down out of the rocks. Take right up the p'int there till you come to the hilltop, and strike back into the woods, and you'll find it."

It was by such a way I went. The trail was very faint, but the water "dreened down" over a beautiful shale cliff, making a handsome cascade in a tiny, deep-green bower. I climbed the "p'int" with difficulty and struck back into the woods till a certain smoothness underfoot told me I was again on my road, forgotten here and never traveled, cumbered at frequent intervals by fallen trees, but so grooved and packed by a century of use that years of neglect could not efface it wholly. There was still light to take a picture, though here and there a song-bird, beginning his evening melody, accentuated the stillness. Suddenly I saw it, dim and ghostly through the forest ahead, like the white specter of Lewis himself, here where he was slain.

It is a simple broken shaft, on a pile of rough granite that marks the ancient site of Grinder's Tavern and the grave of the explorer. Half a hundred dilapidated gravestones surround it, relics of the time when what life there was in this region centered in the now-deserted hamlet of Newburg. A little clump of aged apple-trees, looking strangely out of keeping with their surroundings, and some run-wild shrubbery, show that in the old days something of a garden was maintained about the "stand." To-day they seem to perform, with the gravestones, the task of keeping alive the memory of those who knew and honored Meriwether Lewis. But the monument itself, with this forest about it, silent, gloomy, deserted, represents as nothing else could the love of solitude, the melancholia, the taciturnity characteristic of the youth whose dust lies beneath it. Lewis's spirit indeed seems

A SIGN-BOARD ALONG THE TRACE.

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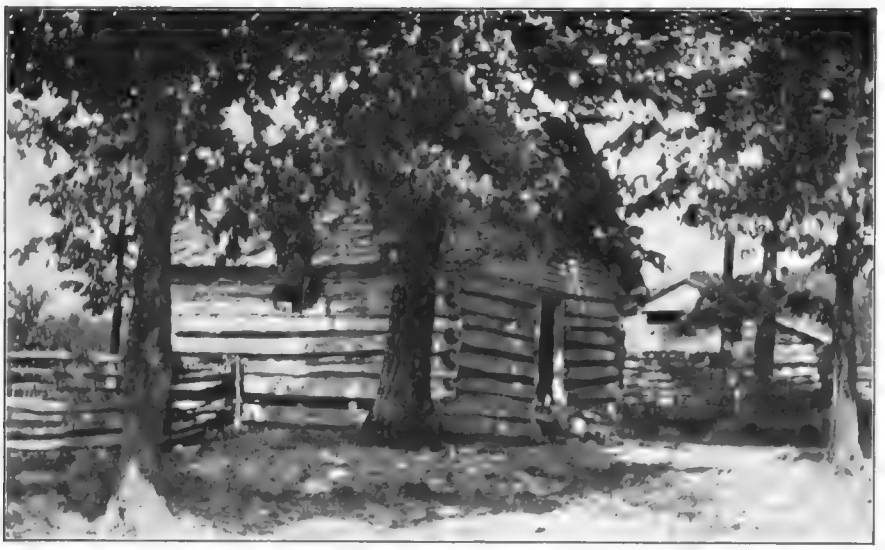

A LOG SCHOOLHOUSE ON THE HIGHWAY OF HISTORY AND LEGEND.

to pervade the spot, and it is little wonder that the hill people believe it haunted.

A century ago there was no more promising youth in America than Meriwether Lewis. After a brilliant career as a soldier, he had been appointed private secretary to President Jefferson, and had shown himself so trustworthy, so energetic, so resourceful, that when Jefferson determined to make an exploration of the great territory he was just purchasing, he selected Lewis as the one to accomplish it, knowing how thoroughly he could rely on his accuracy and his truthfulness.

Six years later, in 1809, his brilliant feat accomplished—he was even then but thirty-five years old—Lewis left his beloved West for the last time and set out for Washington to confer with the President. He crossed the Mississippi at the Chickasaw Bluffs, where Memphis now stands, and taking Indian trails southeasterly, struck the Trace at the crossing of the Tennessee River, in Lauderdale County, Alabama. Turning toward Nashville, he came alone, on the night of October 11th, to the "stand" or tavern of Robert Grinder above the crossing of Little Swan, seventy-two miles from Nashville. Accommodations were rude, and Lewis wrapped himself in his buffalo-robe and slept on the floor. A heavy storm was raging. In the night the women in an adjoining building heard a shot. In the morning Lewis was found dying, a pistol beside him.

Grinder circulated the report that Lewis had shot himself, and the explorer was buried beside the road close to the tavern. At Washington then, and by many historians since, Grinder's story has been believed; but by the settlers of that vicinity and by the women who lived at Grinder's, only one opinion was ever entertained—that Grinder had murdered him for his money. Grinder, at any rate, was known to have money in his possession after Lewis's death. He sold out his place and moved away. But the fame of Lewis has been blotted to this day by the story that he took his own life in a fit of melancholia. For forty years his grave remained unmarked. Then the Tennessee Legislature appropriated five hundred dollars for a monument; the bones were dug up and identified; an irregular county, having the grave as its approximate center, was named Lewis, and a few acres about the monument set aside for a park. Since then nothing has been done to care for it, but the broken column stands as it was placed, beside the forsaken road.

So on that breathless afternoon my pilgrimage had its end. I had come to find this traditional shaft to a traditional man, whose traditional murder marked the center of a county. But I found his monument was greater than that, for it was the old road itself over which he had traveled, and the hilltop on which he died, and the forest which still covers it. Into them all his soul has entered.

I think he would not have ordered his burial in any other place.

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The Governor's Niece

By MARAVENE KENNEDY

Illustrations by John Cassel

THE train had stopped for a few minutes between stations, for some of the many unaccountable reasons which do stop trains when man wishes to push on and forever on. McGeary leaned from the Pullman and took a deep breath of the fresh air. The smell of the earth and the breeze from the hills touched his nostrils. On one side was the Hudson; on the other an undulating hill of vivid green. The many summer rains, over which the farmer had growled and picnickers wailed, had clothed hills and plains with gorgeous verdure, glorious beauty that revealed on this late August day the good of the ill wind.

Slowly McGeary came to his feet, picked up his suit-case, strode down the aisle and steps of the Pullman, then across to a shaded lane that led him to the foot of the hill. A little path beneath drooping boughs of trees and vines, through mountain-ferns and moss-covered rocks, beckoned him onward.

He heard the train puff away, and grinned with the delight of a boy stealing apples from an irate farmer's orchard. At a sudden turn, he came upon a view of the Hudson and rolling country and hills and sky beyond. He drew a deep breath and sat down. He had not known that such things were. He closed his eyes in order to open them and make sure that they were all there.

The sun traveled to the next ridge. A bird near by sang a gay little song. Then a woman's voice fell on McGeary's ear.

"Hasn't this been a beautiful walk, Sally? Isn't this nicer than sight-seeing and talking to tiresome city people? Why are most people such bores, I wonder? Why do they always talk about the same things, always do the same things, Sally? We country girls shouldn't be so particular, you think? We won't be, Sally. This is a good old world and we are having a lovely time. We are going in now to cut up peaches for supper."

The fresh young voice and the thrilling sweetness in it made the most melodious music McGeary had ever heard. But it was as much to see "Sally" as the owner of the voice that he cautiously turned and peered through the thick clump of pines behind him. Her unresponsive silence started his curiosity. What manner of woman could this be? A joyous bark just then as a dog leaped ahead of her mistress satisfied him as to Sally. Then he beheld the girl.

The sun fell on the straightest of noses and the glintiest of hair, hair that curled damp on the low forehead and around the pink ears, hair that blew in fluffs out to the breeze on top of a shapely head, hair that lay in a rich mass at the nape of the gleaming neck. And the eyes! they were of all colors and no color. The red mouth and peachy skin and sun-kissed hair were all forgotten when he beheld the eyes.

Suddenly she struck back through the trees and was gone, a tall, free, swinging figure with lines and curves as they should be. McGeary sprang to his feet and followed the path she had taken, a steep, narrow path that opened abruptly upon a low house hidden in the trees.

The girl had just reached a wide, rose-laden porch when McGeary, panting with the weight of his satchel and the unusual exercise, burst into view. The sparkle and laugh of her eyes disappeared as they encountered his. But she waited courteously for his approach.

"I want to stay here for a week," he said in a round, full voice that held the richness without the brogue of the McGearys. "It's my first day in the country. And a day is not enough. My name's Donald McGeary. I'm a State Senator from New York City. I got off here when the train stopped and—I want to stay."

There were hauteur and amusement and curiosity in her straight-leveled eyes.

"Your first day in the country?" she repeated. "*Your first day in the country!*"

"I'm ashamed—now," he answered. "I didn't know it was like this. I have ridden

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"THIS IS A GOOD OLD WORLD AND WE ARE HAVING A LOVELY TIME."

back and forth from Albany at all times of the year, but I don't believe I ever noticed the country much till to-day. I was always busy reading the papers, or writing telegrams or speeches. I have been so busy—well, I guess I never thought of it."

The girl studied McGeary closely as he spoke. He was big and straight-built and broad. His jaw had a set that meant success, and his mouth was more beautiful than a man's mouth is expected to be. His brow was wide and the thick black hair lay close to the scalp and was rough where it crowded together. His eyes were a deep Irish blue and the lashes thick and long. He sent a steady glance to her searching gaze.

"May I stay?" he asked.

"You may. There are only my aunt, myself, and the farm-hand and his wife here. We never take boarders. My aunt won't like it. But you shall stay."

The archness and mischief in her eyes escaped him; he saw only the frank friendliness. She escorted him to a room up-stairs and bade him join her on the porch when he came down.

McGeary looked about the room with keen interest. The ceiling was so low he could touch it without effort; the wide, four-poster bed was arrayed in a quaint quilt of white muslin and turkey-red; the floor was covered with a bright hit-and-miss rag carpet; the wall was white with pale-green vines and crimson buds; the curtains were crisp, fresh muslin. The bureau and wash-stand and chairs were old before McGeary was born. He did not know it was a bedroom of his grandfather's day; but he liked it, and he liked the fine old house.

The sitting-room with its haircloth furniture, its old-fashioned Brussels carpet in great blocks of red and creamy white; its pictures of Washington crossing the Delaware, and the Signing of the Declaration of Independence; its engravings of the martyred Presidents; its wide, open fireplace with brass andirons and logs of pine: all these pleased McGeary. He liked the blue China with its old-fashioned Dutch figures, the heavy silver and damask.

Mrs. Birchell, Eunice's aunt, with silvery

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hair waving low over her smooth brow, and Eunice were a part of the picture. Eunice, in plain-hemmed white muslin, with pale-blue ribbons in her glinty hair, was all that his simple imagination had pictured of a country maid. This was the real farm life, and this the true product of nature's beauty and sweetness. There was not even a summer home within miles. McGeary was thankful for this. He wanted to learn the ways of the country and country people.

Three days after his arrival Mrs. Birchell took her glasses from her aristocratic nose and looked at Eunice with an amused smile in her critical eyes.

"He thinks you a raw country product and me a rustic dame reared in gingham and sunbonnets. What manner of man is this? Enlighten me, my dear. After traveling all over the world I cannot label him."

"He's a Tammany politician, Aunt Ellen. I have met several before, but none so interesting. I—yes—I really think I like him well enough to take a little of the egotism out of him." She laughed.

Mrs. Birchell smiled. "It might do him good," she said tentatively.

McGeary meanwhile was enjoying himself. It was the only real vacation he had ever had, the only time he had ever found pleasure in idleness. It had required good head-work and plenty of it to bring Donald McGeary to the place in the world he now occupied. First, he had been a newsboy; then he had worked in Paddy Ryan's saloon, setting up pins in the bowling-alley or keeping score at the billiard-table. Paddy was a good Tammany man—a power in his ward, and his saloon was a popular meeting-place for the Tigers.

It was in Paddy's place that McGeary learned politics and met Tirie Wheeler. Wheeler was a criminal lawyer and a shrewd politician. His keen eyes fell on young McGeary; he noted that the young fellow did not drink nor swear nor gamble, yet was "one of the boys, all right." He talked to McGeary and found him Tammany to the core, already a stanch machine-man, and an enthusiastic politician. The astute Wheeler saw profit for himself in the boy's proclivities, his keenness and winning smile. He took him into his office, had him read law, made him junior partner in the firm of Wheeler and Bradford, ran him for State Senator, and claimed all the credit for McGeary's remarkable success.

But McGeary and Tammany knew that it

McGEARY FOLLOWED THE PATH SHE HAD TAKEN.

was McGeary's own merits that had advanced him to the front rank and made the machine anxious to keep him there. His shrewdness combined with his candid smile, his rich, convincing voice, and his impressive faith in Tammany's humanitarian motives, made him invaluable alike to his party and to his firm. The people believed in Donald McGeary.

Yet it had been a constant struggle—this climbing up. McGeary had found no time for purposeless pleasures; his social affairs and his recreations were entered into for the one end—his political advancement. Work had become so strong a habit to him that he

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"I WANT TO BE THE HUSBAND OF GOVERNOR BRONSON'S NIECE."

could not even systematically plan a vacation. Yet he had long intended to take a rest—to luxuriate a little while in real idleness. That preconceived idea, more than mere impulse, had made McGeary swing off the train and make for the hills. He calculated that he should discover a house near by where he could board for a few days and enjoy the long-anticipated rest.

This fine old farmhouse with its gracious inmates was a far more delightful place than McGeary had hoped to find. Everything

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was novel to him; and he liked it all immensely. He liked lying between lavender-scented sheets and seeing the sun rise above the hills; he liked sitting on a porch riotous with roses and honeysuckle and seeing the sun set like a crimson ball behind a never-ending stretch of green. He liked tramping the hills and fields with Eunice. She was different from any woman he had ever known. She talked of things to which McGeary was a stranger. He had never read poetry—but he liked its melody falling from her lips. And he told her things he had never told any one else.

She listened eagerly to the tales of his childhood, laughing merrily at his boyish combats and pugnacious enjoyments, pitiful, even while she smiled, at the unconsciously revealed hardships and poverty.

"You must not mind," he said with a frank smile. "Boys are tough little customers and get along lots better under blows than coddling. The only woman I ever heartily disliked was one that patted me on the head and called me 'dear, precious little child.' Girls become women; but boys don't grow into men. A man's a man at his birth or he is never one. Life's no good except to fight with."

Eunice looked approvingly at his smooth, resolute lips and fearless eyes. The ease with which he took the world and the bold face he gave it lifted him above the standard by which she judged men. He was in a class by himself; and she could not tell just how she viewed him.

"You are the only country girl I ever saw in her natural environment—are all country girls like you?" he asked.

Eunice glanced at his powerful figure, stretched lazily against a mound of sweet-smelling hay, and answered softly:

"You are the only Tammany politician I ever saw in your present attitude; are all Tammany politicians like you?"

McGeary smiled his appreciation, and his eyes lighted on her fresh young beauty.

"No; they're not all like me," he answered. "I'm in politics because I like it, and because I want to be Governor some day, and President. Yet I won't sell myself. I'll play fair by my people or quit."

"You are ambitious," said Eunice in a tone half irony, half admiration. "Is there no other high position you want?"

"I want to be the husband of Governor Bronson's niece," said McGeary quietly. Eunice started, and a wave of hot, angry blood bathed her cheeks; but McGeary continued talking without noticing her surprise. "They tell me she is the same sort of woman the Governor is a man. If she is, I shall persuade her to marry me. She returns from Europe next month. I'll meet her then."

In the long pause that followed, McGeary's eyes swept the surrounding country. They were at the top of the hill. On their right were wheat-fields, golden in color, and mounds of fragrant hay that reached far into the valley; on their left, a forest of gold and green and crimson; below them, the Hudson, serene and majestic, reflecting in its limpid blue the glory of the hills and the sky.

"We'll come here for our honeymoon," he went on, full of his idea. "No matter where she has been, she has never seen anything finer than this."

"But she may have seen finer men," said Eunice, with a strange sharpness in her low-pitched voice. "*You* know nothing of the artistic side of life—art and music and letters. *You* are too materialistic, too one-sided, too ignorant of the æsthetic joys to please an aristocratic, fastidious woman. And—a Tammany politician!"

McGeary's blue eyes turned slowly to her mocking face. A slight flush touched his square jaw. He waited a little before he spoke.

"I'm told she is like the Governor," he said calmly. "I have thought of her only as a frank, honest, courageous woman. I want a wife who can help me to be true to myself and my people. A gracious woman who would be equally at home in the White House or a New York flat. I don't know foreign languages or much about poetry or art or music. And I imagine Miss Bronson doesn't know much about political economy and the needs of the people and the big, rushing, business world. But if she is like the Governor, with his frankness and humor and knowledge of human nature—I—well, I could love that sort of woman. And I could win her love, I fully believe. We could help each other to an understanding of things outside ourselves. She would find joy in boosting me to the front. And I should be everlastingly proud of her because she could help me. Yet—I never thought of her in the light you do. It's been a dream, I guess. I have loved an ideal." He spoke regretfully.

A new look came to Eunice's eyes and a deep chagrin mingled with the contempt and anger there. This man's straightforward, simple nature made his egotism a virtue. His

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strength and fearlessness overshadowed his vanity.

"Why did you think she might love you?" she asked in a wondering tone. "Have you *ever* had any woman love you?"

McGeary laughed. "Man loves always for some reason or other, but a woman because she does, I guess. I have seldom known any other cause."

"That explains it," said Eunice, with an innocent smile and a childish glance of her wonderful eyes. "The Governor's niece might not need a cause. I see."

Then, springing to her feet, "Let's run down the hill," she cried gaily; and slipped her hand into his and smiled.

McGeary did not release the slim, clinging hand at the foot of the hill. He held it closely and bent his gaze on her flushed face. Then he closed his eyes in order to open them to make sure, as he had that first day on the hill above. It was very foolish, he knew, to let his heart leap so madly because of this adorable child of the hills.

"Now we have to climb up," she cried with a laughing little pout. "Do you mind?"

"I like to climb," he answered softly. His eyes added: "With you."

Eunice smiled confidingly and rested her hand on his again as he took her arm up the long hill.

The week's stay became three weeks—twenty-one days of cloudless sky and happiness, wherein McGeary and Eunice explored the hills and the recesses of each other's mind and soul. Then McGeary took a long walk with Sally at his heels. He had to think things out. Long since he had ordained that he should marry a woman of prominent family and position. In that respect she must be in truth his better half. He was of honest parentage and good Irish stock, facts for which his political aspirations made him duly thankful. The opposition had never been able to bring anything worse against him than that he was a child of the slums, self-educated, and a machine-man—which accusations polled more votes in his ward than all the praises of his party.

But the views of his ward were not the standard of the whole country. He must offset his lack of culture and aristocratic lineage by taking unto himself a wife to support these honors. And she must be a tactful, strategic woman of the world, one who knew where to be gracious and when to be dignified. She could not be a laughing, daring, whimsical child who said whatever was in her mind at the moment; not a radiant, lovely, alluring girl whose wit did not wait for opportune time and place; not a child of nature who had grown with the hillside violets and breathed in the fragrance of the earth's verdure and the music of the wild songster. He must make a politic marriage. Donald McGeary's wife must have ambitions to satisfy, an inherited desire for pushing onward, an inherent appetite for the political game. It was this temperament that had turned his eye to Miss Bronson, the Governor's niece. She had just departed for a protracted sojourn in England and the Continent when McGeary went first to Albany, two years before. But the aroma of her presence still pervaded the political and social atmosphere. Everywhere he went McGeary heard of Miss Bronson's exquisite poise and unaffected simplicity, her skilful diplomacy, her vivid individuality, her wonderful power to influence thinking men. And McGeary installed her in his heart and took her into account always when laying his ambitious plans. The word "if" was little used by McGeary. He had faith in his ability to accomplish his ends and a goodly belief in his lucky star. Other cultured, fastidious women had found him pleasing.

The Governor had opened social doors for him for politic reasons; but McGeary's winning manners and interesting personality had effected the subsequent invitations. The intimate society of the Governor and the Governor's friends would not have been his had he not been a gentleman. Despite the fact of his unaristocratic birth and breeding, his ignorance of art, his close association with the uncultured masses, McGeary did not fear Miss Bronson's ultimate estimate of himself. That she would return from Europe fancy free and succumb to his besiegement of her heart he did not question.

And she would be in Albany in the fall. In a few weeks he would meet the woman who had filled his thoughts for the past two years, the woman who, though he had never seen her face, was the breathing embodiment of his ideal, the woman whom he had resolved to marry and whom he loved with deep abiding affection because he willed it.

She would bring him prestige and influence. An alliance with her would carry him well up the political ladder, plant his feet firmly on the desirable social rung.

To marry Eunice would mean no ascension; perhaps, would retard his progress.

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"ARE YOU ANGRY WITH HIM OR WITH YOURSELF?"

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"And yet she is the fairest thing in the wide, wide world," he whispered to Sally, laying his hand on the mastiff's upraised head. "To have the right to take her in my arms would be—God! That's madness. If I once touched her mouth I should be undone. I have to leave her, Sally. Your mistress is not for me!"

It was a tempestuous wail unlike McGeary. He pulled himself together. He would leave to-morrow. He made his plans as he walked slowly back to the house. The sun was but an hour old and the dew still covered the earth. The fresh, sweet air of dawn mingled with the fragrance of the flowers, the birds trilled in ecstasies their carols, the brook had a note of the morning hour in its song. And McGeary saw and heard none of it. He strolled along with set jaw and grim irony in his eye. Fate wore a mocking smile, he knew, over his misery. She had thrown a favorite child the key of Paradise and needs must but sneer at his throwing it away.

So deep was he buried in his savage thoughts that the first line of Eunice's song had been sung before he awoke to her presence. It came across the fields—a rich, full contralto, holding a pleading note that played upon McGeary's heart as the wind upon an Eolian harp. On the breezes wafted the words:

> The judge looked back as he climbed the hill,
> And saw Maud Muller standing still.
>
> A form more fair, a face more sweet
> Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet.
>
> God pity us both, and pity us all
> Who vainly the dreams of youth recall.

Her lithe, white-gowned figure moved in and out among the thicket. She came onward with a laughing little lilt still on her scarlet lips. McGeary saw only the young figure—graceful as the swaying ferns, the glinty hair and adorable mouth, the fleck and flutter of leaf-shadows of her face and gown; the mockery in the wonderful eyes was veiled by the sweeping lashes.

"Did you have a nice walk?" she asked archly. "Of course not. How could you and Sally have a nice walk without me? You must never go again—without me."

"I leave to-morrow," he said gravely. "We'll have one more walk together this evening, then——"

Her eyes, wide open now, sped straight to his.

"Leave off the 'then.' Let's not think of the 'then.'"

Their eyes met in a blissful silence. Then the girl laughed softly and drew nearer.

"Sufficient unto the day is the—anticipation thereof. There is no to-morrow."

But all day McGeary thought of little else than the morrow. There was a new, wistful sweetness in Eunice. As they tramped the hills her slim hand clung to his over stile and rough places in a way that made his heart throb miserably. How could he ever leave her? How could he renounce her, this truthful, alluring child-woman?

All her witcheries were over him as they walked that night hand-in-hand along the hill-path through the pale moonlight. The breath from her red lips fanned his cheeks as he bent to hear her low, plaintive voice. Her eyes pleaded and laughed in a breath. She leaned toward him with a seductive helplessness. At the end of the path she laid her hands lightly on his breast and smiled a wistful little smile upon him.

McGeary gazed a long moment upon her lovely, coaxing face, her sweet, girlish face, with the beautiful lips softly quivering. Then she was crushed against his breast and held there a long transcendent moment. Swiftly his lips bent to hers.

"Forgive me," he cried hoarsely, releasing her with sudden vehemence. "I—my God! —I could not help it."

For a moment they faced each other, silent, tense, breathless.

"I forgive you," she cried in a rush of short breaths. "It was my own fault. Only—you must never speak to me again."

She fled to the house. McGeary did not see her the next morning. He bade Mrs. Birchell farewell with so much anguish in his sleepless eyes that he did not see her amused, contemptuous smile. Then he was gone.

When Eunice came on the porch that evening, Mrs. Birchell looked at her unsmiling face with scrutinizing eyes.

"Are you angry with him or with yourself?" she asked, in a voice that held condemnation.

"Neither," was the low answer. "I'm too ashamed to be angry. My shame is not for my deliberate coquetry—but because it failed. The awakening hurts. I have no faith in myself. As Eunice Birchell I'm tossed aside by Donald McGeary! He has gone to meet the Governor's niece." She laughed mirthlessly. "Aunt Ellen, I can't tell you how it hurts."

Mrs. Birchell grew worried as the succeeding days failed to restore Eunice's merry

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smile. The weary look in the beautiful eyes pained her deeply, and she began to divine that the lasting hurt was to something other than the girl's pride.

McGeary had been gone a week and still Eunice could think of nothing else. One night, even after Mrs. Birchell retired, she sat alone on the porch in the moonlight. It was there McGeary found her, her face hidden against the cushions of her hammock.

"Don't speak," he commanded, dropping to the floor beside her and wrapping her in his arms. "I have been down on our hill-seat three hours waiting for courage. It was so brutal in me I can't understand it myself. I had placed a prohibition on my mind and—it acted automatically. It must have been that. I can never tell you how much I love you. When I was gone a few days I knew that all my world was here. I shall be prouder to be your husband than to be President. Tell me I am forgiven, and—don't turn your dear face away, sweet. I—Good God!"

She laughed hysterically as she pushed him from her.

"You are interested in the Governor's niece," she said in a voice that held yet another note than mockery. "I have some news for you about her. She returned from Paris two months ago with her aunt and slipped away to the old farm-home of her grandfathers. No one except the Governor knew she was there. She wanted to throw off the reflection of the tinsel and go back to the simplicity that an American woman should have and doesn't always, unfortunately. It was a fairy-land to her. But the Prince did not recognize the Princess in the peasant maid. He rode away—to come another day. But the peasant maid is no more, and the Princess thanks you for the entertainment you afforded her. She didn't expect so much amusement."

McGeary sat speechless. He made no move as she drew back into the shadows. His mind was centered on one point only. Rapidly his thoughts went back to their first meeting and over the days they had spent together. Suddenly the gloom of his face lifted. He turned to her with the old fearless look in his direct eyes:

"I love you, Eunice. Will you be my wife, dear?"

She gave a low laugh and moved over again to the moonlight.

"I would rather be the wife of the President than the Governor's niece," she whispered, with upraised lips. "Besides"—the lips stole nearer—"I love you with all my heart and soul."

September

By BLANCHE ELIZABETH WADE

WHO doth not love the soft September days
When summer lingers lovingly, and fain
Would say farewell? But with her train
Of wingéd subjects, in the golden haze
She vanishes so silently, we raise
No cry of anguish, for no parting pain
Disturbs our bliss,—our loss we count but gain.
Yet, e'en while dear September's name we praise,
The swallow tempts his wings to longer flight;
The grasses fade; the brown leaves flutter down;
Full ripe, the thistle-tops and milkweed-blows
Sail far aloft on airy pinions light,
And haste to catch at fleeting summer's gown,—
Stay!—Hath she gone? The faint wind sighs,—
"Who knows?"

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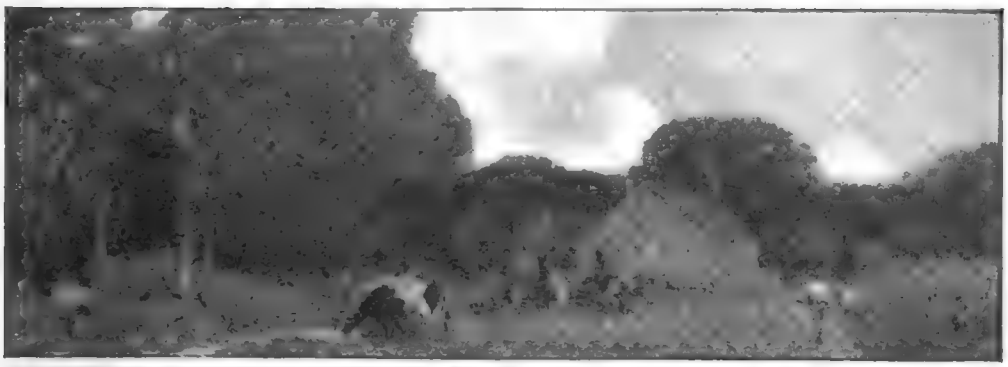

Antietam

By IRENE FOWLER BROWN

With drawings by Lawrence Mazzanovich

SHOCK and onset of gray and blue,
Smoke and carnage and spatter of red,
Belching cannon where young corn grew,
Rank after rank of weltering dead.
Here in the valley they charged and met,
South and North—and the slain piled deep;
Here in the valley the grass grew wet,
Thousands were left on the field asleep.

And this Antietam? The Bloody Lane
Where cattle browse on their homeward way,
And loitering plowmen to tinkling chain
Follow the path of the dying day.
Peace and plenty and lights of home,
Planting and harvest and even-song,
Flower and fruit from the blood-soaked loam,
Bounteous corn-fields where Death reaped long.

O my heart! Wilt thou look and learn?
Out of the havoc and blood and strife,
See, where the red of the sod we turn
Blossoms the grace of a strange new life.
Sorrow and hatred and pain will go,
Sharpness of death—that, too, will cease;
Out of our agony, roses grow;
Out of our heartache, infinite peace.

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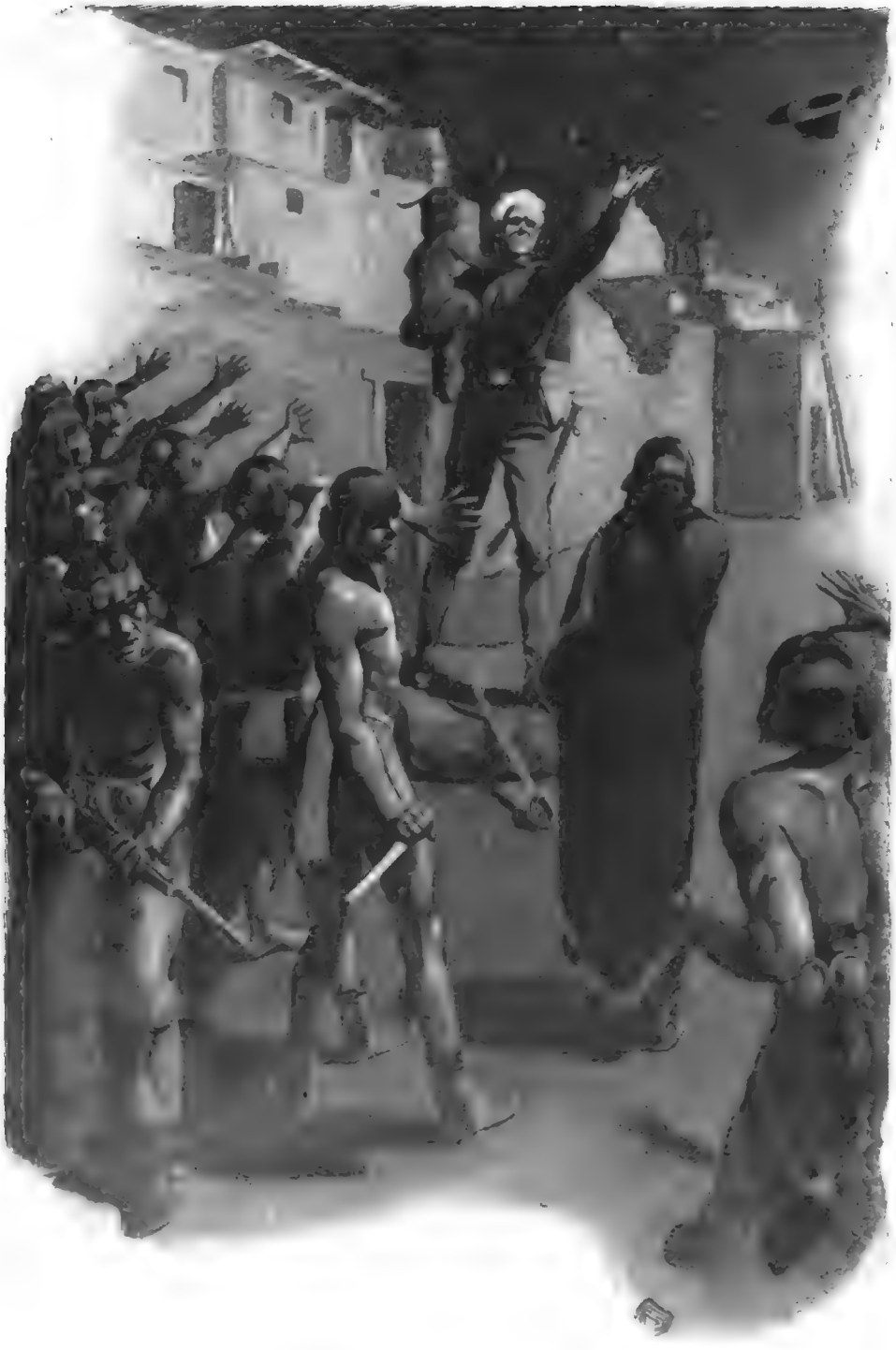

THE WILD NIMBUS OF CONNERS'S LOCKS FLAMED FORTH WITH VERITABLE LIGHT.

See "Conners at Shungopavi."

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Conners at Shungopovi

By LUCIA CHAMBERLAIN

Illustrations by Max R. Morton

SHUNGOPOVI village hangs high in air on a round rock-turret of the Second Mesa. The clouds and the crows fly very near its flat roofs. As the cavalry crawled over the last red shale they saw it close before them, hard white, with a giddy wheel of black wings above it. Lieutenant Farrar peered at it under his hand and frowned. Then his eyes moved to the lubberly back of the trooper riding flank, and the frown increased. Farrar didn't like the idea of Shungopovi, but still less he liked the fact of Trooper Conners.

All around him the men were riding wiry and light, chins high and impassive faces, and the sight of Conners, bobbing up and down in his saddle like a cork on a line, screwing his long neck from side to side, rolling his eyes on every flitting change of landscape, exasperated Lieutenant Farrar. Even with growth of stubble on chins and hair unregulation long, the troop preserved its shorn, military air, but from under a thatch of fire-colored locks Conners's face peered with prehistoric suggestion of man before laws were made. The very color of that hair of his—the reddest hair in Arizona, the troop averred—was irritating to the officer's eye.

It was hard, thought Farrar sourly, in this business, where was most need of quick, handy men, to be saddled with this "slob"—dolt at drill, clod in the saddle, butt of the column on field service—here Trooper Conners's eye caught his superior's scowl, and Conners smiled, a slow, long-dawning smile that curled gently around the corners of his mouth, and twinkled up in his eyes, and seemed to disjoint the back-bone of resistance.

"'Tention! Cover in file!" snarled Lieutenant Farrar.

The troop shut into itself like a concertina, and trotted hard for Shungopovi. From the mesa the rock rose like a chimney. All eyes were lifted to the white walls at the summit and their crown of carrion birds. The circling wings broke, fluttering, as if they sensed the sharp approach of men. The troopers leaned to their horses' ears. Toward the summit the trail became steep steps. "Halt! Dismount!" was the order. Up they went, hands helping knees. On the crest of the cliff a white wall met them, with one slim, arched opening, and down an alley a man might walk through sideways, following Farrar, nineteen troopers and Trooper Conners scrambled into Shungopovi.

"Woosh!" went up a thousand wings, a palpable shadow rising from the village. From all the roofs rose a dreary ululation of dogs. The men stared around a plaza empty, white, and filthy; then sullenly back at Farrar. They did not like Shungopovi. Report of a smallpox outbreak had come down from the "Three Mesas," and headquarters had designated a detail to police the infected village, "Moqui" reservation, and to Troop K the lot had fallen. But it was far from their idea of soldiering, and it had an evil smell. For a little, that faint stench of death seemed all that was left to inhabit Shungopovi. Then a thin, brown man slid out of the tangle of walls, and regarded them, through his wild forelock, with glittering eyes. His blanket swathed him fast. Under it his feet showed fleshless and terrible. He came forward a hesitating step or two, smiled and began to speak to Farrar with a lisping language that whispered on the indrawn breath.

"Can any one understand this lingo?" said Farrar helplessly.

"I could be by way of speakin' to him, sir," rose the bland drawl of Conners in the rear.

"You!" said Farrar explosively. "*He* can't speak English!"

"I know it, sir," said Conners confidentially. "What will I be askin' him, if ye please?"

The troopers grinned with delight.

"Ask him where his people are," said Farrar, short and incredulous.

Conners strolled forth, and thrust out his hand to the Indian. His tobacco-pouch was

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in it. "Quatsi" (friend), he said. Was there something threatening in the Indian's fixed and breathless smile?

"Quatsi!" The Indian reached from his blanket a hand whose every bone bit through the flesh. The troopers hung forward as if

"Ask him where the dead are," said Farrar.

"He says he doesn't know," translated Conners apologetically.

The officer sniffed and grunted. He had not yet recovered from the surprise of finding

"LET THE CHIEF WHO SAYS 'FRIEND,' LEAD HIS PEOPLE AWAY THROUGH THERE!"

in vain endeavor to understand the soft, hesitating words that fell grotesquely from Conners's Galway tongue.

"He says," interpreted Conners, "that the crows have taken the livers of his father and mother, and he wants tobacco."

Conners useful. "Conners, you've been here before?"

"No, sir, on'y generally all about the country," said Conners with a vague wave of his hand at the surrounding buttes.

The officer frowned. He hated vagueness

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either of time or locality, yet in this desert of deceptive distances and dazzling atmosphere vagueness encompassed him. "The bodies are here, somewhere," he determined; "and we've got to find 'em before sunset if we overhaul the whole town."

"COME TO-NIGHT TO THE HOUSE WHERE THE SOLDIERS ARE AND I WILL GIVE YOU CANDY—RED CANDY."

The ringing spurs of the cavalry pervaded the village; and in their wake, mysteriously appearing from the web of wall and street as if the sound of saber and spur drew them like a warning tocsin, went the soft-footed, muffled, whispering villagers. They stuck like shadows to the troopers' heels, stopping when the men stopped, and at a little distance, swathed in their forlorn blankets, watched breathless, alert. In times before that cavalry troop had seen bad places, but Shungopovi was the worst. Thoroughly, doggedly they set at it, ripping open silent houses, sifting out filthy alleys, matter-of-factly cursing with increasing wonder, as emptiness succeeded emptiness. But Conners, hanging on the heel of the long-striding squad, shirked the ghostly doorways, and oftenest his flickering glance reverted

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uneasily to the silent, quick-eyed following. There was something strangely stoic about this remnant surviving in the midst of death, as if they took for granted disease, misery, even starvation—everything but the presence of the cavalry troop. "They don't like it, Cassidy," Conners muttered to the trooper at his elbow.

"Who? Oh!—hell!" grunted Cassidy. "We ain't tryin' to please 'em!" He laid his hand on a door-latch.

"It's like walkin' into your grave!" whispered Conners, grinning, half serious.

"You fool," the other growled, "it's empty!" and struck the door open. He winced back; Conners turned pale and crossed himself.

The dull, low light from the window of horn lay over a mass of vague undulations like windrows a scythe leaves behind it. The men looked. Out of the mass an arm, bone, and translucent flesh, lifted, twisted, torturing, and dropped back. There was a sigh, like escaping breath. The sergeant thrust through the door with the growl of a dog who finds a bone. "Got 'em!" Then from within: "Lively, now, get at 'em. Conners, report headquarters." The men came reluctantly. It was a gruesome business. Farrar had had his teeth set for the task before him, but peering through that dreadful doorway, he was aware it was even worse than he had expected. He wanted to put through the job as quickly and thoroughly as possible, fumigate the place, and get on, leaving the rest to the doctor and the missionary.

"Get the dead out as fast as you can, and—look out," he warned sharply, for Conners, lifting the feet of a body, had caught sight of the face but half concealed, and let his end of the burden fall.

"Ass!" thought Farrar disgustedly. "Such men ought to be shot!"

Outside the door had gathered the Indian following, alert and silent, unmoved by what they saw within. But when the soldiers began to carry shrouded bodies out into the light, the impassive faces developed animation. Excitedly gesticulating, one began to speak, his eyes darting, rapid as a snake's, between Conners and the lieutenant.

"He says," Connors explained apologetically, "that they have these places where they come all together to die, because it's warmer. He says if we take these away, he'll cut off our heads."

"I guess not," the officer muttered absently, scribbling on a scrap of paper.

"Conners!"

"Sir!"

"See that this order is filled out, and the stuff up here in an hour. Don't wait for it. Understand?"

Conners, studying the scrap of paper, had a misgiving. He didn't like the idea one of the articles on the list had given him. His snub nose wrinkled with doubt. He looked anxiously at his superior. "*Would* ye mind, sir," he tentatively suggested, "if I asked one question?"

The officer's voice sounded cold and far away: "Trooper Conners, you've got your orders."

Conners sighed, and turned, reluctant. The lieutenant glared after him. Was the man impertinent, or only simple?

It was a question that had perplexed the service ever since a large Irishman with the reddest hair Arizona had ever seen, had sidled up to the recruiting sergeant at the Phœnix station and suggested that the recruiting sergeant step over to "Hennessey's" with him and have a drop of something, and a chat over it. This was Conners's way of saying he wanted to enlist. The recruiting sergeant had prophesied that the service would change that way of his, but Conners's way had come nearer to upsetting the service. No drill could square those undulating shoulders, or brisk that deliberate step. No function, however military solemn, could quite wipe out the sociable flicker from his pale, deep-set eye. It was impossible to put finger on that faculty that not only evaded, but seemed unconsciously to undermine, discipline. There was contagion in the man that subtly affected his associates. It was impossible not to unbend when that amiable, conniving blue eye rolled upon you; impossible not to laugh when that deep, musical chuckle bubbled up out of Conners's throat. For his superiors he had neither contempt nor insubordination, only obliviousness of rank—a mere inability to grasp the idea of military government—and when, as in the case of Lieutenant Farrar, there was added keen personal admiration, the officer was apt to find the situation difficult. Conners had an exasperating way of communicating official messages in a confidential whisper, of adding comments as to what he thought the officer meant, of improving on his instructions. Brought to book for this offense he was ready to explain why his performance was superior to the original order. Sometimes it was; and this was not to be

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borne! Yet Conners could seem to make no logical connection between his eccentricities and extra guard duty. He went through his punishment with a vague, wondering smile at the inexplicableness of an order of life that rounded on a man for communicating ideas.

So now as he went, with his supple, unmilitary swagger, along the streets of Shungopovi, and down the tortuous trail that doubled around the rock-turret, his look was clouded with doubt, and his under lip thrust forth in judicial meditation. He delivered his order to the trader in the store, huddled at the foot of the pinnacle. Then, with what money he had, he filled his pockets with sticks of peppermint candy and little bags of tobacco.

He knew the two besetting weaknesses of the Hopi Indians, and it occurred to Conners that such gifts might not be inconvenient.

While he waited, lounging on the counter, he took off his heavy campaign hat, and two Indian children, brown, shivering waifs, who had drawn near, fascinated by the sight of so much candy, precipitately retreated.

"Hey, quatsi," said Conners, coming toward them, holding out a piece of peppermint. The littler, wailing, clung to her sister, who backed hastily against the wall. Her voice, dominating the sobs of the younger, importuned the trader, who slapped his knee with shouts of delight.

"Eh?" demanded the bewildered Conners; "an' what's got the kids?"

"Well, if you want to know, it's yer hair," said the trader, with much enjoyment.

"What the divil d'ye mane?" growled Conners.

"Well, you would set the Colorado afire!" said the trader, grinning at Conners's fiery bush. "Don't know as I ever see anythin' like it myself, but they"—he turned his thumb in the direction of the round-eyed sisters cuddled against the wall—"ain't never seen no kind of a red-headed man in their lives. There ain't but one thing in this country that's such a color." He pointed with a chuckle at the glowing bed of coals. "They think it's somethin' to warm yer hands at."

Conners clapped his hand to his head as if he expected to find it hot.

"Well, I'm damned!" he brought out at last. "Did ye ever hear the like o' that?" The idea appeared to amuse him, for he chuckled.

"Well, *did* ye ever hear the like o' that?" he repeated as he closed the trader's door behind him. He walked a little way. Then a new idea seemed to strike him. He looked up at Shungopovi, with his slow-dawning smile. He pulled out his bandana handkerchief, and, as a man might lock up precious metals for future profit, Conners bound the handkerchief over his hair carefully till the last stubborn lock was concealed. Then, putting on his hat, he took his deliberate way upward again, toiling, peering up at the roofs above him. "They don't like it," he muttered. He stepped through the hole in the wall that let into Shungopovi, and from the far end of the passage looked back at the narrow aperture through which flashed a glitter of turquoise sky, and shook his head. "I don't like it meself," he concluded. He turned; he started. Behind him, close as his own shadow and as black, stood a villager. The dark folds of his blanket almost met his inky forelock. The glitter of the eyes through the slit somehow made Conners feel the cliff edge was very near his back. The Hopi pointed toward the archway.

"Go away through there!" The sentence fell softly from his tongue.

"Eh?" Conners hesitated, perplexed—then a reminiscent grin lighted his face. "Oho! I gave you tobacco out there in the plaza! Friend!" He thrust out his hand. A stick of peppermint was in it, but the Hopi stood immovable, his arms tight folded in his black blanket.

"Let the chief who says 'friend,' lead his people away through there!" he repeated.

The dual significance flashed on Conners.

"He thinks I'm the boss of the gang," he chuckled, but while he smiled he looked into the eyes of revolt. He had but the space of his smile to consider in, but inspiration, that flourished for him under pressure, was already budded in his fertile brain. Involuntarily he raised his hand and drew his hat harder down over the bandana handkerchief.

"Not *my* people," he smiled slowly, significantly wagging his head—"none of mine! They came with me. They are my servants, but they are men of Washington. I am nearer kin to you."

The Hopi's eyes ran over Conners's khaki with a half-satirical flicker; and faintly, appreciatively, Conners's face reflected it. But he sidled closer.

"I wear these clothes because if they knew, they would not come with me, and I need their strength. But do *they* talk your tongue? Do *they* take your hand?"

The Indian stood like a bronze, but his

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smile abated, and his eyes were fixed on his interlocutor.

"I come," said Conners, leaning forward impressively, "to take away the sickness; and that the power that sends me is greater than Washington, I give you a sign." He sprang back and snatched off his campaign hat. His wild hair, red as a blood orange, coruscating in the noon sun, flared forth. The light, electric atmosphere of the mesa seemed to set every lock on end.

The Hopi leaned forward with a soft exclamation rising to a laugh. "H-y-i-i!" His white teeth gleamed delight. His hand reached toward the fiery bush.

Conners stepped back, raising his hand with a platform gesture. "Tewa!" (fire) he said sternly, "owiwuhta!" (flame).

The man hesitated, poised, incredulous, while Conners's brain rocked with the fear of failure; then timidly, still half unbelieving, the Hopi extended his hands, and spread his fingers toward Conners's hair, as toward a burning fire.

. . . . . .

"Where's that man Conners?" the lieutenant demanded of the sergeant.

"Where's that dam' red-headed Irishman?" the sergeant shouted to a trooper.

"He's come up," the man declared. "I saw him half an hour past, goin' through the plaza wid an Injun."

"*An Indian!*" The exasperated officer growled an order in his throat, and a curious squad of corporal and two troopers set out for the plaza.

To these men, who had labored all day between the cliffs and the houses of death, Shungopovi had seemed a city of the dead, but Conners had reanimated it. The white plaza was spotted with black and orange—muffled figures, light and silent, all drawing from the fringing houses toward the center of the square, where a tight-packed ring leaned and looked up; and in their midst on the platform of the high kiva hatchway, in the broad wash of the desert sun, flamed the hair of Conners; and it was Conners's voice that sounded, rolling heathen words under his tongue. There was a full minute before the corporal remembered his duty.

Remonstrating, expostulating, with curses behind his teeth, they brought Conners before the lieutenant. That officer was already sufficiently harassed by the inexplicable disappearance of three carbines. It was a bad moment to bring any more irregularities before him.

"I was on'y explainin' to thim," Conners explained to the angry Farrar. "They don't like us bein' here, an' I was only tellin' thim that what ye were goin' to do wasn't anny har-rm at all."

"Who told you what I was going to do?" demanded Farrar.

"Ye gave me the list," said Conners, aggrieved, "an' there was on'y one guess I could make."

"When you get orders, don't make guesses," said the officer sternly. "You'll get our throats cut with this wigwag."

"We'll a dale more likely get 'em cut widout it," broke in Conners eagerly.

"Report to the sergeant for duty until the town is clean. Then you can go under arrest." The officer's eyes looked through Conners, and his voice was far away. From that tone, Conners decided there was no appeal. But his expression of profound perturbation did not seem to revert to the sentence of arrest.

"If on'y I'd had a minute more—jusht a minute—I'd 'iv had thim," he muttered regretfully, as he followed the detail out across the sea of rock that sloped away to the south of the village. "He's a fine boy, the liftenint, no doubt of it, but he knows less about people than I do about swaddlin'-bands."

The ledge of the aerie on which Shungopovi hung was split, as if some mighty knife had plunged and pried it into narrow clefts, whose ends ran down to oblivion. Thither the bodies had been brought and gathered into heaps on the lip of the precipice. And thither followed native women, leading naked children, large-headed and lean, like changelings, furtive as foxes. They seemed unagitated, merely curious, reassured possibly by the place to which the bodies had been brought. Conners knew that in such clefts as these, covered with stones, the Hopis were wont to bury their dead, but he knew also this was not the method of interment the lieutenant intended.

"It's the divil's own service!" he sighed. "Now, why couldn't he leave me be? Jusht as I would be tellin' 'em how it would be! They was comin' to me hand like a bird to a bush!" He looked down to where the tents of the new camp showed white. "Now, how will I ever get hold of thim again?" he muttered.

A light touch on his hand brought his eyes back again. A child, a boy of six, bronze

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and naked, a red feather braided in his hair, pulled him gently by the sleeve. He was pointing at one of the Hopi bodies, covered with a blanket.

"What are you doing with my father?" he asked in the native tongue.

"Who was your father?" questioned Conners in the same language.

"Lolama, the very big chief," said the child somberly.

"Oho!" said Conners, and a twinkle rekindled in his brooding eye. "I am sending your father to the Maho-ki.* You are the very big chief now."

"Give me candee," said the child, edging closer. He used the single English word with staccato effect.

Conners looked all around, spying the horizon, like a thief who fears to be seen, then down at the child, and laughed with his deep-throated chuckle.

"Come to-night to the house where the soldiers are, the house of the three ladders at the end of the street, and I will give you candy —red candy." He pulled out a piece and held it aloft. The child clutched covetously; and Conners returned the sweet to his pocket.

"No. Yonder, to-night," he said, pointing toward Shungopovi.

A woman came softly and took the boy's hand. Conners watched the red feather glinting away among the rocks, with a half-smile that wrinkled into a frown.

"It's all such takin' chances," he muttered.

Out of Shungopovi, across whose roofs the western sun lay level and golden, down the trail worn in the solid granite, he watched a procession of two burros prodded on by a trooper in their rear. They crawled under a load of great tin cans that clattered and creaked, and flashed like a burning-glass when the sun caught them. And with that fiery glint came the suggestion that sent a shiver over Conners's imaginative skin.

Into the deep rock-clefts the men were lowering blanket-wrapped shapes. Sleeves stripped to shoulder, perspiration dripping off their faces, with cracking muscles and bending backs, they labored in a desperate race with day. The "after-glow" was an aurora in the west, and the land a slate-colored silhouette on the heavens before the work was complete.

"Powers above," muttered Conners, wiping his forehead with his bare forearm; "if we're associatin' wid this disease much longer, we won't need our throats cut to kill us."

Beneath his campaign hat, he had kept his handkerchief over his hair, and his face under it showed flushed and dubious.

Slowly he unscrewed the cover from a great square tin can.

Into the lovely, purple twilight rose the rank, penetrating odor of kerosene. The men's clothes were splashed with it. The drenched rock sucked it in. The astonished stars rose up to see dark figures with flaring torches, running along the edges of the cliff, leaping from rock to rock, stooping, dipping the light, and up again, and away. Spurts of fire sprang behind them, flames that peered and hesitated and leaped together with a roar, pyring heavenward. Shungopovi stood in a ring of fire. On the black sky, its walls and roofs sprang clear in the broad light. An odor as of hell's kitchen sickened the air. The men gaped, paralyzed.

"My Gawd! can't we turn it off?" groaned a trooper at Conners's elbow.

"Woosh-a-roo!" murmured Conners, half apprehension, half appreciation of the tremendous theatric effect. "Hark to thim up there!"

It was the voice of Shungopovi. They heard with pricking skins. Neither the roar of street riot, nor the yelling of the Apache charge; but as if a jungle of beasts had given tongue, chatterings, snarlings, yelpings, and the sibilant tongues of snakes.

Above the clamor spoke the clear voice of the bugle, and the detail trotted back through the horrid glare its hands had kindled, into the howling village. There it was bayonet and butt and double quick for a few minutes, while the villagers fled before the charge into the houses, up to the roofs, down into the kivas, rallying from the sheltering shadows, like creatures from a lair, hanging from the housetops, snarling at the white men, tossing their arms at the fire. There was a fierceness of anguish in their lamentation, as if on their own bodies they felt the devouring fire.

For an hour the circle of flame shook around Shungopovi. At intervals the lieutenant watched it through a glass. He felt annoyed that his prosaic orders should have produced such a dramatic result. The agitation of Shungopovi was meaningless to him, and it ceased as unreasoningly as it had begun. The fire subsided slowly, but long before it had sunk the voices ceased, as at

* Skeleton house—home of the dead in Grand Canyon.

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a preconcerted signal. All around him the village grew still with a deep, disquieting silence, a silence of suspense, as if Shungopovi were taking breath; as if, like a stalking beast, it had come too near the spring to make outcry.

The lieutenant was disconcerted by the uncanny cessation of sounds. Apparently order was preserved, but he wanted to be certain. For an hour the troop patroled Shungopovi, and saw all streets empty, all doors fast; not so much as a blanket flutter.

"These people are rabbits," said Farrar contemptuously, remembering Conners's fears, and told off seven men for the guard, the rest to return to camp.

Conners's jaw dropped. Forgetful of regulations, he craned from his place on the flank of the patrol.

"You're not afther leavin' seven men alone in this place, sir?" he stammered.

"Trooper Burke, take Conners's place."

The men grinned. Conners's face flamed a shade redder than his hair, and he stood fast.

"I'll stay wid you, sir," he said. This was what Farrar wanted. In spite of everything Conners seemed now and then to be able to elucidate uncertainties.

The troop clattered joyously down the corkscrew trail that lets out of Shungopovi. The ringing of their spurred heels departing was a melancholy sound to Trooper Conners's ears. He wrinkled his little snub nose dubiously. He hated taking chances after dark. He hated being solitary, and the beat assigned him was on the southern skirt of the town, farthest from the deserted adobe where Lieutenant Farrar had taken up quarters. Silence was full of alarms for Trooper Conners. Looking sharply left and right, he paced the glimmering light and shadow of the alley, whose shapes shifted and shortened as the moon climbed higher.

Presently into the profound stillness dropped a sound, and Conners breathed a sigh of relief. There was something doing at last! A voice extended itself—a vast vibration above the roofs—rising, prolonging in resonant recitative, lifting, piercing, on that highest note tenuously dying back into the silence. Conners bent his head listening.

"The crier," he muttered, "he's callin' them to the kivas." * He glanced up across the retreating tier of roofs. From where he stood the floor of Shungopovi sloped sharply upward. He could see the upper story of "headquarters," the point of light in the window. He could see the glint of a carbine as one of the patrol crossed the plaza. Then the door of the guard-house opened, and the sergeant came out. Conners watched him step from the ladder into swallowing gloom. A moment later came the challenge at the first sentry-post. Then long silence. Conners waited, expectantly first—then uneasily, while he might have heard three challenges.

"I could hear him at ivry one of thim," he thought, but the air seemed fairly to ring with its emptiness. What darkness was this, that could stifle sound? A wind seemed to stir in his hair. Half-way down his beat he halted short. He hesitated, then with an impulse too rapid for thought, without one quaver of conscience, he deserted his post, and struck up the street leading to the plaza. His revolver was on his hip, his carbine in his arm. His eyes traveled incessantly. He listened, listened for a whisper, a movement, a drawn breath, but not the softest, stealing sound touched his ears. Every cast shadow stood stark. The covers were down over the kiva hatches, but a faint glow filtered through them. He stepped out into the plaza, and stopped dead at what was at his feet. It was a man sprawled on his face. There was a dark stain between his shoulders, from under his breast a dark stream creeping. His hands were clutched into the rocky pavement. On one of the outflung arms Conners caught the gleam of a chevron.

He felt the hair lift along his scalp. The sweat stood out on his body. He stooped and felt. The sergeant was dead, stabbed, and without a sound, without even a clatter as he fell. And his carbine was gone!

Conners seemed to feel the muzzle of the vanished gun in the middle of his back. He had a furious impulse to run; and on the heels of it another, wild as the first. Blindly, precipitately he followed it.

It was less thought than instinct that took his feet not up toward headquarters, but on across the plaza into the street that led to the edge of Shungopovi, and the loophole in the wall of rock. Cautiously he halted in the wall angle, and peered down the black throat of the alley. In the heart of it the moon found three streaks of steel. Three? Conners saw, with a sudden suspension of breath! Those three rifles that had vanished that morning! Keeping carefully on the shadowed side of the street, he retreated. His heart was

* Kivas—underground temples of the Hopi Indians.

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stifling as he turned the next corner lest he find another dead man, but the second sentry was pacing down his beat, carbine on shoulder.

Conners collected the guards. His look was as of something so portentous that they unhesitatingly took his word for the lieutenant's orders, without the lie that was ready on Conners's tongue. He marched them to the temporary guard-house.

Inside the low, upper room, Lieutenant Farrar listened to Conners. "But these people are no fighters," he objected.

"That's just it, sir. They don't fight at all. When they're blind mad they kill, an' they've the honor of a Chinyman."

"We'll have some men up from camp and cool 'em down," said the lieutenant carelessly.

"If ye please, sir, there are three divils squatted at the top of the trail wid our carbines, that 'ud pick off the boys befure they knew it." Conners wiped his damp forehead.

The lieutenant frowned, and drummed the floor. It was a ticklish thing to be shut up in a town of people who could noiselessly knife sentries on their beats. But six white men with a wall at their backs would do, he thought, for a village of these Indians.

"Three carbines missing this morning," he mused, "and one to-night. Three at the trail—one in the mob." He laughed uneasily.

"If ye please, sir, wouldn't we better try an' placa-ate thim?" said Conners anxiously.

"Yes—with a carbine-butt." The lieutenant stepped out of the door. It stood open on his figure silhouetted on the wall opposite. He looked down the long street running south, and up the narrow alley at the bag-end of which the house stood. "There's one of 'em now," he said.

A little shadow was hopping along the blank-white house-front. Conners's eye caught the glint of a red feather.

His face lighted. "Oho, me little big chief," he murmured, "I had forgotten ye!"

"Candee," said the child, pressing against the ladder-foot.

"Candee, for the very big chief," said Conners, grinning ingratiatingly down from the roof. He took a piece of peppermint-stick from his pocket, and held it toward the child. "Come, pash quang" (very sweet), he coaxed.

Cautiously, one foot at a time, the little chief ascended, his covetous eyes aloft. Conners, breathing heavily with excitement, reached down an impatient arm, and lifted him over the last rungs. He tucked the candy into the mouth that gaped for it, and set the child down in the room, where he hunched himself up like a rabbit, and solemnly sucked.

"Conners——"

And Conners turned a tentative eye on Farrar. "I think he's better in there, sir," he murmured. But the lieutenant seemed not to hear—perhaps to have forgotten! His eyes were ranging the level roof-lines. "Conners, do you hear anything?"

There was no audible sound, yet Conners's sensitive ears seemed to sense a stir. It pulled him up, alert as a drawn bow.

"See anything?" the officer muttered.

Conners blinked, then suddenly his eyes narrowed and danced. He grasped Farrar's arm. "Over there!"

The moon had fallen far south, and shone up the streets in broad silver, but where Conners's long arm pointed was an inexplicable blackness, a shadow that defied the moon, that seemed to breathe, to flicker, to move up upon them, a great, sinuous beast of darkness. They saw it, it seemed, at a distance and then, mysteriously, magically, as if by a spring, it was close upon them. The streets were choked up with it. The moon caught silvery on naked bodies, shapes that moved like cats, or on their bellies, as if the earth had spewed them up, crawled, lifting terrible scarred faces out of the mass that came on with the movement of a single creature, with something deadly in its soundless approach.

Farrar took a step toward the ladder. Conners's grip was on his arm. "Now for God's sake, don't go down! Lave me talk to them!"

Farrar shook him off. "Fall in," rang the order.

The men came jumping over the high threshold on to the roof. Conners made one stride back into the room, whipped a bunch of matches out of his pocket, ground them between his hands with a single gesture, swept his fingers furiously through his hair, again—and again. Then cramming on his hat, he snatched up the little chief and was out again. As he came through the door, the lieutenant sprang to the ladder. As Farrar's foot touched the second rung, out of that black, swaying mass in front, came a single shot. Like a thrown missile he pitched forward to the street. With a

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yell the men swung after him. At sight of them, the mob gave tongue. The lieutenant struggled to his knees, and lapsed back against the wall, his arm doubled under him.

"Go on," he choked out. "Fire!"

The corporal opened his lips, but Conners's great hand silenced them.

"Recover ar-r-rms!" said Conners. His voice knocked back from the narrow walls. Obedience was instinctive.

The carbines came down slowly. The lieutenant swore, struggling to rise. Conners stepped out two paces to the front. He raised the little chief on his shoulder, and held the point of his drawn saber against the child's body.

"If a man shoots or moves," said Conners softly to the mob, "I will stick this child like a goat."

There was a pause. The little chief wailed, and Conners muttered, "Whist, I'll give ye candy," and then, aloud, "Let Lomanatiwa, the brother of Lolama, speak to me."

The use of the names had an effect, made a suspense; for a moment the crowd stood fast, then let through a slit-eyed, cat-footed man in a black blanket. This thin, palpable shadow stood forth like a visible death; and Conners, dandling the child on his arm, and the saber in his hand, walked forward to meet it. A door-stone had rolled from the threshold of a house into the middle of the street. Conners stepped upon it, adding more height to a figure, that already seemed taller. His voice reached into the muttering mass at Lomanatiwa's back.

"Why have you howled at the fire? Why have you killed my man, and taken away his gun? And now, why do you come yelling to shoot another?"

The Hopi folded his long arms:

"You have burned our fathers and mothers in a bad fire. You carried them out of the place of the dead. I said I would cut off your heads. I will do that now." He looked, not at Conners, but at the child upon his shoulder.

"And I told you this morning, when I talked in the square, Lomanatiwa, I come to drive away the sickness. If you cut off our heads, the crows will eat Shungopovi clean."

"That is a lie!" The Hopi's long arms tossed abroad. "You bring evil magic. You put it upon our fathers and mothers and they became pigs. The smell of their burning was as the flesh of pigs. Now they will burn forever in the mouths of the rock, and they will pray the Katcinas to send no rain on our corn. There will be no food. We will die. Before we die we will cut off your heads. But give me the child, who is too little to kill."

"Great and strong brother of the chief, Lolama," said Conners, "of the snow and the sun and the growing corn, of the horse-races and the foot-races, you know much, but of the sickness and the fire you know nothing, for that is the knowledge of gods. And the words I bring you are not mine, but they come yonder from the place of silence, up the ladder of turquoise."

His saber swept eastward, and all the furtive eyes followed the flashing arc.

"This sickness is a great evil sent upon you by an evil spirit. If the dead lie in the streets and houses, he will make a second magic, and the ones who escape the sickness of sores, will die of a very great pain in the stomach. Too many have died to be buried with stones in the rocks, therefore, the word is given me that they be buried with fire that you may live. Therefore, I bring fire and water that are sacred, and the smell of pigs' flesh was the burning of the evil magic, and the souls of the dead are free."

The soldiers hung forward, breathless. The language was unintelligible, but the tone, the pantomime, the great body supple with argument, the spare body stiff with resistance, were full of significance. They watched a parley of nations.

"Have the spirits of the upper world told the white man what they have not told the Hopi? How do you know these things?" Lomanatiwa's eyes were slits.

"Oh, you of narrow ears, I know many things the white man does not know, as I told you in the plaza, where we said 'friend,'" said Conners, grinning engagingly. "I know your speech, I know your chief. He came to my house in the night asking gifts, and I gave. I carry him on my shoulder in the sight of his people. I know that three men sit at the top of the trail with guns they have stolen." Conners waited a moment to watch the sensation. "If I know these things," he proclaimed, "is it the white men, is it the Hopis who have taught me?"

"If you know," said Lomanatiwa softly, "why do you hide the sign? Where is the sign you showed in the morning?"

"Ho, the sign!" Conners's long figure drew up, his little eyes madly dancing. "I showed it when the sun was strong, but now the night

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is black, do you fear? You saw the sacred fire! You saw it in a circle around Shungopovi. The spark that kindled it—behold, the spark!" He snatched off his hat and sent it sailing into the mob. There was a shudder back, a strangled murmur in the black press of bodies. The wild nimbus of Conners's locks flamed forth with more than color, with veritable light. Around his face, broad like a ruddy moon, the nimbus burned pale, purplish, phosphorescent, like fresh-kindled fire "Behold," said Conners, "the flame of the Great Spirit!"—and flung up a hand, luminous to the finger-tips—"but beware you wait too long, lest the fire that can save shall burn you into sand!"

The saber-point, that had been describing glittering circles, like a hypnotist's waving wand, fell with a clash to the stones; even that sharp concussion knew its effect. Conners waited, motionless.

Lomanatiwa glided back into his following and from the mass came a sharp, sibilant whispering as of conferring snakes.

Farrar, in the wall-angle, groaned. He had dragged himself to his knees, down one of which a thin thread of blood trickled. His dizzy eyes were wide on the sight before him—the craning backs of the soldiers, the flash of the moon on Indian eyeballs, and in the midst, the focus of the two, a luminous mass—a fiery moon flickering in the dark throat of the street.

Lomanatiwa turned again to Conners.

"First give me the baby," he said.

Conners grinned. "Does Lomanatiwa think the man with the flame is a goat?" he inquired.

The Hopi's white teeth flashed. "What first?" he said.

"First bring hither the three men at the trail."

"The man with the flame," Lomanatiwa suggested, "knows everything."

"It has been told me," said Conners oracularly. "Bring them quickly."

There was a word spoken, and a long arm waved eastward where a sickly light was crawling up the violent sky. A runner darted off down a side-street. The guard came swinging up through the paling shadows. The faint moon glittering on the rifle-barrels.

Conners kept his eyes upon those.

"Let the guns be put down at my feet as a sign of your friendship," he said. The three looked to their chief, and he was motionless.

"Otherwise," said Conners, with a significant gesture, "I will put my knife through the body of this boy."

The child put his arm around Conners's head and smiled.

The guns lay on the ground. Conners put his foot on them.

"Now send away your people," he said, "and let them sleep, for at sunrise they will help me fill the village with the magic the Great Spirit has sent, that the sick may be fat again."

The Hopi turned, and with waving arms and monotonous voice addressed the village at his back. The soldiers stared, slack-jawed, at the gesticulating Indian, at Conners, erect, magnetic, almost statuesque, the child on his shoulder, the saber in his hand.

The mob began melting to right and left down the alleys into the houses, dispersing with the shadows of night.

"And the child?" said Lomanatiwa, lingering.

"The child remains with me until Shungopovi is clean," said Conners.

"Uncha" (all right), Lomanatiwa grinned and thrust forth his hand. "Peeva" (tobacco), he said ingratiatingly.

Conners laughed, and gave a pinch. He turned to the line of four behind him. His sword shot back in its sheath. "Take me little flag o' truce," he said, handing the child to a private.

His great figure looked shrunken, his joints unknitted. Anxiously, apologetically, he turned toward his superior officer who had struggled to his knees. He saluted.

"Under arrest, sir," said Private Conners.

The officer grinned at him.

"Conners, you, *you*——politician!"

"Yes, sir," said Conners meekly.

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The Greenroom

By ELLEN TERRY

THE greenroom! I may be prejudiced, but I find charm and fascination in the very sound of its name! The theater, the stage, the drama, the art of acting, the actor—all have their serious side, and their serious history, but no one can tell you much of serious importance about the greenroom. Its history would be better told than written, for it is, above everything, intimate, familiar, perhaps I should add scandalous!

What is the greenroom? To the outsider, a kind of half-way house between illusion and reality. To the actor—alas, one can only speak of what it used to be to the actor, for his greenroom is rapidly disappearing as a fact, and as an idea has long ceased to be an important part of theatrical life. But to the actor in my young days the greenroom meant as much as the stage itself.

When new theaters are built, the greenroom is left out of the reckoning. In America only one greenroom exists, that at Pittsburg. Here and there in the provinces the older theaters (notably those at Bath and Bristol) still have their greenroom, but in many cases they are not used, or used for other purposes, and in London it is the same. Only the other day the greenroom at Drury Lane was abolished or demolished, and it does not seem that players were either indignant or tearful at this wiping out of an old tradition.

It is quite likely, as some people think, that the institution has outworn its uses, and that only the sentimentalist need mourn over it. Only the sentimentalist! Well! It is a good thing that we should be reminded occasionally of some losses and gains which have nothing to do with accounts or algebra or logic. The sentimentalist has his value. I admit that it is not so much the usefulness of the greenroom that I remember, as its charm.

Many of the greenrooms were very beautiful. The one at the Lyceum, with its four stately pillars, its glass, its walls lined with pictures, old play-bills, and good prints, was quite a history of the theater. But probably there never was a greenroom to equal that at the Comédie Française, which is kept just as it was in Molière's time, and more than any other part of the theater makes you feel that you really are in the "House of Molière."

Then the greenroom glass! What a world of people I have seen walk up to it and show their character as they walked; and look into it and show more of their character as they looked! As a child, at the Princess's Theater, I used to sit like a tailor on one of the benches watching the reflections in that wonderful glass—Columbines practising steps and "cuts," and being what is called "turned out." I can see Carlotta Leclercq, who was one of the Columbines, arranging her skirts. I can see actors old and young studying their make-up, and the clown and harlequin doing quaint little dances. I can see handsome Miss Heath (afterward Mrs. Wilson Barrett) dressed as *Ophelia*, and hear her trying her songs as she paced up and down.

In the Haymarket greenroom I remember in particular Charles Mathews's face, which was very much painted for the stage. At a distance it had a wonderful effect, but near by in the greenroom it looked like a wilted apple. It was Charles Mathews who told me that Madame Vestris used to have her black satin

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boots sewn on to her feet every night. This greenroom I also associate with Mr. Chippendale and Mr. Compton, charmingly mannered people. Mr. Chippendale used to instruct me in the greenroom how to "walk a minuet," and how to use my arms in a grander manner.

Folk behind the scene were more scandal-mongering and less kind than nowadays—or is it that now they have less opportunity? At the Haymarket I remember listening for a while to the tale of how Mrs. So-and-so . . . until I could stand it no longer, and although I was only sixteen at the time, I rose and made an effective exit from the greenroom, spreading out my skirts as Mr. Chippendale had taught me, and saying: "I shall never come into a greenroom again as long as I live! Good-by, ladies and gentlemen—I leave my character behind me!"

We were playing "The School for Scandal," at the time, on alternate nights with "The Rivals" and "She Stoops to Conquer," which made my youthful protest appropriate if not excusable. I may say here that if there was anything which Mr. Chippendale and the others could play superbly, it was old comedy. In these plays, in which tradition is of such supreme importance, the actors, who had Sheridan's directions almost at first hand, enjoyed an advantage for which the present generation has found no good substitute.

There is no doubt that the greenroom was an ideal forcing-house for what I may call "flowers of invention," but we mustn't be too hard on it for that. Gossip is such a hardy plant that it will flourish in almost any soil. Work is perhaps the only reliable killer of the weed, and I have often wished that the younger members of present-day companies had more of it.

The beginners have a great deal of spare time on their hands—more, I should think, than in any other profession—and it rests with them as to how they use it. The temptation not to use it at all seems in some cases overpowering. Many imaginary dangers in stage life are talked about and written of, but this real one, of incorrigible laziness, is overlooked.

The talk in the greenroom was not all gossip. It was a great advantage to the young actors to hear some of the older ones talk of their past experiences. Personally, I found this of inestimable value. It was in the greenroom that stage traditions flourished, and the past glories of actors dead and gone lived again in the memories of those who had once been associated with them. When preparations for "Henry VIII" were afoot at the Lyceum, Walter Lacy and old Mr. Howe could tell us many interesting stories about Macready and the Keans. Both the Keans had played *Wolsey*, and Walter Lacy knew all the traditions. No one was more eager to hear about them than Henry Irving himself. *Wolsey's* entrance, which was so splendidly effective at the Lyceum, was based on the Kean tradition.

These great actors, and the way they obtained their effects, were brought far more vividly before a new generation by this informal talk than they ever can be in the printed page of any biography. It is a commonplace that the art of acting has no record. Its triumphs are written in sand—the success of the moment, and afterward—"a blank, my lord!" All the books written about Mrs. Siddons leave us more ignorant than was the humblest member of an audience of her time. One story, such as that which Charles Reade's mother could tell, of a rehearsal conducted by Sheridan, is more illuminating than volumes of generalities on the art of acting.

Mrs. Reade sat by Sheridan's side when he was conducting a rehearsal of "The School for Scandal." Mrs. Abingdon was the *Lady Teazle*. When it came to the passage in which *Lady Teazle* says, "You are a great bear to abuse my relations," Mrs. Abingdon said it petulantly, and rather trivially. Sheridan stopped her at once. "No, no! *Shallow*, my dear! *Shallow!* Stop! stop! You should saunter up the stage laughingly and provokingly, with your two former speeches, and when he gives you the cue, you should turn round at the top of the stage, and bear down on him, *blazing* out, 'You are a great bear to abuse my relations!' "

My earliest recollections of the greenroom at the Princess's are tinged with a good deal of awe. There was much decorum in the regulations which governed it, and woe to the person who transgressed them, for Mrs. Charles Kean was a bit of a martinet. I remember she had a great objection to people's calling one another by their unprefixed surnames. ("Yes, dear Heath."—"Do you, Leclercq?") Mrs. Kean would say: "*Christian* names if you have known each other for more than a few minutes, but *not* surnames." Our custom in the greenroom seems to have been an eighteenth century survival. I notice that in Fielding's novels ladies of quality called one another by their surnames.

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In those days (1859 or thereabouts) the greenroom was preserved for the principals only. Many of the humbler members of the cast were better educated in their work than in their orthography, and "hs" were dropped by a great number. The principals were exceedingly "haughty," and there was a strong line drawn between *Ariel* and the third fairy. In these days when the third fairy is often a young lady of quality, and the "first soldier" a nobleman in disguise, it would never do to keep them out of the greenroom, so perhaps it is just as well that the greenroom no longer exists. I welcome the change in general education, manners, and appearance which has come over stage aspirants, but at the same time I think we are too apt to forget that what an actor is *on* the stage is of much more importance than what he is *off!* We hear too much now of the charm and amiability of this actor and that, of his skill at golf, or his proficiency as a painter or musician. The actress's beauty is more discussed than her talent. It would be better for the stage if there were a little more of the spirit abroad contained in a contemporary appreciation of Garrick. "*Off* the stage a miserable reptile, an arrogant little rascal, but *on* the stage—oh, wonderful, wonderful!"

Nowadays, capability for their work is often the last qualification for which actors are recommended. The following story does not exaggerate what London managers often have to go through. Imagine a London manager sitting down to supper at his club. A friend of his comes into the room, and the manager is reminded that to this friend's influence he owes the presence in his company of a very indifferent actor.

"By the way, wasn't it you who recommended me to engage A—— for *Laertes?*"

"Yes. Why?"

"Great Scott, man, he can't act!"

"Oh, no! He can't act."

"And his voice—it's shocking!"

"Well, yes, he does seem always to have a cold in his head."

"And his appearance!"

"Well, yes, I suppose it is peculiar."

"Then why on earth did you recommend him?"

"Well, you see, I knew him very intimately, and he does want to get on, and then *he is so good to his mother!*"

The Royalty greenroom, a queer little place, was the scene of many festive gatherings. The Frenchman who did it up for Madame Albina de Rhona made everything green—walls, curtains, chairs. Madame gave a birthday party there after the play. I was not invited, but I wanted to see some of the fun, so, aided and abetted by the dresser, I peeped through the door. What I saw was some one drinking Madame's health out of one of her tiny shoes, which he had filled with champagne! My mother was looking for me all over the place, and when she found me peeping, she was so angry, she boxed my ears.

Lord Lytton, Macready, and other distinguished strangers used often to come to the greenroom at the Princess's, but all these visitors always left the room when Charles Kean did. Planché, whose accurate knowledge of historical costume played no small part in Charles Kean's productions, was often at the Princess's, and it was through hearing him talk that I first learned anything of archæology. This was as much a part of my early training as what I did on the stage, and my first impression about the importance of dress on the stage was a lasting one.

When Planché called the greenroom at Drury Lane "one of the most delightful resorts in London, combining the elegance and courtesy of fashionable life with all the wit, mirth, and 'admirable fooling' to be found in literary and artistic circles," he little thought that the management of the same theater, forty years later, would be compelled to abolish it because of its uselessness.

The "call-boy" has no reason to bless the disappearance of the greenroom. Now he has to run up and down stairs, and go to every dressing-room to call the actors. In old days all calls were made from the greenroom, and only the manager was called from his dressing-room as well. When I was acting in Bath the other day, I was delighted to find the little greenroom in the theater there quite unchanged, in fact just as it was when the call-boy used to come to the door and shout: "All the Satires and the Statutes, if you please!"

It seems only the other day, yet forty years have passed since then, and the greenroom has passed, too, with the green curtain which used to put such a conclusively final end to the play at nights, and the dear green audiences, who used to think we were really what we seemed on the stage. Picture post-cards and illustrated interviews, all the things that in these days spell publicity, have for good or for ill made all of us more realistic and perhaps less real than we used to be.

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Frenzied Finance

The Story of AMALGAMATED

By THOMAS W. LAWSON, of Boston

PART III

Editor's Note.—The leading figure in this instalment is James R. Keene, who is pictured stealing into the "Standard Oil" citadel and making off with one of the "System's" most intimate servitors. The story of this daring raid, its terrible consequences, the explosion in the Third Avenue Railroad, the European exile of the great manipulator and his return to take charge of a campaign for the revival of Amalgamated, is told in the author's most graphic vein. How Keene thawed out the Flower pool and boosted Amalgamated above par as the price of forgiveness, and "Standard Oil's" Indian revenge form a dramatic climax to a chapter of surpassing interest and brilliancy.

CHAPTER VI

AN ANOMALY IN COPPER

SURELY the unhappiest of all mariners is the stock manipulator whose pet financial venture, dismasted by some unforeseen storm, labors and tosses in the trough of the ocean of speculation. On board are the friends and the following that have tempted fortune because of faith in his captaincy, and despairingly these cling to the bulwarks, praying that he may weather the blow and steer the battered bark into some safe haven. As sea after sea crashed across the Amalgamated's decks, sweeping to destruction those weaker ones whose financial grip had relaxed under the terrific strain, the craft settled deeper amid the boiling eddies, and I well-nigh gave up hope of guiding her to harbor. Looking back over the long interval of harassment and gloom that intervened between the closing of the first Amalgamated subscription and the coupling of the second section to the first, I often wonder where I found nerve and strength to hang on to the steering wheel in the face of the relentless gales that tore athwart the stock market of 1899 and 1900, and I marvel at the endurance of those who clung persistently to the quivering hulk when it seemed as though the next comber must engulf her.

In all my experience of stock deals, and they have been many, I had never wrestled with a situation so full of hell and discouragement as this I was now collar and elbow with. The foul double-dealing of Rogers and Rockefeller had complicated a condition which in normal circumstances was difficult enough, and there was the ever-present menace that the public would discover the strained relations between "Standard Oil" and myself, together with the actual state of affairs within the company, in which event panic was inevitable. At the slightest suggestion of difference all my friends and following would surely throw over their holdings of Butte & Boston and Boston & Montana, and that meant the deluge—a deluge minus ark, dove, and olive branch. So, among my most urgent responsibilities was that of preserving a bold and cheerful front. If you would know a purgatory on earth, picture yourself in some such predicament as this with scores of men and women whose "all" is at stake creeping tremulously to you daily,

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to ask "What of your promises and our hopes?"—when every morning, noon, and night, you can only say to them "Wait."

As the months wore on one consolation developed. Rogers and Rockefeller, discredited in the eyes of the whole financial world, knew now that I had predicted aright when I warned them the course they had pursued in the flotation of Amalgamated would leave them poorer in pocket and character. Their campaign to unload on the public had failed. The price of Amalgamated was down to 76, and the Flower pool was "frozen in." Its load of two hundred and odd thousand shares was a terrible drag on the resources of its members, and though a dozen abortive efforts were made to relieve the situation, it was plain to intelligent observers that public interest in the stock could be revived only by some tremendous happening. Governor Flower's death, which occurred after the flotation, deepened our gloom, and I found Mr. Rogers again lending a willing ear to my suggestions. At our various meetings I missed no opportunity to urge the immediate bringing out of the second section as the real solution of our difficulties, and had made considerable headway when there came about one of those extraordinary complications which periodically recur in Wall Street affairs, and for a while all other interests were blotted out of consideration.

Before proceeding further with this episode a digression is necessary to set before my readers a phase of this history that is essential for their understanding of the whole copper situation. Thus far in this story I have written either as a participant or at least an eye-witness, but in the affairs of the United Metal Selling Company I had no share. I shall therefore state the facts and the possibilities and my readers can supply such deductions as seem proper. In other words, I shall describe the wood-pile. A little inspection may reveal the nigger.

In a previous chapter I set forth how Mr. Rogers appropriated the great business of Lewisohn Brothers, which was subsequently reorganized as the United Metal Selling Company, and how he gathered to himself and William Rockefeller all the outstanding stock in this corporation. Under the stimulus of "Standard Oil's" direction, the volume of this concern's business expanded rapidly, for it was made agent not only of the mines Lewisohn controlled, but of all the copper produced by the Amalgamated companies, including the Butte & Boston and Boston & Montana (which were being held for the second section), and also for all other copper properties owned by men who were affiliated in any way with "Standard Oil." The aggregated agencies represented over half the copper produced in the United States and entitled the United Metal Selling Company to be considered the chief factor in making the prices of the metal in the markets of the world.

The basis on which the Metal Selling corporation does business is this: It enters into a long-term contract with the management of a mine, by which it is accorded the sole right to dispose of the product of the property. The mining company ships its metal to the storehouses of the Selling Company, or direct to the consumer, or holds it at the mine pending orders, but has the right to claim an advance of eleven cents per pound on all copper produced, this advance being deducted from the proceeds of the metal when sold at the market rate then ruling, less, of course, the Selling Company's commission. Though a fair enough arrangement on its face, this system leaves considerable latitude to the Selling Company, and places the mining companies at its mercy, if the former be disposed to be dishonest.

The market price of copper is fixed in London. There the metal is traded in for cash or future delivery. Any one who wants copper either for actual use or for speculative purposes buys paper warrants through brokers just as stocks and bonds are purchased, and these warrants are exchangeable at the Selling Company's storehouses for the amount of metal they represent, or can be resold as though they were bonds or shares of stock.

In America, the several selling companies deal directly with the manufacturer who consumes copper, just as the tanner sells leather to the boot and shoe manufacturer and the Board of Trade man sells the farmer's wheat to the mill man to be turned into flour. The price on which the transaction turns is that publicly fixed in London, which in its turn is regulated by supply and demand, and these in their turn are affected by manipulation. Given a corporation controlling absolutely a large percentage of the copper product of the world, it is obvious that it possesses the power to increase or diminish the supply and thus raise or lower the market value of the metal. Inherent in such an ability to regulate

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prices is the opportunity for great profits, and one can readily see the millions an unscrupulous director of a selling company might make if he were false to his clients. Let us suppose, for instance, that the United Metal Selling Company handled 350,000,000 pounds of copper for the mines it represented. This would mean that it had a selling power of this amount of metal which lay for delivery to the consumer at the mines or in its storehouses, at the market rate of, say, seventeen cents per pound. If the man at the head of the Selling Company were dishonest, he could sell for his own account 350,000,000 pounds of copper at seventeen cents, make delivery of his clients', the mining companies', copper, then by manipulation drop the market price of the metal to eleven cents and buy for his personal account from his clients the 350,000,000 pounds he had previously sold, thus clearing for himself six cents per pound, or $21,000,000. There is the opportunity.

At the time we began the consolidation of "Coppers," copper, the metal, sold at twelve cents per pound. It gradually mounted to seventeen cents, the stimulus being the able management of the product by Rogers and Rockefeller, who even prior to the organization of the United Metal Selling Company (which was not actually in business under that name until shortly after the flotation of Amalgamated) engaged themselves in advancing the market value of the metal. In fact, this advance in price was one of the strongest arguments we had in persuading the public of the enormous profits which must surely accrue to Amalgamated stock. Throughout the period following the Amalgamated flotation, when our stock was dropping like lead and the values of all "Coppers" in Boston were falling with it, the price of copper, the metal, held firm and strong at seventeen cents per pound. This fact encouraged my army of investors, who would otherwise have dropped out on the decline, for they argued, if "Standard Oil" is interesting itself to keep up the price of the metal, eventually copper properties will show such large profits that prices will naturally right themselves, and there must come an advance which will more than offset this depreciation.

Now, here is the inexplicable end of this situation: Remember that during the greater part of the period between the first flotation and the launching of the second section, the market price of the metal remained firm and consumption normal. Yet the copper companies whose product was handled by the United Metal Selling Company were astonished at the paucity of their sales. This curious fact—the steadiness of price, the heavy purchases by consumers combined with the extraordinarily inadequate returns to the copper companies themselves—was the talk of Wall and State Streets. Times being so good and prices so high, why were not the companies distributing in dividends the six cents difference between their eleven cents advance and seventeen cents sale price? But neither "Standard Oil" nor the Metal Selling Company took the slightest notice of the rumors and the dissatisfaction—and all the while there continued the enormous sales of copper for cash or future delivery in the London market. Consumers and speculators bought, but who sold, no one knew. Finally, the public ceased trying to unravel the mystery and concluded that this must represent "Standard Oil's" method of conducting a monopoly, that sooner or later the curious anomaly would be adjusted, and that the directors of the Selling Company, being men of high standing in the business world, were incapable of tampering with the interests of their clients.

And then, of a sudden, the price of copper, the metal, fell to eleven cents.

CHAPTER VII

ENTER THE KING OF MANIPULATORS

In the episode that follows the leading rôle is taken by James R. Keene, and the plot involves in a sensational way one of the most thoroughly trusted servitors of the great "Standard Oil" machine.

Keene began his career in Carson City in the classic period when Mackay, Flood, Fair, and O'Brien were carving their fortunes. From Nevada he had descended on the Stock Exchange of San Francisco, and in the fierce and tumultuous market flurry of the early seventies following the discovery of the great Comstock lode, he had shown himself a born stock strategist and had won his spurs as the ablest and most intrepid plunger among the reckless and audacious spirits who lost and won fortunes through the rapid fluctuations of Bonanza stocks. At the close of a sensational season of speculation Keene converted his winnings into gold and set out for New York with the declared purpose of

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doing to Wall Street what he had already done to Pine Street, then the financial center of the California metropolis.

The Wall Street of the seventies was the theater of the operations of as bold and unscrupulous a band of frenzied financiers as ever held hands in the game of millions. Head and front of them was the late Jay Gould, whose genius for speculation was as infallible as Napoleon's for war and who played stocks as Lasker plays chess. Silent, furtive, terrible—like a tiger he roamed the Wall Street jungles, stalking corporations and individuals, ravenously preying on their gold and possessions, until, at the end of his strange, relentless career, he handed down to his children the absolute control of three of the greatest corporate institutions in the country, together with many millions of cash and bonds besides. This was the man with whom the brilliant Californian had come forth to cross swords, and one can imagine the inscrutable smile on the wizard's face as he heard for the first time of this rival conjuror and of the great store of dollars he had gathered in the far West. The story goes that Keene's departure from the Coast was announced in an enterprising Wall Street news sheet and was read to Gould as he sat at luncheon in a New Street café with a group of allies and accomplices. He asked one of the party to find out if the tale were true, and later in the afternoon this man reported that Keene had not only started but had actually boasted that he would stand Wall Street on its head or go broke in the attempt. Further, he had with him in the car between four and six millions of real money, the harvest of a brief span of years in San Francisco. I don't vouch for this yarn, for I was not there, but the details bear truth earmarks. It proceeds thus: Gould and his four associates began to argue as to the division of Keene's treasure. The wizard, declaring that, as he must supply the magic, the largest part of the spoil should be his, demanded 33 per cent. The others contended for equal shares. Finally they compromised, Gould to have a quarter, the four others the balance. The original version represented the conspirators as meeting the following morning at Gould's lawyers' and embodying their agreement in a legal document which carefully recited the several contingencies and provided an expense fund for guarding the train; but this is a minor detail. The group, shrewd observers all, then met the visitor when his car drew into the station at Jersey City, sized him up carefully, and the very next day began to bait their traps.

Whether this tale be fact or fiction, it is a matter of Wall Street history that upon the date set down in the Gould program, James R. Keene parted with the last penny of his fortune and found himself hundreds of thousands in debt; and there is little doubt that the Californian's gold furnished ammunition for new ventures in Erie, Western Union, and Manhattan. In due course James R. Keene came to know the tricks whereby he had been deprived of his fortune. There was a bitter smile on his lips as he told his informant, "I will remain in Wall Street and will shake it to its foundation and repeat the performance long after Gould and his band are dead and forgotten." And with what sternness this pledge has been fulfilled! Time and again Wall Street has stood by with blanched face and frozen heart while Jim Keene has launched his thunderbolts and touched off his hidden mines. Time and again Keene has led forays into the enemy's treasury and galloped back with his loot. Long ago he took back what Gould had filched, together with many additional millions, and though in later raids he has been cut off and punished, even to-day he is recognized as the king of "manipulators" and the greatest price-maker in Wall Street.

For over a quarter of a century indeed, James R. Keene has amazed Wall Street by his infinite strategy and daring. He has literally played hob with its important institutions and stood its celebrities on their heads. His magic knowledge of inside happenings has made both his followers and his enemies marvel. At intervals it is revealed to Wall Street that some of its great corporations are in trouble, and that, to hide deficiencies in earnings, they have been paying dividends out of capital. Then the stocks of these concerns drop like mercury in a freeze, and it leaks out that one man knew the deadly secret weeks and months before the crash. When prices are at the bottom, James R. Keene begins to cover the "short sales" he had out in preparation for the fall, and his bank account swells plethorically with his profits. If a great defalcation astounds the financial world, it comes to light that Keene has had the news in time to take advantage of it. Indeed, it is a tradition of Wall Street that any clerk or confidential man having a secret to communicate knows where there is the best cash market for such valu-

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able considerations, and though he has had in all his long career "agents at the elbow of every opportunity," to quote his own phrase, the sources and means of his information have never been suspected, and at this hour he moves as mysteriously as on the day he began operations. So great has been Keene's power in stock affairs during the last decade and a half that few of his contemporaries have dared oppose him, and at the time of which I am writing, when his sway was almost at its zenith, he could do about what he pleased with prices.

Able student of men and affairs, there was one institution of Wall Street that James R. Keene had never tampered with. He ranged the jungle and the prairie in search of quarry, but on the great preserves of "Standard Oil" he had never ventured. The tiger fears the sharp tusks and the terrible bulky power of the elephant, and so Keene, with all his peerless courage, hesitated to provoke a group of men whose grim strength he had fully measured and who, he knew, exacted vengeance like the Fates. But the tiger's blood thirst, fortified by years of triumph, at last led him into the secret places of the elephants' realm, and the Titans' battle that ensued, though veiled from the eyes of the world, shook the ground as by an earthquake and leveled great institutions like a cyclone. It was one of those strange and terrible conflicts of which the beholder sees but the blood, the havoc, and the desolation, guessing nothing of the elemental forces at war beyond his ken. For a brief instant the puny mummery of bulls and bears and practical quotations was crowded off the Wall Street stage, and the cold and unromantic background of gray skyscrapers and office furniture and asphalt pavement was transformed into a battle-ground of the gods lit up by lurid flames and awful with crashing thunder.

CHAPTER VIII

A TRAITOR IN "STANDARD OIL"

It must be remembered that Wall Street is lynx-eyed. It weighs and measures each transaction on the Exchange as a chemist analyzes a drug. It knows the ways and means, the strategy and resources of the great operators as it knows the spire of old Trinity that marks its western boundary. In the tape, as in a magic mirror, it sees reflected the movements of courts and cabinets, the deliberations of judges and ministers, the secret machinations of diplomats, and the deep-laid projects of kings and presidents. The tape records the movements of armies long before the war-trumpet has sounded; it indicates the decisions of jurists before their opinions are written; it registers the lapses of great corporations before their directors suspect them, and it presages the dicta of a president's message before he has confided them to his cabinet. The tape is the herald of events, the gage and meter of Wall Street, the barometer of organized society. It thinks not, feels not, hopes not, and, being remote from pity, love and ambition, cannot lie.

During the year 1900, the tape recorded a series of transactions that mystified Wall Street. These were on so large a scale as to indicate immense resources, yet they bore none of the familiar earmarks of any of the great operators. Sometimes the newcomer dealt in street traction shares, but most often he was found in the stocks of the leather and rubber trusts. Just before this time young John D. Rockefeller had begun his business career in his father's office, and, in the absence of another candidate with the required financial equipment, the "Street" settled down to the belief that the son of his father had set out to win spurs in the stock-market. Intelligent observers, however, rejected this conclusion because they well knew that the speculative ways of "Standard Oil" are far removed from such uncertain ventures as those the unknown operator was making. They continued on the watch, knowing that, sooner or later, the stealthy operator must reveal himself.

Being myself an operator in stocks and, at the moment, intensely interested in every phase of the market, I had carefully noted the performances of the new plunger. The idea that he was John D. Rockefeller, Jr., never occurred to me, for I was too familiar with the conditions surrounding that young gentleman to consider seriously such an assumption. As long as the interloper kept out of our affairs I could afford to be indifferent to his identity and, though as curious as the rest, I was not greatly concerned to penetrate the secret. Suddenly I noted a new hand in our copper affairs—a selling of Amalgamated in such quantities as to indicate the sudden unloading of one of the chief insiders. At once I consulted with Mr. Rogers, who assured me that neither he nor William Rockefeller had recently parted

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with a share of their holdings. On the contrary, they were making a belated effort to support the market. In consequence of some change in our situation and a slight improvement in prospects—known only to ourselves—there was at this time a sudden access of cheerfulness in our camp. At once there began as furious a buying of Amalgamated as there had previously been a selling. I pointed out the coincidence to Mr. Rogers, who was terror-stricken.

"Good God! Lawson," he said to me, after we had thrashed over the situation, "I cannot bring myself to believe there can be a leak in here. 'Standard Oil' has been singularly free from treachery, and it is terrible to think at this time of any of our confidential people betraying us."

As I pointed out in the beginning of my story, "Standard Oil" pays the highest price for service, but exacts in return implicit obedience and perfect devotion. Those who are in its secrets have, as a further incentive to loyalty, a knowledge of the punishments meted out to the rare few who have been found false to their trust. There is short shrift for perfidy at 26 Broadway, and every soul in the institution, from the messenger-boy to the master, knows it. In spite of the terror that this discipline has inculcated, here was indubitable evidence that some one on the inside—and, as Mr. Rogers and I ciphered it down, it could only be one of two men, and they in the very holy of holies—was using his knowledge of "Standard Oil" secrets in the stock-market. I shall never forget the expression of Mr. Rogers's face as he said to me:

"Lawson, if this turns out to be as it looks, we'll be in a terrible position, because either one of the two whose names I have mentioned has all the secrets of the building, and if he is bold enough to go thus far who knows what he may do?"

We talked it out, and I left promising to lay a trap which would surely bring home the guilt to the right person. Next day I sent to Mr. Rogers and to Mr. Rockefeller confidential communications in regard to Coppers. They contained opposite information, and if the contents of either leaked we should have the culprit. Sure enough, next day a transaction occurred on the floor of the Stock Exchange which clearly indicated a knowledge of the statements I had sent William Rockefeller. I followed the clue and was astounded to find it led direct to James R. Keene. At first I concluded I had got twisted, but testing back, link by link, there was no escaping the conclusion. It was, indeed, a stop-and-think-it-over place. At last, Keene had penetrated the "Standard Oil" citadel and was preying on its choicest secrets. He was in the enemy's country with a vengeance, and I wondered what the consequences would be. I reported what I had found to Mr. Rogers, who instantly grasped the whole intrigue and took measures to lay it bare. The secret partner of James R. Keene, the mysterious plunger of the stock-market, was none other than William Rockefeller's confidential secretary, who knew almost as much about "Standard Oil" and its inner workings as did his chiefs. There were intense moments that day at 26 Broadway, and various were the ways and means of punishment suggested. But the secretary knew far too much to be dealt with summarily, and it was agreed that this was no time for blood—for the time being policy must prevail. There was no explosion. The secretary was sent for and told pleasantly and kindly that, as he had decided to deal in stocks, it seemed much fairer to his chiefs that he should do so from outside 26 Broadway, and in an equally pleasant way he offered his resignation. There were proper expressions of regret from Mr. Rockefeller and Mr. Rogers, a check for a very large number of dollars as a present, a warm handclasp, and a fervent "Godspeed you in your new sphere," and this man was where he could secure no more secrets with which to blackjack Wall Street.

Altogether it was a touching and instructive performance, and I marveled at the self-control of Henry H. Rogers, who, boiling over with rage, had to suppress and conceal his feelings. The secretary retired, and at once things began to happen. James R. Keene was too old a hand not to recognize in the incident a signal that Dame Fortune and her second cousin, Fate, were holding parley on his threshold. He knew what the check and the "Godspeed" meant. Such soft palaver and woolly strategy deceived him not at all. He would have preferred to have at once an open break and a big row, and to take his chances in the terrific scrimmage that must inevitably follow—for Keene is at his best, brave as a lion and resourceful as a fox, when cornered. Rogers and Rockefeller, however, were too deeply hurt to be content with any mere chastisement. They thirsted for blood and destruction, and this inaction

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was only, as Keene well knew, a matter of vengeance deferred.

It must be remembered we were in the midst of a boiling and seething market, and Keene was at the period of his highest personal activity. He was in the midst of one of his most brilliant coups—the acquiring of the Third Avenue Street Railway—and "the Street" had it that the powers behind him were none other than "Standard Oil." In the absence of denials or evidence to the contrary the rumor served its turn and gave the affair that air of a great financial movement supported by powerful interests which is essential to the success of an important stock-market raid. Wall Street is no different from the ordinary man. It will cheerfully enter into a single-handed fight with any one, but it is overawed at the thought of facing its great powers on the prey. Once convinced that the big deal which has seemed to represent its strongest forces is being engineered by one speculator on a shoestring basis, "the Street" turns in its collective might and the ambitious fabric flattens out. No one knew better than the wily Keene how important it was to keep up the appearance of "Standard Oil" complicity in his affair, and shortly after the confidential employee's retirement Wall Street was startled by the announcement that the secretary whom every one knew handled the finances of William Rockefeller, had been elected Secretary and Treasurer of the Third Avenue Railroad. This, of course, could mean but one thing—the deal had progressed so far that "Standard Oil" could afford to show its hand. There was nothing unusual or extraordinary about the proceeding except Keene's connection with it, but Wall Street gasped in amazement at the appearance of its guerrilla captain, the great swashbuckler plunger, out in the open as a "Standard Oil" leader. And yet there was no denying the evidence of their eyes.

It was as bold a play as ever the audacious plunger had attempted. He calculated that if "Standard Oil" had refrained from punishing the man who had betrayed their confidence, it was because he had secrets which it would be dangerous to have known. Why not risk everything on the assumption that the secrets were still potent enough to protect? But Keene had reckoned without knowing the iron of the men who guard the inner recesses of the Rockefeller citadel. The announcement that a "Standard Oil" man had been elected Treasurer of the Third Avenue road, and that the gigantic capital of 26 Broadway was backing Keene, was no sooner out than from a score of quarters began to issue a rumor that blew down "the Street" like a sirocco, and sent the wise traders to cover like so many rabbits. It was a rumor pregnant with fire and poison, and it predicted the most terrific explosion Wall Street had ever known in Third Avenue affairs. At once, all the benefit Keene had gained by his daring was offset. A diabolic calm ensued, the deadly torpor that precedes the storm.

The world did not have to wait long for the thunderbolt to be thrown. It fell like a thirteen-inch projectile loaded with lyddite and exploded in the Third Avenue Railroad. There was a terrific crash and wide-spread destruction. Securities tottered, values foundered, and the boldest trembled at the blow. Third Avenue was temporarily wrecked. Its credits were obliterated. The new treasurer was forced to resign. Malignant stories were circulated. The papers howled that some one should be punished for the disaster. There arose such menacing reports of criminal proceedings that all concerned were put to it to save themselves regardless of money loss or loss to either their friends or the corporation. Third Avenue was thrown into a receiver's hands. The receiver was Rogers's friend, Hugh J. Grant. Next came the news that James R. Keene had sailed for Europe. Then the smash was complete. More talk was heard of indictments and criminal proceedings against the plunger and his associates, but it subsided as such talk does. Gradually the affair blew over as far as Wall Street was concerned, but insiders knew Keene had been so badly damaged by Rogers's thunderbolt that he was as hard pressed as at any moment in his adventurous life. His Western career had taught him most of the disasters of finance, but a tussle with "Standard Oil" leaders is an experience for which there is no parallel. He was loaded down with leather and rubber stock, and his enemies saw to it that there was no movement in either property. Rumor had it that he dared not venture into the jurisdiction of the New York courts. At all events he stayed abroad, and Mr. Rogers said to me: "As long as Keene is out of the country, well and good—I will carry it no further, but I will never let up on him if he comes back, and his career in Wall Street is ended."

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CHAPTER IX

KEENE'S RESUSCITATION OF AMALGAMATED

THE episode was closed but not ended. Another chapter is to come.

After the crash, the clouds duly rolled away, the sun shone again, and the wise and the wary, noting that the storm was over, crept out of their holes back into "the Street."

Again I thrust my shoulder beneath the sunken Amalgamated fabric, and by every device I knew, tried to raise it. My efforts were in vain. There was but one way to resurrect Wall Street's interest, and I hesitated a long time before mentioning to Mr. Rogers such a course as I had in mind. I knew that the one man who could help us was James R. Keene and long before the explosion, I had contemplated asking his assistance. Now the project seemed hopeless, for at the mere mention of Keene's name Mr. Rogers lost all command of himself. However, he was as impressed as I with the waterlogged condition of Amalgamated. One day in response to my strenuous demand that something be done to help out, he said:

"Lawson, I will do anything in my power to get the stock going again, but what can we do? How is it possible?"

Then I laid the plan I had matured against this very contingency before him. It was to send for Keene, turn over the entire manipulation of Amalgamated to him, and make his forgiveness conditional upon the successful reestablishment of the corporation with the public. At first he refused, but finally I brought him to see it as I did. I believe this is the first instance in "Standard Oil" history when its captains ever temporized with or withheld vengeance from one who had deeply injured them—but it was a bad predicament, and even "Standard Oil" bows to necessity. Mr. Rogers reluctantly agreed to forgive Keene provided he restored the stock to favor, and at once I began to treat with the exiled plunger. Keene joyously met us more than half-way. We negotiated an agreement to the effect that he should take hold of the property in his own way, and that as a further inducement he could buy from us at cost all the stock that had been accumulated in the Flower pool. Also he was promised that if he won out, Mr. Rockefeller and Mr. Rogers would join him in putting his rubber properties into a new company, and our talk went so far as to plan out this venture in detail. It was arranged, finally, that "Standard Oil" should take half the stock of the new company, which was to be capitalized at five millions, though subsequently this was raised to ten millions and latterly to fifteen millions. This bargain was finally clinched by Rogers and Rockefeller's subscribing for seven and a half millions of the new rubber stock, the subscription hinging absolutely on Keene's success with Amalgamated.

Thus accoutered and with ample resources and flattering prospects ahead, Keene took the field, and never have I in all my experience seen a frenzied financier or any one else in Wall Street perform so valorously or so brilliantly. I did not need his assurance that he would make any sacrifice to succeed, for I saw he was putting his back into every stroke, and I applauded his zeal. I believed implicitly that Rogers and Rockefeller were earnest in their promise of forgiveness provided he met their conditions.

Once again Amalgamated was in all mouths. Keene's hand was everywhere. Wall and State Streets began to sizzle with sales. Thousands and thousands of shares were bought and sold in the New York Stock Exchange every day and the price mounted rapidly. So well was the manipulation screened, so cleverly was the buying conducted, that the world took the activity as a genuine revival of interest in the property. Of course it was merely the magic of the stock-market operator at work, for all this eager movement was the result of wash sales. Back and forth across the market the stock was ping-ponged, and as the pace grew faster its price advanced from 76 to 80, to 85 and then crossed 90. At this juncture I felt sure that Keene had at last interested his strong following among the Wall Street speculators in Amalgamated and that it was now only a matter of time before the public would come in. Mr. Rogers and Mr. Rockefeller agreed with me and we all felt that we were at the beginning of the end of our troubles.

It was at this stage that Keene began to take advantage of his contract to buy the accumulation of stock in the Flower pool. It had cost on an average of $92, and every day after this he applied for large parcels of it, and as he paid cash, it was evident that he was actually disposing of it.

Now that the prospects of Amalgamated again seemed fair, I made up my mind that the time was auspicious for the production of the

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second section. I urged it repeatedly on Mr. Rogers, and finally he made up his mind that the psychological moment was at hand. So he said to me: "Lawson, I am ready to bring out the second section, so get me out your plans." This was like a ray of sunlight to a dungeon prisoner and I went to work with a will. Soon afterward I was able to lay before Mr. Rogers and Mr. Rockefeller a carefully organized scheme of procedure.

This second section was to be made up of the mines my original plan had intended for the first section. They were banner copper producers and there could be no gainsaying their value. Boston and Montana consisted of 150,000 shares, and these I put down at $400 per share, to be paid in new Amalgamated stock. That is, for each share of Boston and Montana we would give four shares of Amalgamated, or $60,000,000 for the property. The 200,000 shares of Butte and Boston would be exchanged for 200,000 shares of Amalgamated, or $20,000,000 more, making it necessary to increase the capitalization of the Amalgamated Company from $75,000,000 to $155,000,000. This additional $80,000,000 represented a fair price for the two corporations and their inclusion infused real strength into our consolidation. As soon as the plan was perfected and agreed upon, Mr. Rogers grappled with the dangerous subject of the flotation of this second section. For obvious reasons some new auspices must be found, as it would never do to repeat the City Bank *esclandre*.

"Lawson," said Mr. Rogers to me, "we can go ahead as soon as we decide who can carry out this transaction. There is so much dissatisfaction over the old affair that this time we shall have to proceed differently. We must use one of your old conservative banking institutions with lots of standing with the public and the courts or we shall surely fail. Who is there over in Boston that can fill this bill?"

After much figuring I submitted the names of three banking houses in my own city, any one of which was strong enough to carry the plan with the Montana and Butte stockholders, and at the same time to lend that additional prestige to our deal which was necessary to carry Amalgamated above par. This was essential to success, for we were all of one mind that it would be a serious hindrance to the success of the enterprise if the holders of Butte and Montana could not obtain at least $100 per share in the open market for the new stock they received in exchange for their own.

Thinking back over the conversations between Mr. Rogers and myself in connection with this phase of our problem—a slight enough matter it then seemed—it occurs to me that here again we were at a parting of the ways, and that above our heads Fate's red lantern swung as ominously as at any other turning in this eventful history. Who knows in the passing which of life's roads leads to the precipice and which to the promised land? He who would go far must risk much, for the path to success is ever across unexplored territory where there are jungles and morasses, ravines and rugged mountains. But brave hearts have lucky stars and he who stops *en route* to count costs rarely gains his goal. Too deeply engaged with the problem of the moment either to see or to care for any red portent of future disaster, I plunged on, never dreaming that the consequences of my next move were destined to affect materially my own fortunes and eventually, I believe, the great structure that we call "Standard Oil."

"Lawson," said Mr. Rogers, after we had discussed the make-up of the three Boston firms, "you know more about these people than I do, but I want you to select the firm which, if we are successful and they make a lot of money, will continue along with us and use its prestige and reputation to clean up this Bay State Gas affair, for I must get it cleared up and out of the way sometime."

"In that case, Mr. Rogers," I said, "the firm for us to select is Kidder, Peabody & Co. It is to-day the most powerful banking house in Boston, has a great reputation for conservatism and probity, but is ambitious and will do almost anything provided the pay is sufficiently large."

"It is Kidder, Peabody, then," he assented, and thus we swung into the path that led into an abyss, for this firm's work in the Boston gas troubles was the brand that set a-burning "Frenzied Finance."

At this period this hoary and respectable Boston institution was being swept from its safe old-time moorings into the swift waters of frenzied finance by the ambitious dreams and stirring blood of some of the junior partners of the house. Thus far the recklessness of

This instalment of ***Frenzied Finance*** is continued on Page 41 of the ***Advertising Section.***

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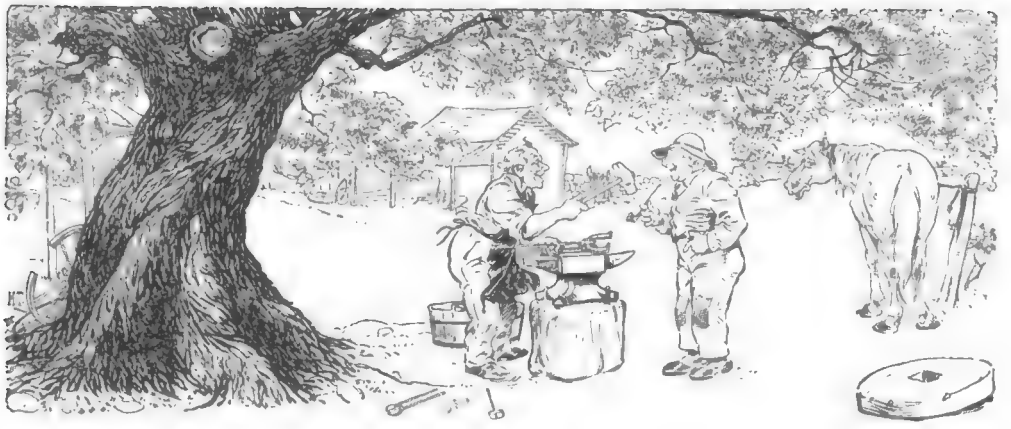

Under the Spreading Chestnut Tree

EDITOR'S NOTE.—A good story is a treasure, and, like other precious things, hard to find. Our readers can assist us, if they will, by sending any anecdotes they find that seem to them good. Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. The younger the better. We shall gladly pay for available ones.

In a big New York apartment house there is employed a colored girl whose best young man called one evening, fully determined, as it was learned later, to propose. But his courage failed him, and, after the usual evening gossip, he went away with the important question still unasked. No sooner had he reached the street than there came over him the fear that if he waited another week it would be fatal to his chances. The idea came to him to use a telephone. He called up the apartment and his Maria answered. Evidently he recognized her voice, but he wanted to make sure, for Maria's mistress heard her say:

"Yeh-as, I'm Maria."

There was a long talk from the other end of the wire while Maria held the receiver close to her ear and smiled happily. Presently she said:

"Why cert'nly, I'll marry ye, honey, cert'nly. Er—er—What's de name of de gen'leman speakin'?"

A Sunday-school superintendent, smug and self-sufficient, was fond of asking questions for the privilege of answering them himself, after encouraging the scholars into believing that they knew the proper reply. On an occasion when he was talking about cruelty to animals he discoursed with much feeling.

"Only a coward would abuse a creature that had no way of defending itself," he said. "Why, I once knew a little boy who cut off a calf's tail. Think of it, children, he took a knife and cut the tail right off! Can any one tell me a verse in the Bible that would have taught this bad, cruel boy not to cut off the calf's tail?"

There was the usual pause, followed by the uneasy shuffling of feet, and then a youngster lifted his hand. In reply to the superintendent's "What is it, my son?" he sturdily repeated:

"What God hath joined together, let not man put asunder."

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Joseph Pulitzer, proprietor of the New York *World*, who gives more attention to his newspaper than does any other owner of a big daily in this country, frequently makes extraordinary shifts in his staff, changing heads of departments without warning, but never discharging any one.

"Why does he have the shake-ups?" asked a puzzled journalist of one of Mr. Pulitzer's confidential men. "What is his attitude toward his employees?"

"Did you ever hear the story of the traveler who was lost on the Texas plains?" was the reply. "He came upon a sheep-herder who was even more rejoiced to see him than the traveler was to find shelter. In the morning the visitor shaved himself, as was his custom, and the herder watched him enviously, stroking a heavy beard the while.

"'Stranger, I haven't been shaved for five months,' he observed, 'and I'd like powerful well to have this sage-brush of mine mowed.'

"'I should be delighted to let you use my razor,' returned the guest with more politeness than sincerity.

"'That's kind of you, stranger; but I couldn't work it nohow. Don't you think you could shave me?'

"The other protested that he had never shaved any one but himself and he was afraid to make the experiment. The herder persisted, and with many misgivings the visitor started in. The result was far worse than he had feared. The herder stoically endured the butchery, as one whose gameness was being put to the test. When it was over he looked in the little mirror, brushed his left hand lightly over his lacerated, bleeding face while the other toyed with the butt of his revolver; then he remarked regretfully:

"'I wished I knowed if you done your best.'"

Miss Folla La Follette, the daughter of Governor La Follette, of Wisconsin, has inherited some of her father's quick wit and audacity. She was passing a collection plate one day, when she was waved away by a man distinguished for his wealth and parsimony.

"Nothing," he said gruffly, "I have nothing."

"Take something, then," the young woman replied; "this collection is for the poor, you know."

When P. T. Barnum was at the head of his "great moral show" it was his rule to send complimentary tickets to clergymen, and the custom is continued to this day. Not long after the Rev. Dr. Walker succeeded to the pastorate of the Rev. Dr. Hawkes in Hartford, there came to the parsonage, addressed to Dr. Hawkes, tickets for the circus with the compliments of the famous showman. Dr. Walker studied the tickets for a moment and then remarked:

"Dr. Hawkes is dead and Mr. Barnum is dead; evidently they haven't met."

Senator Mark Hanna was famous for his homely, pointed stories, many of which were his own invention, but none of them was better than his reply to a reporter who asked him if he would consent to be a candidate for the presidential nomination against President Roosevelt.

"Did you ever hear the story of the two skunks?" he asked. "They were sitting by the roadside one day when a big automobile came whizzing along, leaving a trail of gasoline that was blown down on the animals. Whereupon one skunk turned to the other and remarked in a tone of utter disgust:

"'Say, what's the use!'"

Thomas W. Lawson was illustrating the gullibility of the public in accepting worthless stocks.

"It reminds me of Washington White and his watch," he said. "Washington is a Boston colored man. A friend met him in an elevated train where Washington was rocking back and forth like a man who has trouble in his midst.

"'How do, Washington?' said the friend.

"'How do, Calhoun?' returned Washington, continuing his rocking.

"'You hain't sick, be you?'

"'No, indeed, Calhoun, I ain't enjoyin' no bad health.'

"'Then why in the name o' common sense is you cavortin' back and forth dataway?'

"Not for a single beat did Washington check his regular oscillation as he answered:

"'Calhoun, you know Jerome McWade? Well, he done sold me a silver watch for three dollars, and if I stops movin' like dish yere de watch don't go no more.'"

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President Roosevelt is now compelled to take up the burden of the fine old yarn of the schoolboy who was compelled to "speak a piece" and selected that good old juvenile standby, "Marco Bozzaris," which begins:

"At midnight, in his guarded tent,
The Turk lay dreaming of the hour
When Greece, her knees in suppliance bent,
Should tremble at his power."

Boldly, determinedly, the future president started his recitation:

"At midnight, in his guarded tent,
The Turk lay dreaming of the hour
When Greece, her knees——"

Lapse of memory, that awful bugaboo of the youthful mind, brought him up short. He drew a long breath and started the line again:

"When Greece, her knees——"

The treacherous words still eluded him. Again he tried:

"Greece, her knees——"

He was floundering hopelessly, but still he would not give up:

"Greece, her knees——"

It was useless; he could not go on, and yet he would not sit down and acknowledge himself beaten. While the other scholars tittered the master mildly suggested:

"Grease her knees once more, Theodore, and maybe she will go."

A traveler entered the dining-room of a leading hotel in Colorado Springs on Saturday, and after he was served with soup he drew a two-dollar bill from his pocket and showed it to the waiter, saying:

"Jim, I shall be here until next Wednesday night and then this will be yours."

"All right, sir, I'll take the best care of you, sure," replied the waiter.

And he did serve the traveler excellently. It happened that on Wednesday morning the traveler was hastily summoned to Denver and it was six weeks before he returned to the Colorado Springs hotel. Presently his former waiter, whom he had forgotten along with the incident, came up to him and said:

"Say, boss, please play that two-dollar trick on your new waiter, for he's de meanes' man what's in de whole house."

Dr. Thomas P. Hunter, principal of the New York Normal School, maintained to train young women as teachers, evidently thinks, as did Henry Ward Beecher, that the average young woman looks upon teaching school as a temporary occupation while waiting to see what the Lord will send her. Dr. Hunter is fond of telling a story about two young women who met after a long separation.

"I am taking a course in the normal college," said one of them; "I am going to teach school."

"Teach school!" exclaimed the other. "Why, I would rather marry a widower with seven children."

"Where's the widower?" was the prompt demand.

Mrs. "Stonewall" Jackson, widow of the famous Confederate general, who now lives in Charlotte, N. C., was chaffing a lawyer of her acquaintance about the fees demanded by members of his profession.

"Still, there are occasions when a lawyer isn't the chief beneficiary of a suit," said Mrs. Jackson. "I know of one instance. A friend of mine in Virginia sued a railroad company for damages and secured a verdict for $50,000, which was paid; and the whole amount is now in bank subject to her order. Her counsel didn't get a penny of it."

"How was that?"

"She found the only way of outwitting him."

"What did she do?"

"She married the lawyer."

Thomas B. Reed once telegraphed a man to meet him in Pittsburg and the recipient, wishing to escape what he feared might be an unpleasant interview, took advantage of interrupted communication due to heavy rains, and replied:

"Sorry I cannot get to Pittsburg. Washout on line."

Mr. Reed wired back:

"Don't mind a little thing like that. Buy a new shirt and come on."

The man kept the appointment.

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STRAIGHT TALK

By EVERYBODY'S READERS

If at any time there are any statements in EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE which you believe to be incorrect, or any views expressed to which you take exception, or any subject discussed upon which you can throw additional light, write to us. We shall not be able to publish all the letters. Do not write at too great length. We may use excerpts from your letter and sign your name unless otherwise instructed. For every letter which we are able to publish we will present the writer, as evidence of our appreciation and in no sense as compensation, with a year's subscription to EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE, to be sent to the writer of the letter, or any one selected by the writer.—THE EDITOR.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS VS. HOME TRAINING

THE question raised by E. W. B. in your July number is interesting. Of course there is some truth in the assertion that children of cultured parents must come into contact in our public schools in many places with boys and girls who are beneath them, and it is nowhere more true than in the country, where all the children in the community must attend one school.

The fact remains that no conditions on earth develop such stalwart manhood and womanhood as the country schools of America. Garfield and Lincoln are only types of thousands of others of like character. The men and the women who lead in business and professional life and in society in our cities are from the country and from the common school.

The fact is we do not want to develop dolls, but strong boys and girls. The boys and girls who make strong men are not the ones that are brought up amid the pampering of the private home school, who do not know that evil exists nor what it is and so fall at the first temptation, but those who are brought up where they get a sight of evil and are taught to avoid it and rise above it. Innocence is good, but virtue is better. Virtue will be developed only among those who overcome.

Theodore Roosevelt has set a fine example by sending his children to the public school.

Cleveland, Ohio. S. H. B.

WHAT ARE SHAMS?

IN "Straight Talk," you have formed a wonderful bond between EVERYBODY'S and its readers.

Mrs. R. H. T., writing in the June number, has forgotten that shams, as well as everything else, are only so by comparison.

To me, as to many another housewife, the fact that I can't afford cut glass, mahogany tables, expensive paintings, etc., etc., does not mean that there are not many attractive and practical substitutes for the same, which in truth are "just as good," especially where they are subject to the strenuous association of active boys and girls who feel that home belongs to them, and that things are to be enjoyed and cared for by them as well as their parents.

The shams I want my children to know and avoid are those of company manners and Sunday religion.

Joplin, Mo. C. A.

ATHLETICS IN THE SMALL COLLEGE

I READ with much interest and approval the article in the July number of EVERYBODY'S on athletics at Yale, and wish to say that it is solid truth from beginning to end. I wish that some people who worry over the harm done by athletics and the conflict of football with school work would look it up and profit by the examples and statistics there given.

But there is another side to the story. For every one of those large colleges, there are five small ones, which, while they have athletics, and perhaps place great store by them, yet do not have the money to put on coaches, doctors, and so on.

There is a small college near D—— in which I have taken some little interest these last two years and which I think I know quite well. This college—and it *is* a college, not a "prep" school—boasted a football, a baseball, and a basket-ball team last year. The baseball team played well, but there were but five college men on it. The others were outsiders who came to play for practise. Of those five, all but one were deficient in their work at the end of the term.

On the basket-ball squad, there were twelve men. There was one, however, who should never have played such a strenuous game, as he was subject to a weakness of the heart. But the college did not know of it, and probably would have done nothing if it had. Every fellow on that team smoked a pipe or cigarettes. One fellow had smoked so much

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that he had lost his wind and could scarcely play ten minutes at a time. Are those men helped or hindered by athletics?

It is all very well to say to the larger, richer schools, "Put stress on your athletics. Nothing builds the boy up like it," but that advice should not be made general. If the care taken of the boy (for the average boy will not realize the care which he must take of himself) does not equal the amount of energy expended, and the corresponding waste, then, by all means, drop the athletics before the young manhood is ruined; and the faculty is the means to stop it. M. R.

CHILDREN'S RIGHTS IN BUSTER BROWN

I WISH to speak a word of appreciation of the article of Mr. Roy L. McCardell in the June issue of EVERYBODY'S on "Opper, Outcault and Company." We were given an excellent and instructive lesson on something that probably we all regard too lightly—the comic supplement in the newspapers. We saw the red blood of real men pulsing through the veins of Buster Brown, Happy Hooligan, the Katzenjammer Kids, and a host of others, that probably we should never have seen had it not been for this sketch of the men who create them. By subordinating all that's gloomy and serious in life and making us forget ourselves for the time being, they give us wholesome lessons if we but read them aright.

Recently I spent some months in a Texas city and while there had occasion to be at the library quite a good deal. I was a constant reader of the newspapers on file, and noticed time and again that the papers most eagerly sought by every one were those with the colored comic supplement. Crowds of poor little children flocked in every day to read and look at these sections, until it finally became necessary to place a sign above each paper with the supplement, that children under fifteen years of age would not be allowed to read them without special permission from the office. It was pathetic to see the children stand behind the chairs and cast sidelong glances at their friends of the comic pages, to see what predicament they had gotten into the week previous. Many of the children were very poor—too poor perhaps to buy the papers—and their only opportunity for such diversion was after school for probably an hour or more. It seemed a pity that they were denied this pleasure. I hope that there are no more such signs in the United States; if there are, why not take them down and give the children a chance to keep track of their friends? N. O. F.

Ramsay, Miss.

A WOULD-BE FOSTER-MOTHER'S PLEA

THE letter in your April issue signed E. F. W. gave me much pleasure and satisfaction, and has been reread with interest. The writer is at heart a mother, although she has been denied the blessing of an own child.

One who has not experienced the pang, can little realize the bitterness of a knowledge that the flesh-and-blood child so longed for will never be. I know that there are many women who have gone through life craving the love of a little one, and smothering the disappointment and regret, quite unsuspected by others.

I am thirty years of age and have been married nearly seven years. Four years ago I learned that I could never be a mother, and the blow was almost a killing one. My husband, who has an equally strong love and desire for children, agreed that we should somehow, somewhere, find a child to take the place of our little lost "dream baby." The plan was to adopt one, give her (we wished a girl) our name, and devote to her the same care and affection an own child would have had. We both feel we could love the little one very dearly, and our home is incomplete without her. Why have we not adopted her? Because, though upon four occasions in a little less than as many years we have been about to take the step, we have been frightened, so to speak, out of it by well-meaning friends in whom we had confided. We were told by people (several of them "real" mothers) older and wiser than we, that the risk was too great, that "we should surely regret it," "we were bound to be disappointed," "no good could come of it," etc. Although I have several friends who are child-loving but childless, I have never known any one who has adopted a little one, and to whom I could turn. Of course we should like to find an orphan of good parentage and blood, but, though the asylums are full of sweet little creatures belonging to this class, we never could find sufficient information to satisfy us. Three of the little ones we considered were illegitimate, and at this our friends held up hands in horror. I am told that many people do adopt children—how I should like to know some of the results! Cannot we have some letters on both sides of the subject in your "Straight Talk"? It seems to me that the matter calls for a great deal of thought and consideration. We might learn some lessons on the subject of "environment versus heredity." Will not some others who *have* "done likewise," let us hear from them? MRS. E. S. E.

Oakland, Cal.

THE PLAYERS

As you have offered us a chance to talk back, I wish to criticize a certain feature of your magazine; however, yours is not the only one guilty. A number of others commit a like offense every month.

Why is it that each month you devote about ten pages of your magazine to the players and theatrical profession, when you give no other profession such a prominent running notice? There are many other trades and professions that are as deserving as this one. The teacher, the doctor, the farmer, the engineer, and the many others get no write-up each month, but only occasional attention when one of their members brings himself and his trade into public notice. An occasional article devoted to this subject would be perfectly correct, but each month the stage talk and the many photographs of persons in gaudy costumes and make-ups are a feature that after a while becomes "yellow." Of the many thousands of your readers who are deeply interested in "Frenzied Finance" and "The Yellow Car—the Bandit of Commerce," not ten per cent. of those living outside of the great cities ever read these pages devoted to the stage. These people, because of their remoteness, are not able to attend a rendition of the great productions that those of the city are treated to, they never come under the spell of the actors; hence it is all foreign to them and soon has a sameness from month to month.

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Please understand that I have nothing against the players or their profession, but look up to them. It is your partiality. The space given to them could be devoted to matter decidedly more interesting and beneficial as well as pleasing to the masses of your readers. J. B

Nocona, Texas.

THAT GAY AND FESTIVE BACHELOR

Is he a genuine normal product, or only an abnormal monstrosity? Is it up to him honestly to perpetuate his kind and does he live up to his principles, or does he supply the delights which his realm lacks by poaching upon the preserves of others, mentally or physically? If he lives an honest life, without wronging the opposite sex, does he fairly meet the requirements of his existence or does he shy them, and shirk the real natural responsibilities of a normal man? Speaking from the standpoint of one who has for more than a half century stood at the head of a large family of children and grandchildren, it seems to me that one who has never intimately shared his joys and sorrows, his pleasures and hardships, his likes and dislikes, his labors and restings with one of the other sex, whose gentle hand and encouraging word can alone ease the pain and give relief in sickness and adversity, can hardly comprehend the real import of life. Pleasure for one seems to me to lack the whole import of real pleasure. When forced to travel alone, or unattended by my life companion, my journeyings have lost half their pleasure and profit. A real sensible man, unless very unfortunate in his choice of a helpmeet, does much toward shaping to his own ideas the woman with whom he lives, and often the woman does as much or more in the same line for the man, proof of which is sometimes seen in the fact that two who have lived for many years together on terms of love and sympathy have grown to look wonderfully alike. However much a man accomplishes, as orator, writer, or searcher into nature's mysteries, usually there is a woman in the case. Of the cloud, so to speak, that a man raises in the world, the silver lining and the finer lines are always the work of woman. No loyal and loving posterity will ever rise up to bless the lone bachelor and hallow his memory. He will never see his descendants come to honor and usefulness. The place that now knows him will soon forget that such an unfortunate ever existed.

Florence, Neb. O. F. L'A.

ARE THE TIMBER LAWS FOR THE RICH?

While absolutely nothing can be said in defense of the West Coast Land Grafters, there is much to be said in favor of some men who have taken up homesteads and who, after proving up, sold them for a good price to lumbermen who wanted them and who could make a large profit, in time, by sawing up and selling the timber on them; in favor of homesteaders, too, who, when they filed on their homesteads, *intended* to sell them as soon as they could get as good prices for them as they thought they ought.

In the white-pine region of Latah and adjoining counties in the State of Idaho the timber is very valuable, but the land is not and never will be valuable for agriculture. Where the land is very stony, it could be, and in many cases has been, taken up under the stone and timber land law, but even that required an outlay, all told, of not less than six hundred dollars—a sum out of the reach of a poor man unless he ould borrow it. Though the timber is prospectively so valuable, no man could, even if allowed (which he is not), while living on it previously to proving up, *sell* any of it so as to meet expenses.

A few years ago there lived in this city a man (he is dead now) who made it his business, for a consideration, to locate men on white-pine lands, both as homesteaders and as stone and timber land buyers. In the case of poor men who could not command the necessary means, if, in his judgment, he could rely upon them to pay it back with interest (ten per cent., I think it was), he would loan them the necessary amount of money for as long a time as they thought they would need it. He did not want the land himself and, so far as I know, never acquired any in that way. Take a typical case:

A man borrowed the necessary money from him and was located by him. The man took up his homestead wholly for his own benefit, though he knew that it was altogether unfit for a permanent residence for a family and that he would, in all probability, have to sell it in order to pay the loan. He met the requirements of the law, proved up, and before his note was due sold the land to a big lumber company for six thousand dollars—a net profit to himself of five thousand dollars, with which he bought a homestead where he and his family *could* live comfortably the remainder of their lives if they so desired. This man, without a doubt, would be still making a very scanty living at day labor if he had not done this. If he did wrong, the homestead and the stone and timber land laws are not in the interest of poor men, but of the rich, and only those who are able to live independently of the land they own can own *any* land as things are now in this country. T. H.

Moscow, Idaho.

TWELVE GOOD MEN AND TRUE

In writing "The Victim of Acquittal," in March Everybody's, the author seemed to overlook the fact that in nearly all of our States, before the man can be tried for his life, there must be a presentation from a "Grand Jury" of twelve men, who after hearing all evidence available, are of the opinion, under the warning of an oath, that the man charged has been guilty of murder, or some lesser degree of homicide. Grand Juries very frequently refuse to indict, for all men seem to recognize that there are justifiable cases of homicide. Texas is no worse than other States on this score.

It is truly unfortunate for the accused that he is sometimes tried when there is no show of conviction, but this is not a common thing. The end of all punishment is to protect society and to reform the offender. The fact that a man may be tried for an act, even though he has good reason to believe he will be acquitted, is a powerful safeguard that he will not take the risk, involving both danger and expense; should he be allowed his expenses incurred in the trial, one bulwark of the public would be torn away. Too many men know just how to interpret the hip-pocket movement so that they may be safe in construing it into an attempt to kill them, and thus

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gratify an old grudge. Murder is a thing to be deplored, crime of any kind is to be condemned, but in those cases where there is almost a certainty of acquittal the State's Attorney will do all in his power to prevent a bill of indictment being found; it is not honor, neither doth it profit him, to lose a case; for his fees are in the great majority of cases dependent upon conviction. Most men accused of murder are guilty of some degree of homicide. The innocent ones, who are so rare that it is dangerous to set the precedent of reimbursement, we must trust our juries to separate for us. When a man is found guilty, it is by twenty-four men, both Grand and Petit jury, and very frequently by a higher court. As for the victim of circumstantial evidence, he has my sympathy, but even in his case, the evidence must show "a chain of facts and circumstances analogous to those pursued by an ordinary man under the circumstances which exclude every hypothesis other than the defendant's guilt"; these "victims" are very scarce.

Canyon City, Texas. R. A. S.

THE AIR BATH

THE plaint of "H. M. M.," in the March number, that he thinks himself unable in safety to take a cold bath before the heater is in working order of a cold winter morning, brings up a very important question, but one very little noticed by the average reader. As he says, these directions for health are not always applicable to all conditions and to all persons and temperaments. Many persons read some article telling how Mr. So-and-so achieved a high degree of health and a wonderfully robust constitution, and immediately go and do likewise, blindly expecting to reap the same results. I have known of many cases where serious injury has been done in this way, the person never suspecting the real cause of his disability until it is drawn from him by his physician's persistent questioning. Persons have been severely injured even by so-called physical culture instructors, who, with but a smattering of the special knowledge, and totally lacking in the fundamental principles of physiology, foist themselves upon an unsuspecting and enthusiastic public.

As a substitute for the cold plunge, I would recommend the air bath and dry brush. Stripping, the body is vigorously brushed with a brush not too stiff, followed by a brisk rub with a Turkish towel. This supplies the stimulus to circulation without so severe a shock, and has proved successful in many cases, and in states as far separated as South Florida and Wisconsin; and following a night's rest without the underclothing worn during the day, will prove very refreshing.

But in any case, consult your family physician, who is trained in such matters, and is far more competent to judge in your case than is the expert at a distance. F. F., A.B., D.D.

Portage, Wis.

THE QUIET LIFE OVERDONE

MISS BENSLEY'S reflections on the Woodmans, in "Experiences of a Nursery Governess," in the February issue of your magazine, impressed me very much, because I know what social isolation is. It is not easy to convey to others the anxiety, the heartaches, the wounded pride that my brothers and sisters and myself have experienced on account of it. We have the shaping of our lives in our own hands, now, but in some respects we cannot escape from the effects of the way we were raised.

One thing our secluded life has done for us is to unfit us for the society of other young people. We are odd as compared with other young people. We feel it keenly. My sister, who sought a position in another city for social advantages, confided to me sadly that she did not seem to "take" with the young people; that she was more popular with the older people. Although she wanted to be one with the young people, there was a restraint, she said; she did not feel easy with them, and she felt like a fish out of water with young men.

Our dear parents, like Mr. and Mrs. Woodman, cared nothing for society. Naturally domestic and retiring, their home and their children were their world. They did not foresee, when we were young, the mistake for them and us of living apart from others. They see it now, but they cannot know fully how it has affected us young people, or they cannot *feel* it as we do. They have been saddened by their children leaving home, one by one, while at the same time they have recognized it was for our interests to do so.

A married sister who was home on a visit Christmas said to me one day as we were walking out, "L—, it makes me sad, it makes me lonesome to come out. I would rather stay strictly at home, and only for you folks (meaning the three at home) I should never come back here. To think we have lived here so long, and nobody knows us and we know nobody, except by name." Then she went on to say that S— (and she had been married and living there but little over a year), seemed more like home to her than the place where she had been born and raised.

Out of the experience of my life I have learned this lesson: It is not only for our happiness, but it is for our good in every way to mingle with others. We *need* the spur, the friction, the variation of association and rubbing up with our fellow kind, and we cannot live in a full sense without it. L. P.

Macon, Mo.

THE SHOES DON'T FIT

DOES Miss Bensley not know that "Gold is wherever we find it," and that her rules for the rearing of certain children would in most cases be useless?

In the February number of EVERYBODY'S her article deals with conditions that most of us would consider nearly ideal, but she spoils it all by telling us that these children, reared in the country, when they mature will be unfit for life's battles. Does she not know that many who reached the highest peak were reared still closer in the lap of Mother Nature? I, for one, think that she would be very much surprised if she should see these children, that she believes there is no hope for, twenty years later. The most of us have seen the meanest mannered children blossom into gentlemen and gentlewomen, also the traditional minister's son become a drunkard, and the drunkard's son, a gentleman.

Her experiences are very interesting, but I am afraid that if we use the shoes that she has made for our children to walk in, we shall find most of them poorly fitted. F. W. P.

Sand Lake, Mich.

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SHOULD SHE WEAR SHOULDER-STRAPS?

I CAN see no reason for Miss Bensley's surprise at finding she was expected to wear "white aprons with shoulder-straps" in her position as nursery governess.

I have had many nursery governesses within the last ten years, have never expected them to know much history or higher mathematics, and have always required them to wear print gowns in the morning and black in the evening, with "white aprons with shoulder-straps," white caps and collars and cuffs, and, needless to say, they were not (wearing an apron) asked to the family table, but treated much as were those employed by Mrs. Sartain. There were few, if any, objections raised by the girls, and many of my friends have had similar experiences.

Indianapolis, Ind. MRS. C. H. A.

STUFFED TO DEATH

IT is a notable fact that most physicians resort to a mode of treatment for consumptives that would make a healthy person sick; that is, stuffing them with food. No wonder consumptives have no inclination for work or exercise, if they are to be stuffed with food every few hours. It takes what little energy they possess to dispose of the food they take into the system.

The feeding of sick people by the medical profession is an evil that causes half of the deaths in this country. It looks like disgraceful ignorance for a doctor to prolong sickness by feeding sick people.

Every doctor knows, or should know, that when a person is sick, cell growth is suspended and food is not needed; if food is taken into the system when there is no need for it, there is no secretion of gastric juice, consequently it remains undigested for an indefinite time, adding irritation to the general diseased state of the body.

The amount of gastric juice secreted depends on the requirements of the system and not on the quantity of food taken into the stomach; in consumptive cases this is most important to be remembered, since, after the fluid secreted has dissolved all it can, any excess of food must remain undigested, pass into the intestines in a crude state, and become a source of pain and irritation until it is expelled.

Exercise and work do more to help a consumptive get well, while overfeeding helps to send the subject more quickly to the "happy hunting-grounds."

Learning how to breathe properly is the best treatment for people with weak lungs; this fact seems to be lost sight of by most doctors.

Chicago, Ill. J. B. K.

THE SALT AIR CURE

RELATIVELY few people realize that ninety per cent. of our crippled children are cripples because of the ravages of the same germ which causes consumption. Not knowing the intermediate steps, they fail to see any connection between an early fall or bruise and a later development of clubfoot, misshapen spine, enlarged glands, or running sores on the thigh.

Even physicians have been slow to establish this relation. While it is estimated that there are from fifty to seventy-five thousand little sufferers from this form of the white plague in the United States, it was not until June, 1904, that the healing effect of out-of-door life at the seashore was tried in this country. Since that time the New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor has been conducting such an experiment near Sea Breeze, its Fresh Air Home, at Coney Island. Its purpose is described as fourfold: 1. To cure permanently the forty little sufferers chosen for the experiment. 2. To prove that it is possible, by salt air treatment and proper food, to cure even the more desperate cases. 3. To convince consumptive adults that their neglect of simple precautions inflicts upon their helpless children another dreadful form of their own malady. 4. To attract the attention of philanthropists, private hospitals, and city officials to the importance of the experiment.

The treatment is simple—plenty of sleep, nourishing food, life out of doors; during playtime and study, eating and sleeping, all the fresh air that Nature will give. Last winter I saw tender babies bundled in their cribs on the veranda on coldest winter days; I saw children asleep in all the wards on a blustering winter night while the snow was forming in miniature drifts on the floor, coming in through the wide-open windows. Rows of pink noses between woolen nightcaps and blankets were all that told of the covered treasure within. Nature was at work, and, aided by the nurses' skilful dressings and the protective casts and braces made by the physician in charge, she was being given a chance.

How she has improved her chance is attested best by the results, which have already exceeded anticipations. Children who were bound to steel frames have now discarded them; some who were wearing braces now go without them; children who had to be carried about now have strength to walk. Cases which the city hospitals had given up as hopeless are now on the road to recovery. One boy could only get about by lying flat upon his stomach on a movable cart; the other day his photograph was taken while he was enjoying the swings on the beach. A girl three years old came from a hospital to prepare to have her foot amputated; that foot has been saved. One girl of thirteen has gained thirty-five pounds. A boy of twelve, who had been operated upon repeatedly for six and a half years for running wounds in his ankle, now has a sound and useful foot.

A celebrated physician recently declared, "Ten dollars spent on sea air cure will do more than fifty dollars in the city." Physicians known the world over thoroughly indorse the experiment. Among them are Drs. Virgil P. Gibney, Herman M. Biggs, John Winters Brannan, Royal Whitman, and Henry L. Taylor.

Those most interested in this work at Sea Breeze maintain that the cure of children, because the most appealing, is the logical starting-point for a campaign against tuberculosis. It is hoped that the near future will see many hospitals of the kind instituted along our shores.

Particulars concerning the origin of bone tuberculosis and its sea air treatment will be given to the readers of EVERYBODY'S who may care to apply to the resident surgeon, Charlton D. Wallace, M.D., Sea Breeze, Coney Island.

New York. F. E. W.

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THE GREATEST TRUST IN THE WORLD

By CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Mr. Russell's narrative of "The Greatest Trust in the World" was completed in the August issue. The following postscript to his series of articles has been made advisable by the Beef Trust's interestingly circuitous efforts—by means of disguised advertisements in newspapers and illegal cooperation with the Republican machine—to nullify the effect on the public mind of Mr. Russell's incontrovertible charges.

IN the foregoing chapters I have labored to show that the existence of a power like this, independent of and superior to law, immune against punishment and preying upon the public, amounts to a denial of the republican form of government. So far as this fact is concerned, how the power was obtained and how it is exercised can make no difference. The results are precisely the same, and so is the significance of the results, whether they are secured by open violence or by the subtle corruption of campaign subscriptions and of political influence. The only difference is that if the Beef Trust operated by open violence instead of by covert "pull," the outraged nation would know what to do. Indeed, armed men controlling the courts by overawing them would be a preferable situation, for it would last no longer than the time required for the people to rise and find weapons. But secret agents thwarting justice and nullifying the laws by the almost undiscoverable methods of partisan politics, exercised through the most respectable men—how shall we deal with a condition like that?

Yet it is plainly just as bad to have public officers compelled by party loyalty or political obligations to the support and defense of a criminal organization like the Beef Trust as it would be to have them coerced by physical fear—at least as bad. In either case the outcome of the coercion is the same. We are slow to accept the view that these conditions are medieval and that the official apologists for the trusts are exactly like the baronial henchmen and mercenaries of the feudal system; yet on impartial examination the parallel is sufficiently startling. The predatory purpose and the lawless conditions are duplicated; security and immunity are similarly maintained; and the perversion of justice and government shows but this difference, that along the Rhine it was obtained by the fear of mailed men and with us by the fear of withdrawn campaign subscriptions.

Since the beginning of these papers there have been two conspicuous illustrations of the strange secret power of the Beef Trust to influence, through respectable channels, the regular organs of public opinion and the operations of government. The first was the report of Commissioner Garfield, fully discussed in the June number of this magazine. The second involves a story, which, if I may be pardoned for the personal element necessarily involved, I should like to relate here.

In the May instalment of "The Greatest Trust in the World," I related the appalling losses wrought by the Beef Trust upon the cattle-raisers and cattle-feeders of Western States, instancing in particular Iowa, Nebraska, South Dakota, and Montana. I explained in detail how this disaster was brought about by abnormal and continued manipulations of the cattle-market, and why, in these regions, the condition of the country banks was an unfailing index of the extent of that manipulation. I then gave a list of about forty country banks in Iowa that had failed in two years of Beef Trust domination, and pointed out that while some of these had been ruined by

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private speculation and by other causes, the total number of failures, larger than in a period of panic, showed conclusively the wide-spread evil wrought to producer as well as to consumer by the abnormality of a controlled market.

The May number of EVERYBODY'S was on sale in Iowa on April 20th. For thirty days the chapter of the story that dealt with Iowa and the Iowa banks was read in every part of the State and the only comment aroused anywhere was of entire approval. The main facts asserted therein were incontrovertible, being based on official reports; they had, in fact, been printed, with much the same conclusions, in, I suppose, 150 or 200 newspapers, and nobody had objected to them. But on May 20th came out the chapters that dealt with Mr. Garfield's report, and almost at once a very curious transformation went along a certain line of Western newspapers and politicians. It was now discovered, thirty days after date, that my publishing of the list of failed banks was "a slander on the people of Iowa"; that if the banks did fail it was not right to say anything about them; that anyway they did not fail because of the Beef Trust, but for other reasons, and the suggestion was adroitly advanced that the person that published the list could not be worthy of any confidence, and therefore what he said about the Garfield report had better be rejected.

Now to one attentively observing the course of these comments they presented some very interesting phases. Obviously enough, they were made on a signal from some source. Without exception they were made by newspapers and men that bore certain intimate relations to the Republican machine. In some cases they appeared in the very newspapers that had printed and supported the list and furnished the information on which it was based. To one that knew the inside workings of the Republican organization the whole performance was infinitely diverting. One could hear the very pulleys creak and see the puppets dallying and watch the strings that led from this and that to the Central Trust Company in Chicago and the Packers' Department of Political Activity and Campaign Subscriptions.

the world."

Are the Packers Receiving Fair Play?

When the Garfield report on the business methods of the packers appeared, after eight months' investigation, it was severely criticised and roundly denounced. After three months of publicity it is significant that those who attempted to discredit it have failed to controvert the figures contained in that exhaustive document. The public is beginning to notice this omission, and the feeling is rapidly growing that the sensational charges out of which the "Beef Investigation" arose were without foundation. If the official statements of the report are susceptible of contradiction, a good many people are now asking why the facts and figures are not furnished to contradict them.

The truth seems to be that most of the charges contain unfounded sensational assertions. A flagrant example of this appeared in a recent article in an Eastern magazine, to the effect that "forty Iowa banks were forced to close their doors in 1903-4 by the Beef Trust's manipulation of cattle prices." Chief Clerk Cox, of the banking department of the Iowa State Auditor's office, has tabulated the list of banks given in the magazine article and has publicly denounced the statement as utterly untrue. He gives separately the reasons for each failure mentioned and officially states that they have been caused by unwise speculations and by reckless banking methods. It may be well to suspend judgment upon the packers until the charges against them are proved. Adv.

FACSIMILE REPRODUCTION OF "EDITORIAL" PUBLISHED IN THE *AUDUBON* (IOWA) *ADVOCATE* AND OTHER WESTERN NEWSPAPERS. THE LETTERS "*ADV.*" AT THE END SHOW THAT THE "EDITORIAL" WAS PAID FOR, AND REPRESENTS ONE EFFORT OF THE BEEF TRUST AGENTS TO COMBAT MR. RUSSELL'S ARTICLES IN "*EVERYBODY'S.*"

Nothing was so important to the Beef Trust as to have the Garfield report sustained. It was relied upon to allay public clamor and avert hostile action; it had not been easy to obtain in its final shape, and when we re-

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member that the president of the Packers' Trust Company is also Western manager and Western treasurer of the Republican party, the rest of the affair should seem reasonably plain.

As to the substance of these machine-made attacks on the bank-list and its author, they hardly seem worth bothering about. The facts I published about the failures were carefully investigated and verified and are not open to question, and for the conclusion that most of the failures were caused by the Beef Trust's manipulation of the cattle-market I have indubitable authority. The charge that to make known the facts about the failures was to slander the people of Iowa was merely infantile. I am myself an Iowan, and whatever other errors I may commit, I shall at least strive to avoid slandering my own people.

Simultaneously with these cheerful tactics, the Trust sent out representatives to go quickly from town to town in the West placing advertisements in the local newspapers. "Swift's Pride Soap" and "Armour's Star Ham" have never been one-tenth so widely advertised. You could trace the progress of the Trust agents through the cattle country by the appearance of such advertisements where they had never appeared before. The real purpose of this novel tour was made clear in cases where the advertisement was accompanied or followed by an editorial upholding the Garfield report and denouncing EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE. The fact that these editorials were of identical wording and that sometimes they appeared with "adv." at the end of them is all I need say of them to the intelligent mind. It is a gratifying comment on the integrity of our press that the number of newspapers that were bribed in this way was comparatively small, but the number upon which the bribing was in one way or another attempted must have been very large.

But the main reliance of the Trust was upon an article upholding and defending the Garfield report and written ostensibly for the Des Moines *Register and Leader* by Mr. George E. Roberts. Who is George E. Roberts? Professional politician of Iowa, handy man for the machine, and Director of the United States Mint. What are his claims to expert knowledge of the cattle industry or the business of the packers? Nothing. What, then, brings him into the field of this controversy? To know that, you must go back again to the strings and wires. Mr. Roberts's article filled four or five columns in the *Register and Leader*. If you will believe me, it consisted of nothing but reiterations of the main statements of the Garfield report, apparently made with the idea that if those astonishing assertions were only enough times repeated, people might begin to believe them. Thus, Mr. Garfield having caused everybody familiar with the subject to shriek with laughter by asserting that the packers' profits are merely trifling, Mr. Roberts, good, faithful man, proceeds, with the utmost solemnity and without a particle of proof, to parrot that statement. It is time to have done, once and for all, with this nonsense. I suppose the human mind was never occupied with a feebler conceit. If the packers' profits were small and their business unproductive, would they now be defending those profits and that business with the most elaborate, intricate, and costly system of espionage and influence ever known in commerce? If their profits were small, could they make those monstrous investments in stock-yards and packing-plants that have given them the sole command of every cattle-market in America? If their profits were small, would they continue to extend and amplify their business? If their profits have been small, whence has come the money with which they have bought railroads, trolley lines, electric light and gas plants, banks, trust companies, newspapers, elevators, factories, grain companies, private car lines, leather trusts, department stores, until they have become the most diversified and among the largest capitalists in the world? On the basis of the alleged figures of profit given by Mr. Garfield it can be demonstrated in black and white that already in this year the packers have spent in exporting witnesses, publishing extraordinary advertisements, hiring extraordinary attorneys, getting control of cattlemen's associations, hiring detectives, and using influence, three times as much money as they will make in the entire year—if Mr. Garfield is correct. Is it necessary to be idiotic to prove our loyalty to our party? No outsider knows or can know the real profits of the real Trust. The talk of having seen any "books" that show these profits is mere fantastic dreaming, for the simple reason that to exhibit such books would convict of criminal offenses all the members of the Trust and forty or fifty of the foremost railroad officers of the United States. That being the case, we might as well drop this phase of the inquiry.

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The real origin and impulse of Mr. Roberts's contribution to literature may be judged from the fact that the Trust immediately reprinted it in hundreds of thousands of copies and scattered it broadcast, a fact not at all astonishing to those that recognized in it the long familiar earmarks of the industrious Swift literary bureau, famous in song and story. An incidental humor of the affair is that some weeks after the Trust had favored the mails with Mr. Roberts's effusion, a copy of it fell into the possession of that sour old organ of Bourbon reaction and feudalism, the New York *Evening Post*, which proceeded, with senile self-applause, to print the document, unaware that everything it contained might have been had months before in the report of Commissioner Garfield, which it was therefore convicted of defending without reading.

All these things, to be sure, make merely for the refreshing of all men capable of seeing one inch beyond their noses. The Trust would not go to all this expense and pull all these wires and make all these marionettes dance if it were not rattled and alarmed, and that it is alarmed is a sign of great hope and joy. We have still in this country a public opinion capable of terrifying the biggest thieves, and so long as that exists, the eventual triumph of the good cause is secure. Nobody believed the advertisements of the Trust. Nobody believed that the people of Iowa had been slandered. Nobody, not even the editor of the *Evening Post*, lost in medieval dreams and outworn ideas, really believed Mr. Roberts. Nothing came of all the Trust flounderings and maneuverings, except a clear revelation to the country that the foundation-stone of the huge evil of Trust domination is the union of rotten business with rotten politics. And the lesson is timely and wholesome.

But one other aspect of these affairs is of even graver significance to every citizen. Here is a great criminal organization, utterly illegal in its inception, utterly illegal in its operation, defying the courts, an active and pestilent public enemy. The works of this organization are to increase to every household the cost of living, to decrease to a very large number of producers the normal income from their toil. And here are two officers of the Government, two servants of the people, going out of their way to defend this great criminal and to divert from it the public indignation it has justly aroused. What business is it of the Commissioner of Corporations to tell the people of the United States not to complain because their meat bills increase, and the cattle-raisers not to complain because cattle prices decline? What business is it of the Director of the United States Mint to champion any illegal and predatory Trust? What part of the duties of these public officers is it to defend lawbreakers? What right have they thus to serve the cause of public plunderers? And what shall we do to eliminate from American public life, now and for all time, an influence powerful enough thus to undermine and destroy the essentials of free government?

A Summer Night

By CLINTON SCOLLARD

THE slender new moon seems as frail
  As thin ice 'twixt November reeds;
A bird-note from a distant vale
  Mounts and recedes.

A pale moth dips across the dusk
  Like a magnolia's ghost, and then,
Amid the scent of rose and musk,
  Is gone again.

The dews gleam beryl-wise; you come,
  Your hair caught up in amber strands;
Life's bliss—its whole ecstatic sum—
  In your white hands!

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The Traveling Players

By HARTLEY DAVIS

FOR the player-folk, New York is Broadway, a very small part of Broadway, that one can traverse in fifteen minutes' leisurely walking. It is the scene of their rose-dreams of the time of triumph when recognition of their talent, which means fame, shall come to them; it is the playground to which their thoughts ever turn to lighten the hardships of life "on the road." It is their "Land of Heart's Desire."

The Broadway actor is the aristocrat of his profession. No matter how unimportant may be his rôles, he looks down upon the road actor, who may be infinitely his superior. This attitude is not peculiar to the stage. It is a manifestation of that metropolitan arrogance which permeates some four millions of people who call themselves New Yorkers. The biggest city is tremendously important in its domination of the business of the country; nevertheless the United States could, without any grave suffering, get along without New York, while New York couldn't get along at all without the United States. And this holds true of the theatrical business financially and artistically. The New York stage, with all its claims of superiority, does not develop good actors; it is an admirable finishing school, but that is all. The really good players are recruited from the traveling companies and the stock organizations. If you wish to find men and women who hold the art of acting in such reverent honor that they are willing to undergo hunger, exhausting fatigue, the sapping terror of discouragement while struggling toward their goal, the Broadway theatres will prove sorry hunting-grounds. But you can come upon the devotees by the hundreds in the traveling and stock companies.

There is more than a grain of truth in the familiar contention of long-haired men and short-haired women, who are believed to represent the purely intellectual in the drama, that the demand for the classical plays, especially Shakespeare, is the measure of the refinement and culture of a community. If one accepts this criterion, New York comes pretty far down in the scale, for it is notoriously "the worst town for Shakespeare in the country," to use the colloquial theatrical phrase. The real cause for this condition is stupid productions of the great plays, and the spirit of commercialism that makes the managers quit at the first indication of loss. As I look back over the past fifteen years, I cannot recall a really worthy Shakespearian production that has failed to receive the appreciation it deserved.

Shakespeare in this country has not been kept alive by New York, but by the traveling companies, by stars who have taken the financial risk and who have persevered in the lean times when there was a constant struggle with landlords of hotels and when eloquence often took the place of currency with the railroads. The "legitimate" companies abandoned the big cities, where that "little learning" had made people stupidly supercilious, for the smaller places, where it had not become "a dangerous thing." They have educated a public of their own and they are reaping their reward. Some day New York will awaken from its disdainful self-sufficiency and find out that it has missed much. It had something of a shock last winter when Robert Mantell appeared on Broadway after an absence of a dozen years and made a sensation by the strength and beauty of his acting.

There are few players that have been so steadfast in devotion to the classical drama as Charles B. Hanford, who has been a successful star for more than ten years, during which time he has not been seen in New York. He began his professional career with William

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Photograph by Fowler, Philadelphia, Pa.

FLORENCE ROBERTS, A LEADING STOCK ACTRESS, WHO HAS SUCCEEDED AS A STAR IN "ZAZA" AND "SAPPHO."

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Photograph by Bushnell, San Francisco, Cal.

FRANK BACON, A DISTINGUISHED CALIFORNIA CHARACTER ACTOR.

plunge. He served with Thomas W. Keene, a far better actor than he was credited with being; with Robson and Crane, in "A Comedy of Errors"; and four years with Edwin Booth, including seasons with Barrett and Modjeska. There followed two seasons with Julia Marlowe before New York would receive her. He was with Mrs. John Drew in an all-star cast of "Rosedale," for two years co-star with Keene, and afterward with Louis James and Katherine Kidder — a splendid training to supplement his natural endowments. For the past five years he has starred alone, and prosperity has come to him. In his twenty-three years on the stage Mr. Hanford has appeared in scarcely half a dozen modern plays—a remarkable record, truly, in these days. His personality is familiar to "thousands of playgoers" outside of New York, Stafford, in 1882, his success in a Washington high-school production of "Julius Cæsar" inspiring Mrs. John A. Logan to advise him to adopt the stage; but it was not until after he had become a department clerk that he made the who recognize and honor him as one of the leading American actors. In certain aspects this great metropolis of ours is the most provincial of communities.

It will surprise many lovers of standard plays throughout the land to learn that the playgoing public of the biggest city in America isn't even aware of the existence of John Griffith, and it will equally surprise New York to be informed that this sterling young actor makes from twenty-five to thirty thousand dollars a year starring in Shakespearian drama. Although he is not yet thirty-six, he has headed his own company for more than a dozen years. A Canadian by birth, he has called Springfield, Illinois, his home since he was a child. As far back as he can remember he was reading Shakespeare, and when poverty compelled him to take up the trade of blacksmith, for which his magnificent phy-

JOHN GRIFFITH, ONE OF THE MOST SUCCESSFUL TRAGEDIANS ON THE STAGE, AS *MACBETH*

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sique seemed to fit him, he continued to study and contrived to appear in amateur productions, playing *Hamlet*, *Richard III.*, and *Virginius* before he was twenty. He determined to become a real actor, and found his first chance with Mrs. D. P. Bowers.

Then he came to New York and, after a struggle of eighteen months, secured a place with Daniel Bandman, with whom he rehearsed six weeks and played one. Followed another long season of idleness in which starvation was fended off by utility work with Booth and Barrett. Then he became leading man with "Only a Farmer's Daughter," at a salary of twelve dollars a week. The next season found him playing utility parts with Keene, and following that he was with a repertoire company in which he appeared in twenty-five different rôles. Thereafter he

IDA HAMILTON, WHO WAS *ESTRELLA* IN THE ROAD COMPANY PLAYING "ARIZONA."

LILLIAN KINGSBURY AS THE *QUEEN* IN "HAMLET."

decided to become a star himself, and went forth as *Mephistopheles* in "Faust," a very modest star that, however, even in the beginning twinkled steadily if dimly; and since 1893 he has been at the head of his own company, forging ahead steadily. His superb physique, hardened and strengthened by those days in the blacksmith-shop, and his fine voice fit him admirably for the heroic rôles, but his versatility gives him a wide range. "Virginius," "Othello," "The Bells," "The Gladiator," "Don Cæsar de Bazan," "Damon and Pythias," and "Chatterton" have been in his repertoire. For the past two seasons he has played "Macbeth" exclusively. This year he will give "Richard III." first place, appearing in "Othello" and "Macbeth" occasionally.

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Photograph by Marceau, Los Angeles, Cal.

LEWIS MORRISON, ONE OF THE OLDEST OF ROAD STARS, IN HIS FAMILIAR CHARACTER OF *MEPHISTOPHELES* IN "FAUST."

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Mr. Griffith's leading woman is Laura Ripley, who was playing in "The Bowery after Dark" six years ago, a far cry from *Lady Macbeth*.

Another Shakespearian actor even less known in New York is William Owen, and yet there is not a more firmly established star in the United States. He has built up a following over a circuit of his own, so loyal and dependable that he can travel it season after season and count his profits in advance. He began playing before he was nineteen with Frank Chanfrau in "Kit." He was with Daniel Bandman, that excellent actor who was wedded to misfortune, in the cheap houses, the "ten-twent-and-thirt," as they are commonly called by actors—fourteen performances a week for a salary of twelve dollars. Then he was with Julia Marlowe and Rhea; he played *Faust* with Lewis Morrison, and afterward *Mephistopheles* in another company. Again he joined Julia Marlowe and, after a season as leading man with Creston Clarke, decided to star on his own responsibility and take the chances of starving to death. But success came to him as *Hamlet*, as *Iago*, as *Shylock*, as *Romeo*, in "The School for Scandal," and other standard plays; and he is now looking ahead to the time when he can play *King Lear*, *Coriolanus*, and *Œdipus*.

Lewis Morrison used to be seen in New York occasionally, although I cannot recall him on Broadway. There are few better-known stars than this splendid veteran, of whom Henry Irving said, when he first saw him: "What a face for *Mephistopheles!*" He has been playing that rôle as far back as my memory goes, and so great is his popularity that his public has not permitted him to retire, although he has made a dozen "farewell" appearances. Indeed, he cheerfully declares that his record for "good-bys" exceeds that of Patti. But also he solemnly announces that the coming season will be his last on the stage.

Creston Clarke is a reasonably familiar name in the metropolis, although Broadway has had none of this nephew of Edwin Booth. For a dozen years he has toured the land, after a long and careful preparation. He is admirable in his intelligence and subtlety. His *Hamlet* more nearly approaches that of Forbes Robertson than that of any actor I know, but I think that he shines most luminously in classical comedy, in which his delicate humor and finished technique are seen

Photograph by Harper, Joliet, Ill.

OLLIE EATON, FOR TEN YEARS LEADING WOMAN OF THE VAN DYKE-EATON STOCK COMPANY.

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Photograph by Leonard Gates.

FLORA DORSET, LEADING WOMAN OF THE HOWARD-DORSET REPERTOIRE COMPANY.

to the best advantage. Last season he won a success in "Monsieur Beaucaire," greater, I think, than Richard Mansfield previously achieved. At any rate the play is to serve him another season. Then he hopes to return again to Shakespeare.

The modern plays that succeed in New York are mostly those in which a star appears, and they last the big player one or two seasons. Then they become road productions, headed by a road star, and often they prove more profitable than the original production. A road star may go through the country in triumph, but come as near to the Great White Way as Jersey City to find that the theatrical distance from there to New York is infinitely greater than the distance across the Hudson River; that, in fact, the metropolis is as far away as Walla Walla. Either he is turned back by the wall of New York prejudice or he may skirt it and go on. Often a traveling star does get into New York or Brooklyn, but not on Broadway, and as I said in the beginning, to the actor-folk New York is Broadway. The American Theater is on the same block with the finest theater in the world, but it is not a Broadway theater.

Many of the road stars who are well established find it more profitable to secure their own vehicle than to depend upon a New York success. Paul Gilmore, who has fallen heir to several of the John Drew plays, this season goes forth in a new one, "Captain Débonnaire," a dramatization of the story by W. F. Payson and James MacArthur. Ralph Stuart was a stock actor in the American Theater in New York when he read "By Right of Sword," published serially in a magazine, and decided that it would make a good play for him; and he has traveled the length and breadth of the country in it.

But there are other New York successes which are likely to go on indefinitely. There

Photograph by Bushnell, Oakland, Cal.

JAMES NEILL, A PACIFIC COAST STAR, WHO HAS HEADED AND MANAGED HIS OWN COMPANY FOR SEVERAL YEARS.

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is "Zaza," for instance, an ideal play from the view-point of an actress, for it gives opportunity for as much acting as any human being can do in one performance, and it always attracts large audiences. From the view-point of the actress it is almost as good as "Camille." If the player-folk had their way we shouldn't have much besides "Camille" and "Hamlet" on the boards. Florence Roberts, commonly called a California actress, although she has won much success in stock in the East, particularly in Philadelphia, has been very successful on the Pacific Coast in the Belasco play, and gradually she has extended the area of her tours until now she plays across the continent. Eugenie Blair has played "Zaza" in New York, but far from Broadway. Blanche Hall is another actress developed in stock, who has been successful in the title-rôle. It is the custom for astute managers owning a highly successful play to divide the United States into sections and to lease their right for a fixed territory, thereby increasing their revenue. They have found it wise to cover the country as speedily as possible, for interest dies out.

Photograph by Moore, New Orleans, La.

BLANCHE HALL, A WIDELY KNOWN PLAYER WHO HAS STARRED SUCCESSFULLY IN "ZAZA."

W. H. Crane's successors in "David Harum" probably made more money out of the comedy than did the originator of the name part. For two seasons Harry Brown, who used to be known as a comic-opera comedian, and W. H. Turner, for many years a successful road star, have been playing in it. This season Mr. Brown will continue as *David*, while Mr. Turner will be seen in another comedy which Mr. Crane first produced—"The Spenders."

California has produced an extraordinary number of fine actors, and while they nearly all reach Broadway sooner or later, there is one player who has never been seen further east than St. Louis, and yet he is one of the best character men of his generation. Frank Bacon is a product of the Pacific Slope, where he has passed practically all his life. He is now in his twelfth year in San Francisco, and while he has wide versatility and has won success in plays formerly familiar in New

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York, he probably comes nearer to filling the shoes of Sol Smith Russell than do any of his contemporaries. His great success has been in his own play, "The Hills of California," and it has added to a comfortable for-

Photograph by Browning, Fairfield, Iowa.

WILLIAM OWEN, ONE OF THE MOST FIRMLY ESTABLISHED STARS IN THE UNITED STATES, AS *IAGO*.

tune. It is possible that he may travel east this coming season in his new play, "The Vaquero."

One might carry the list on indefinitely, for there are so many of these players worth talking about that it would require a sizable book to do them justice, and other fields of activity must be touched upon. There is melodrama, for instance, which has come to be the strangest, fearsomest thing that ever masqueraded. The purveyors extraordinary of this form of entertainment are Theodore Kramer and Hal Reid, either one of whom will agree to turn out a rip-snorting melodrama, on any theme, between dinner and breakfast. Both have grown rich in manufacturing thrillers which don't always thrill, but which have sentimentality and villainy oozing from every sentence. If the modern crop of melodrama were half as immoral as the titles, it would court prosecution. Mr. Kramer is really a marvel among the playwrights. There are few effusions that have made a third as

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much money as "The Fatal Wedding," and there is no sign of its waning in popularity. All is fish that comes to Mr. Kramer's net, and he has a genius for taking the great classic masterpieces, as well as the productions of the symbolists, which it is supposed require real intellect to understand, and converting them into a melodrama whose lutescence would make a yellow journal look pale pink.

For pure thrill and marvelous effects the melodramas of Lincoln J. Carter are truly worth while. He used to be a property man, and having a business head, he resolved to profit by his ingenuity in theatrical illusions. "The Fast Mail" fairly startled people by the realism of the railroad smash-up. Thus far it has given its maker a profit of $250,000, and it will be many years before the returns are all in. He has constructed many other melodramas; last year he had eleven on the road, and sixteen the year before, and in each one there is a sensational scene. Mr. Carter now has a magnificent mansion on the Lake Shore Drive, in Chicago, a theater on the North Side with the most perfectly appointed and equipped stage in the country, and a family with social aspirations.

Chicago is not nearly so much of a theatrical headquarters as it used to be, but there are still something like a hundred companies going forth from it annually, chiefly melodramas and farce comedy. A successful star that makes Chicago his headquarters is George Klimt, who forged ahead in German dialect rôles and who now appears in Western character rôles like *Big Hearted Jim*, in a play of that name, in which he sustains so much virtue, simple honesty, and nobility, that one wonders how he escapes becoming round-shouldered.

The repertoire companies play a highly important part in the amusement of the nation and their numbers run up into the hundreds. Some of them are amazingly fine organizations and certain managers have been sending forth companies for years. It requires admirable judgment to make a success of a repertoire organization. To begin with, it must have really good actors, and the maximum salary is never more than $50 a week; usually it is about $30. Then comes the selection of plays that will please people in cities of a hundred thousand people as well as the small towns. Usually a "rep" company, as it is invariably called, starts in with its best melodrama, like "The Silver King," fills in the middle of the week with comedy, and ends up on Saturday night with the wildest, trashiest thriller in its list of plays. Fine actors have come out of these "rep" companies. Dustin Farnum, the star of "The Virginian," and his brother, William, who ran a stock company in Buffalo this summer, came from a company that confined its activity almost altogether to Maine and Nova Scotia.

Nearly all these companies are now conducted on much the same general plan as those which are more pretentious, but there are others with a high local reputation which are run on the old plan of the manager paying all expenses, including hotel bills. John Rotnour, whose headquarters are in Rockford, Illinois, has grown rich with repertoire companies, and his wife, Flora DeVoss, has been starring so long that she now has a daughter following in her footsteps. Ben Warner, who calls McGregor, Iowa, his home, has also made a tidy fortune as a manager of a repertoire company, not a very pretentious one, because it is his rule to pay actors $8 to $12 a week "with cakes." One cannot always tell what will become of these repertoire companies. There are the Spooners, for instance, who used to pervade Iowa and who now have two highly prosperous stock theaters in Brooklyn. Corse Payton, son of a successful manager, was cast off as hopeless because he didn't know enough to accept advice. He proved the value of parental judgment by eventually coming into Brooklyn, where he also owns two prosperous stock theaters, and I don't know how many traveling companies he manages.

The band, which used to be a recognized part of these "rep" companies, has almost wholly disappeared, and there are few actors left who "can double in brass." Most of the "Uncle Tom" companies carry bands, but the number of these has dwindled to about six or eight. It was not so very long ago that there was a very considerable number of actors who never appeared in anything but "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and who were known as "Tommers." But the good old moral play is still a resource for actors out of work who can find an open date around Thanksgiving or Christmas time, and who go forth on a "turkey snap." "Uncle Dick" Sutton, who owns Sutton's Family Theater in Butte, and who fell into that country out of a balloon—he used to make parachute jumps—is fond of boasting that he played "Uncle Tom's Cabin" for twenty-six weeks and never crossed the Montana State line.

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The Lesson

By MARY MANNERS

Illustrations by Alden Dawson

LINDA RAEBURN stood at the window and looked down into the street. It was very hot and the soft, occasional puffs of wind seemed only to intensify the general heaviness of the atmosphere. She could hear the swoop and sweep of the cable-cars and the insistent clamor of their bells; the jolt of rough wheels over uneven pavements, the click-clack of tired hoofs on dull asphalt, the jar of beaten iron in some distant construction work—each sound distinct, yet all held down and mingled together under the close blue lid of the sky. But she heard them unheedingly, with ears that were strained to catch the first vibration of her own front-door bell.

Before her eyes the rows of shut-up houses dozed behind their lowered blinds, for the month was July, and the owners of most of them were off and away for the summer to pleasant places where rivers rippled through green fields, or waves rushed over dazzling sands. Linda would have changed with none of them. The caretakers who popped out of the basements and sat upon the area-steps like prairie-dogs beside their burrows were, to her mind, more to be envied. They could stay in town all the summer long—town, where people were thinking and toiling and triumphing and—dreaming, perhaps—at white heat; where they were wound up to keep time to the pulse of the world.

A watering-cart came swinging along, leaving a broad, black, gleaming track behind it, from which small, blunt-headed rivulets wriggled snake-like to the gutters, rolling the dirt in tiny balls before them. Linda thought of a shower that had overtaken her in the Bronx the day before, and remembered how the rain-drops had dimpled the thick dust of the road and hung sparkling on the leaves of the bushes. It had been sweet, that afternoon in the country—a country from which one could return with so little difficulty to the busy heart of things, commercial and otherwise!

He and she had gone off early like any simple lover and his lass, amused by the "'Arry and 'Arriet" nature of their expedition, and they had walked under trees, had sat by the side of brooks, and drunk their five-o'clock tea at a small roadside inn, before they loitered homeward after the thinning crowds, heedless and happy.

She had forgotten that she was sophisticated, accustomed to more or less flattery and petting, rather a great lady in her way and fundamentally satisfied with the very comfortable niche which she and Fate together had agreed she was to occupy—had forgotten that he was unknown, a young man struggling to excel in an already overfilled profession, with a mind full of curious prides and prejudices, little skilled in the light arts and manners of her pleasure-loving associates, of an almost bewildering naturalness, and altogether as unsuitable a person as could be found for an idle lady to flirt with.

At first she had indeed taken herself severely to task, from time to time, for the possible injury she might be doing him. She had felt that his attitude toward love, when he once developed an attitude, would *not* be academic; yet yesterday, all through the long golden hours of the afternoon, seeing and understanding what she believed she had seen and understood, she had gloried in the knowledge that the love was there and might be hers for the taking. The culmination of many dear days and hours had been that day and hour. She had hardly believed in any of the signs before. Not that she was accustomed to doubt her own powers, but lately, as she had gradually become conscious of what this thing might mean to her, it seemed as if success, like promotion, was not to be looked for "from the North, nor the South, neither from the West," but must always be ahead of her, in the East with the rising sun. And yet now it was here—at her feet—hers, and she must put it away from her.

Her heart had pushed her on to pursue

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what her hand must never grasp—for there was another man, not unconnected with that comfortable niche Fate and she had agreed about, to whom she had made promises, promises made to be kept, promises that should be kept—in time. But oh! it had sometimes been hard to remember them. To have promised much, before one loved much, and then to have guessed what love might be like—with some one else! She hadn't remembered anything yesterday but that she was happy.

And she was to see Him again to-day; now; at any minute. Nothing could come of it, of course. She must prevent his believing that she could attach any importance to the half-expressed feelings of yesterday. And yet it was so good to think the feelings were there. She must not touch them again. It would be horrible to find that he really needed her and wanted her—and not be able——

And with the sound of the bell (that tightened all her nerves) came the sudden conviction that if he needed and wanted her enough, and stood his ground, and knew how to insist—she *might* be able——

Her heart beat so that she caught her breath as she went down-stairs, and her eyes were shining with mischief, and elation, and fear, and a sort of desperate contentment. It was wrong, of course, it was undoubtedly foolish, but if he should insist, it would be very difficult to deny him. Yet she did not see how acquiescence was to be managed. Perhaps she could stave off any direct question and answer.

He had been standing at the mantelpiece with his back to the door, and she slipped in so quietly that he did not hear her, nor desist from his occupation of putting back the matches in a ridiculous little three-legged blue-enamel match-box, which he had evidently just upset.

When she spoke he swung suddenly round and came toward her.

"It's dangerous to play with fire-sticks," she said demurely, and of the two hands which she had involuntarily stretched out to meet him, she dropped one hastily into the folds of her dress.

"Not *your* fire-sticks," he returned, with a quick look of amusement; "they seem to be of the kind that only lights on the box—and the right box isn't here."

She glanced up hastily, wondering whether there was any little hidden sting of meaning under the words. He knew, although she believed he had always chosen to ignore it, that on the other side of the ocean there was—the other man, the "right box."

"Well, how are you?" he continued, with originality. "Tired, after yesterday? I hope not."

"Not at all," she answered, relieved, and smiling at him happily.

She had seated herself in a corner of the sofa, and after a moment's hesitation he placed himself beside her.

"You rather liked playing at house-maid-out-for-a-holiday, in fact?"

"Of course I did—perhaps because we played together. Yes, I was perfectly happy. Didn't you like it?"

"The mosquitoes were pretty bad from time to time," he suggested reflectively, "and I'm afraid I didn't care much for the society of the *hoi polloi*—I liked being with you, of course."

"I enjoyed it all," she maintained stoutly.

"That's because you never did it before, and need never do it again. Marie Antoinette enjoyed playing at being a milkmaid, didn't she?"

"Marie Antoinette mightn't have lost her head if she'd been a milkmaid in earnest."

"But we may lose ours, if we continue to play as seriously as we did yesterday," he said deliberately. "The first thing we know we shall find ourselves dead in love with each other."

According to the rules of the game, as practised among the people she knew, it was never etiquette for the man to suppose for a moment that the woman cared. He, and he alone, must assume the part of victim. She was therefore considerably taken aback, for however much you may admit to yourself the danger of falling in love with a man, for *him* to admit the possibility of such danger is a distinct shock, even if he graciously allows that he shares it with you.

"Would that be such a misfortune?" she inquired, with all the lightness of tone she could at the moment command.

"Well, I don't see that it would do a lot of good, as long as we can't marry each other," he returned, with much practical sense.

This was dreadful. She had meant to flutter, and permit him to flutter, excitingly near the candle for a long time before she made up her mind to be chased in headlong. And now, could it be possible that he was kindly shielding *both* their wings from the flame? It couldn't be possible. Twenty-

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"IT WAS ALL VERY SWEET YESTERDAY, AND MADE ME DREAM DREAMS."

four hours before, he had been interested, ardent, imprudent, impetuous—it could not be. He did not understand. It was only his way of protecting himself from probable disappointment. She rallied again.

"That is too bad," she said. "And only yesterday we selected the very place we'd like to live in if we *were* married." She had picked up a huge painted fan from a low table near by and was waving it to and fro nonchalantly, smiling at him. Suddenly she dropped the fan. "It was all very sweet yesterday, and made me dream dreams," she whispered. "Don't spoil it all. How do we know? Some day the dreams may —come true."

"Don't encourage them, dear," he answered sighing. "They have a way of growing, and—they can't come true."

She faced him resolutely. "Are you sure?"

"Very sure."

"You mean you would not dare—if I dared?"

"It is no question of daring."

"You mean you would not care—if I cared?"

She would not believe it possible that any man for whom she avowed a partiality could steel himself against her. She must let him see that it was better to disappoint one person than to spoil two lives. Of course it was really *his* place to make *her* see that, but perhaps that good breadth of shoulder and obstinate chin were none the less dear for their owner's obtuseness.

"You must not care," he said, after a moment of palpitating silence. "It has got to a point where there'll be two sad hearts to deal with unless we stop right here."

Again she felt a shock at his frank assumption of her partnership in affection, and then took herself to task, trying to realize that this was consideration — conscientiousness even—and not coxcombery. Knowing how he felt in his hopelessness, he was, doubtless, endeavoring to keep her from a like suffering. She must make things clearer.

"And if we go on—there'll be two recklessly happy people," she said, with a little irrepressible movement toward him.

When she came into the room it had been upon him that she was preparing to bestow

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"YOU'VE NEVER LOVED ME THEN—NOT FOR A MOMENT?"

happiness. Now it began to appear that her own depended upon his acceptance of the gift. She looked up into his eyes, half terrified, half jubilant.

He looked down at her, and his gaze was troubled, cold, yet almost insultingly kind. She drew back with a quick gasp of comprehension, but it was too late. He had already begun to answer, and his every word cut into her love, her pride, her dignity, and woman's vanity like a lash.

"Reckless, I grant you," he said, "but happy—? Do you think we should be happy? You have just lost your balance for a moment, that's all. I am not really suitable to you. You've told me so fifty times. I should not make you happy. I shouldn't make any woman happy, I think, unless I loved her desperately—and then I should be miserable myself."

He stopped with a queer contraction of the mouth that was partly pain and partly self-derision.

"You've never loved me then—not for a moment?" she cried.

She had not meant to speak, but the words were forced out of her bewilderment and the horrible fiery ache of her heart.

"Loved you," he echoed, gravely considering her words. "It depends upon what you mean by love. I am very, *very* fond of you. How could I help being that? You are a wonderfully attractive woman and I am a poor devil of a susceptible man, and the combination was pretty sure to make trouble——"

"You did not feel this yesterday," she broke in resentfully, the spoiled child in her coming to the surface in a way that was pathetically absurd. She felt so tricked—so hurt—so humiliated. Somebody, other than herself, must surely be to blame.

"I would have played the game to the last point," he said, "and delighted in it, as long as it amused you. But when I began to find that you were putting your soul into it—then it was time to stop. I was afraid——"

"Afraid of the responsibility," she mocked.

"Afraid of hurting you. I am not such a coward, I hope, as to be afraid of any responsibility—if I loved you as a man ought to love the woman he marries. Not," he added quietly, "that I am in a position to

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"THERE NEVER WAS ANY WOMAN WHO DESERVED THIS MORE THAN I."

marry yet, no matter how much I loved a woman."

She caught at this as a straw of protection for the shelter of her bare and quivering egoism.

"Of course you would have to consider that," she said, "even if you fell madly in love."

"If I once fell in love," he answered dreamily, "I don't believe any considerations would hold me—I don't believe——"

"Stop!" she cried passionately. "I can't bear it. You hurt me too much."

She turned, crossed her arms on the back of the sofa, and hid her face in them.

"I'm so sorry," he said penitently. "I'm a great clumsy brute. I want to help you and I only make it worse. You'd better let me go away now; I'll come back to-morrow and we'll talk it all out."

"No," she protested vehemently, "we'll talk it out now."

She shook off the hand he had ventured to place on her shoulder and sat upright. Her eyes were dry but her voice shook a little.

"There is, of course, for me," she said, with a brave effort of defiance, "only one way to go. You understand? And it is perhaps, on the whole, a comfort to recognize that—that the bars are up across any other path. But, if I've been slow to see it, you must remember that, until now, no man has ever been much with me, as you have been, who has not—that is, I've never taken the trouble to be nice to any man who has not ended by liking me far better than I ever dreamed of liking him. I am rather accustomed to please more easily than to be pleased. And I used to think my intuition was so sure! Yesterday I was *convinced* you cared."

"I did—I do care," he insisted, "but that's not enough."

"I could not bear you to be disappointed," she went on, unheeding, "to be lonely—to be hurt—to go without the things I felt I could give you, and feeling that, suddenly knew that I should be *glad* to give you. You see, it was a blow to find you did not want them—I could not believe it. I've been so petted and spoiled all my life——"

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HE DID NOT CARE. AND SHE—LOVED HIM.

"So have I," he put in, with a sudden half-amused flash of his eyes. "Just as men have spoiled you, women have spoiled me."

"Oh!" she exclaimed, recoiling again at the mental shock of his almost brutal frankness, and conscious underneath of a vague wonder and curiosity as to who and of what sort these women might be.

"How many times an hour do I set all your nerves on edge?" he asked abruptly, understanding perfectly her exclamation, and the root of its meaning.

"Not—not often," she stammered, anxious, in the midst of her own distress, to save him discomfort. "We see some things from different points of view, of course."

"That's because I'm an outsider," he said. "You don't know men of my sort. You *can't* really like me, dear. The whole trouble is that you set out to make me love you."

"'They have digged a pit for their enemies and have fallen into the midst of it themselves,'" she quoted ruefully, half to herself.

"I saw what was going to happen long before you did," he continued, and she winced and shivered under the friendly sympathy of his manner. It was one which she had used to many men in her time. "I ought to have stopped long ago, but you told me you were cold-hearted, you assured me you never believed what men said to you—that when they protested most you cared least——"

"You protested very little—till yesterday. And it was not so much what you said—it was your whole attitude. It seemed as if some barrier between us had been broken down and I felt your tenderness in a thousand different ways——"

"I had no business to let myself go—and yet, as you say, it was sweet, and I'm afraid I should have gone on if I had not seen how you—jumped at the tenderness."

She started again and her shoulders shrank together as if from the blow of a whip. Then she drew herself up haughtily.

"I object," she said hoarsely, "to your expression."

"I am sorry to have to use it."

There was silence for a moment. It seemed as if she were trying to writhe away from the grip of red-hot pincers that bit and

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burned deep into her until the torment was incredible. But she could not writhe away; and yet, because she was so dazed, it felt to her like torture in a dream. Still, it was torture, and torture applied by the man to whom in her blind, sweet, half-unconscious condescension she had meant to be most kind. She could hardly believe in her own pain, or his infliction of it.

"I don't think there's any more to say," she whispered, rising. "We understand each other, now, surely."

In her mind she heard suddenly, as interpreted by a famous actor, *Hamlet's* brusk declaration to *Ophelia:* "I never loved you"; and the patient response: "I was the more deceived."

Then she gave a curious little laugh as she looked down at the man beside her. That she, *she* of all happy, frivolous, flirtatious ladies, should be brought to this, and by him—it had elements of humor about it, if one could fix one's attention upon them.

"There never was any woman who deserved this more than I," she broke out, "but it—well, it smarts a bit. I feel as if I'd been more or less publicly beaten. And you—Heaven knows how you feel! I can't imagine myself in your shoes."

He had not moved from the sofa when she did, and now sat with his arms supported on his knees, his hands hanging limply between them, his eyes fixed on the floor. Presently he glanced up and met hers.

"Do you think I'm a cad?" he asked simply. "Perhaps I am."

She hesitated for a second. Much that he had allowed himself to say was so outside of anything she could possibly have imagined as being said to a woman by any man whom she had hitherto known. And yet her instinct exonerated him, her generous feelings rose up in arms for him. Was she to push him to extremities through her vanity and then blame him for using his defenses?

"No," she said. "And do not speak of yourself again to me like that—I beg of you."

"You are a wonder. You are a marvel," he said, half to himself. "So generous, so honest, and so adorably pretty," and as he spoke he stood up, and taking her hand, raised it to his lips. "Some day, if you do not despise and hate me for being the oaf and boor I am, let me come back once more and see you. I am so sorry. Doesn't it help at all that I am sorry?"

"Not just now," she answered. "Nothing helps. I have made a mistake, but I do not wish you to be sorry for that. Save your sorrow, for somehow—Heaven knows why I should think it—but somehow I see you in the future longing for the very things you have turned away from you to-day."

He gave a short, hard laugh.

"It may be," he said. "All the suffering to-day has not been on your side. Do not think that."

"But it will be to-night," she said. "You men! You do not mind much, once a thing is over. A little butterfly love like mine that had hardly settled on your finger! It doesn't seem to me it needed to be crushed to death."

"*Is* it dead?" he asked hastily.

And she nodded silently.

He walked to the door, and turned to face her. Twice he began to speak, and twice he stopped himself. Then all of a sudden words broke from him triumphantly.

"I could bring it back to life again, in a moment, if I stayed," he said. "And I'm going. Let Fate put that to my credit. I am going—to leave you—like this."

The door closed behind him, and she flung herself in an agony of stifled sobs on the sofa—a blinding paroxysm of pain and mortification—all the horrible, lost, lonely feelings of a child who wakes up in the dark, terrified and piteous, conscious that there is no one to whom it can turn for comfort.

He was going—he was gone. His firm footsteps echoed down the street. She knew how the western sun would throw his long shadow behind him, back, back, as if it still reached toward her though he went on. She had watched it often. He was gone. It was all over. He had hurt her dreadfully and he did not care. There was no getting over that. He did not care. And she—loved him.

At the corner of the street the man paused for a moment before crossing. In spite of the dead, breathless heat he had moved so rapidly from the instant he crossed her threshold that his thought, like the dust-clouds of some swift, suddenly stopped machine, seemed only now to have caught up with him. "Was I brutal enough? Was I enough of a ruffian?" he asked himself. "Oh, you sweet soul, if I could have left you a single peg to hang a shred of good opinion upon! God! What a thing to have to do to the woman you love. To represent yourself as a cad, a coxcomb, a bully—to cut her

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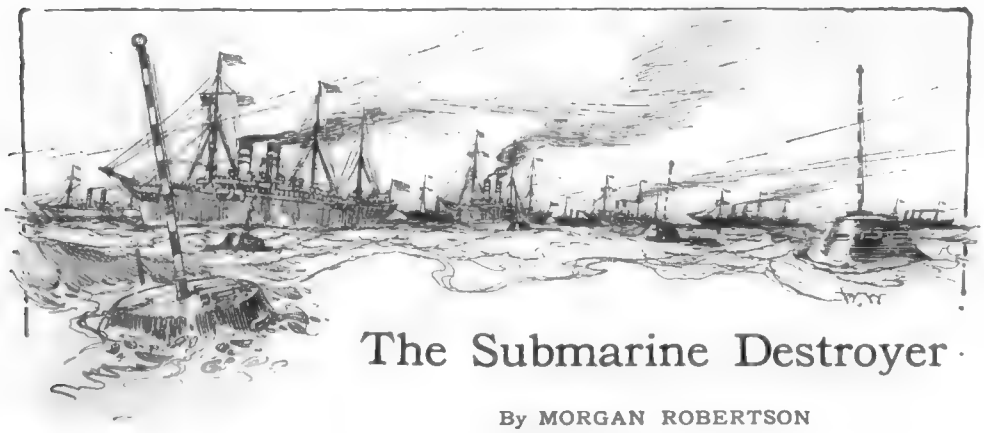
respect for you to pieces—to kill her confidence and wound her to the quick for the sake of—" He stopped, and the ghost of a boyish fancy that had faded—an inadvertent entanglement that had clung—a patient dulness that defied the years and would wait perseveringly till he was ready—these pleaded with him to be pitiful. "For the sake of a woman who loves you," he went on. "Fool and madman that I was! I thought I might indulge myself—I never believed she *could* care, till yesterday. It was best to make her despise me. Her pride will not let her think of me again. But oh, dear beloved! it was—hell."

And she on the sofa, sobbing her heart out, was wailing to the four corners of the room:

"Oh, if I might only have thought well of him—oh, if he might only be the man I believed him, it would take away all the sting."



The Submarine Destroyer

By MORGAN ROBERTSON

Illustrations by Worden Wood

I

AT dock and at anchor in the navy-yards of the world lay the armored leviathans, stripped of tooth and claw, preserved from rust by layers of paint and tallow, grim reminders of a barbarous past when men fought with twelve-inch guns. And abroad on all the seas roamed the craft that had stripped and banished them, the submersible, the logical development of the early submarine—a fast surface-boat able to submerge and, like her parent, to strike out of the dark and the distance with a weapon as invisible as herself. But on the postulate that men cannot fight in the dark, the submersible could not fight its fellow; so war upon the sea had come to an end, and in each navy rank above the grade of lieutenant was abolished, while the navy itself became an adjunct of the consular service—Japan only, among the maritime Powers, by building submersibles larger and faster than the others, maintaining a show of naval strength.

But as submersibles were not designed to fight each other, this did not matter. The Angel of Peace hovered above and the nations ceased to fear each other, attending to internal affairs. The United States was deporting her negroes—a ten years' task, now nearly done; but meeting unexpected and strenuous objection from the remnant of her black population to being sent to the crowded and undeveloped African coast, she gathered up the last free and enlightened brother, his women and his young, and, including in the round-up every Celestial below the rank of diplomat, sent the consignment westward on the traditional course of empire—or, to be exact, the Great Circle course from San Francisco to Shanghai.

Japan notified the United States that if the transports approached within the three-mile limit of the Chinese coast she would construe it as an act of war. The United States, busy with a presidential election, and happily rid of the Dark Danger and the Yellow Peril at one move, delayed response, and Japan

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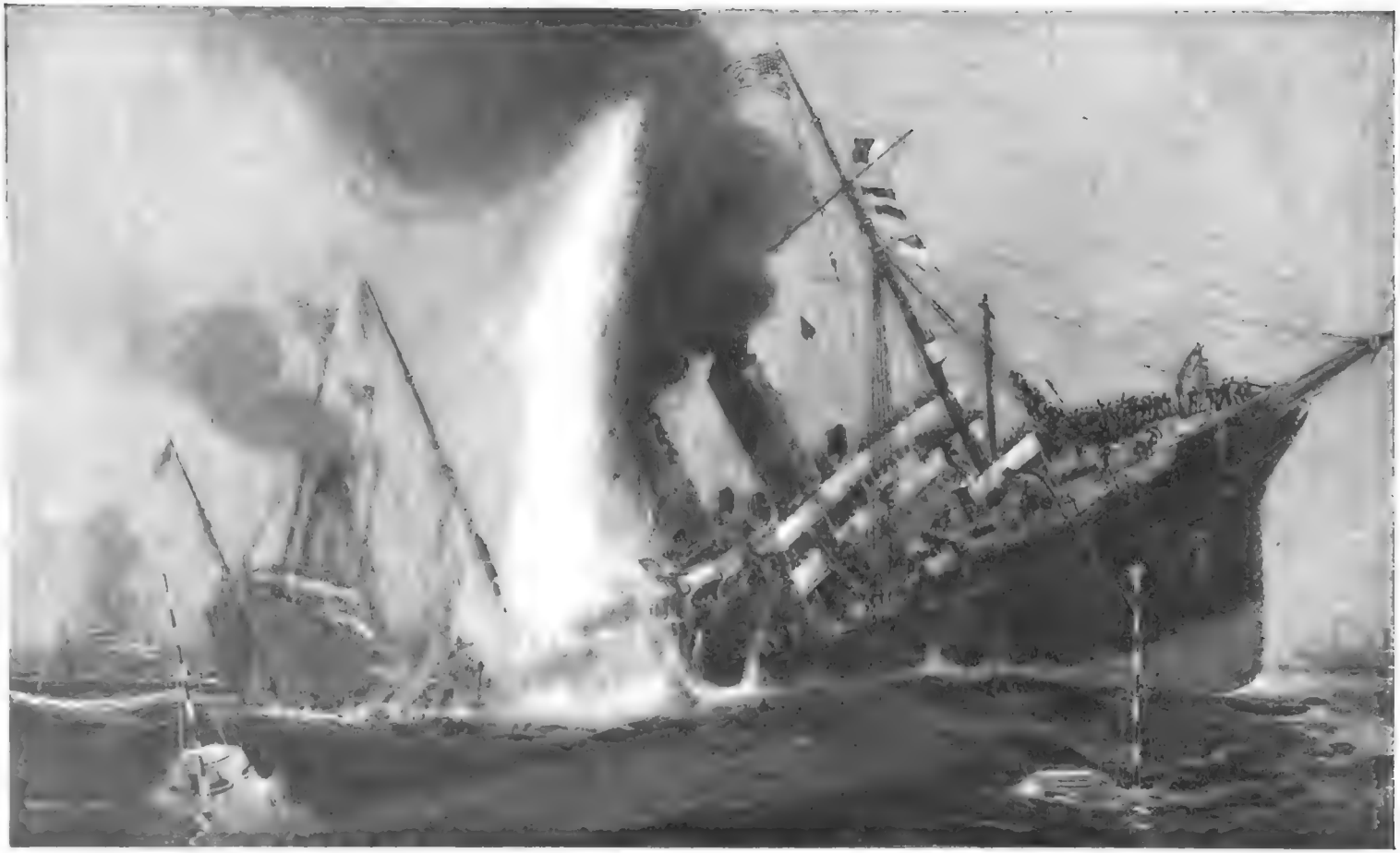

MOUND AFTER MOUND OF LIFTED WATER AROSE ALONGSIDE OF THE DOOMED TRANSPORTS.

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recalled her ambassador, while the transports were still in mid-ocean. Uncle Sam mustered his navy, and from all ports of the world the submersibles flocked to join the fleet.

II

THIS was the situation when the U. S. S. Vacquero, despatched from Honolulu, caught up with the fleet of transports off the Saddle Islands on the Chinese coast, and found herself the first fighting-craft to join them. She was a standardized craft, differing in no essentials from other ships of other navies—about two hundred feet long, spindle-shaped, but with a flat deck for about a third of her length amidships, railed in and containing her conning-tower, periscope-tube, searchlight, hatches, and exhausts from the gasoline and liquid-air turbines beneath. Funnels she had none, and but one non-corrosive saluting-gun forward; yet with the knowledge in mind of six submerged pivoted torpedo-tubes hidden in her underbody, she was a peculiarly murderous-looking craft, skimming along at twenty-five knots; and young Ross, the lieutenant in command, was in no way surprised at the enthusiasm he aroused as he charged up the line of steamers, crowded with black and yellow humanity. Each ship welcomed him with hoarse, inarticulate cheers merging into a continuous roar of approval.

Ross went on; the mouth of the Yang-tse was still two hundred miles away, and there was scouting to be done. Numerous craft of his own type and flag appeared during the day, all flying numbers inferior to his own, and, as ranking officer, he sent these back to accompany the fleet. During the years of naval degeneracy tactics had been neglected. Rank by number and a wireless signal-code were the only aids to method; but cognizance by eyes and ears had not been abolished, and one craft, No. 23, rounded to alongside, and her commander hailed:

"I've been close in. Have you seen 'em? There are twenty and more, mustered in the South Channel."

"Are they light, or in diving trim?" asked Ross.

"Light—though I'm sure I saw a periscope about fifty miles back. It followed me awhile. Something big, and fast, had submerged. It made fully twenty knots."

"All right. I'm going in. Go back and wait."

A periscope is a rigid, perpendicular tube extending upward from the interior of a submerged craft, with a prismatic lens in the end to catch and reflect downward a picture of what goes on above. An hour later Ross saw the periscope reported to him, also the big and fast "something" beneath it—a round, glistening, steel hull capped by a slant-sided conning-tower, from the center of which rose the tube. It seemed like a huge globe, its curvature indicating a diameter of at least eighty feet; but it moved through the water, on a course to intercept the Vacquero, at a speed almost incredible in a ball-shaped hull. There was nothing to betray its nationality, but as it evidently wished to speak the Vacquero, Ross manned his forward tube, filled the ballast-tanks, and when submerged to the diving condition, headed for the stranger and, still keeping the deck, slowed down and stopped. The stranger stopped with an unusual suddenness, and a head and shoulders rose out of the conning-tower—those of a youngish man, with an alert, boyish face, and fine white teeth, much in evidence when he smiled.

"Hello there, lieutenant!" he called, when the Vacquero had crept up to him. "Got any oil—more than you need this trip?"

"Plenty of medium grade, if that will do," answered Ross doubtfully. "But who are you, and what have you there—a submarine?"

"Well, it's a periscope, as you see, and for the rest, it's a centrifugal pump with a high-speed rotary. My oil's too thick and it heats up. That's about all I can tell you, now."

"Hardly enough, considering the situation. What's your nationality?"

"I'm an American." He smiled and showed his teeth.

"But your boat?" asked Ross impatiently.

"Depends upon what she can do to-morrow, and which country buys me out."

"Are you an armed craft? Then you are a pirate if you meddle with the affairs of nations."

"I am not armed or armored, and the affairs I meddle with will go to the bottom. The other side won't care."

"Don't quibble with me. I am a Government officer with a tube trained upon you now."

"You couldn't hit me with every torpedo you've got, lieutenant," said the stranger, smiling again. "You'd have to strike a horizontal knife-edge with the firing-pin of your torpedo, and it's one chance in a million. You can't aim in a vertical plane."

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Ross puzzled over the statement, and the stranger went on.

"I've neither rudder nor screw to catch a torpedo. I can get thirty-five knots in five seconds. I can stop as quickly. I might—though I'm not sure—run away from a torpedo."

"Nonsense," said Ross. "It's beyond the power of machinery."

For answer the stranger ducked into the conning-tower, closed the divided hatch; then, throwing a spoon-shaped sheet of water high overhead, the curved object darted about a hundred yards to starboard, stopped almost instantly, and darted back to its former position. Ross's eyes opened at the exhibition, and when the stranger again rose out of the hatch, he cried:

"What in the name of Heaven have you got? How do you get that speed in a ball? I should say it was forty knots an hour."

"No, thirty-five, or a little less. It's twenty under water. I can catch and destroy any submersible afloat or submerged."

"If you are unarmed, how can you destroy anything, even though, as you claim, you are invulnerable to attack?"

"Watch out to-morrow. Keep your colors hoisted, even when submerged. I want to make no mistakes. I have a fluorescent search-light, but it is none of the best."

"You are not a benefactor of humanity," said Ross, with a slight shudder.

"But, if your oil is any good, and my engine don't heat up, I'll prevent the drowning of several thousand people to-morrow. It all depends upon the oil. Now, let's have it, lieutenant, and I'll credit the Government when I sell out."

The round craft moved back alongside, and a rope thrown by her commander was bent to a small keg brought up from the engine-room. "You see, lieutenant," said he, as he hauled the floating keg of oil up the curved incline, "it's a combination engine, cool enough under liquid air, but hot under gasoline."

"I see," answered Ross, with a smile. "But, do you know, you've told me most of your features."

"All but my motive and offensive power. Well, puzzle it out, and you're welcome. And remember—keep your colors up, all of you. Good-by."

He sank down the hatch with the keg, closed it from below, and the craft slowly settled and buried all but about three feet of the periscope-tube. Then, with a swish of water, this tube darted away and was lost to sight in the distance. Ross emptied his tanks, rang the "jingler," and went on.

"Liquid air submerged, and gasoline for surface, of course," he mused. "Unarmored, yet invulnerable. Unarmed, yet able to destroy. No screw nor rudder, yet faster than a turbine-boat. Fluorescent search-light. Ball-shaped too. A centrifugal pump. What for?"

He had forgotten one feature named, and assumed one not named.

III

From information derived from the craft he met and sent back that day, Ross learned that the six ranking officers of the navy, who might supersede him should they arrive, were too far away to take part in the events of the morrow; so he formed his plans with regard to his own judgment and orders. About midnight he made the bell-buoy at the outer bar of the Yang-tse-Kiang, and stopped his engine. Then at daylight he saw the Japanese fleet, a line of large black craft extending from the shallows on the southern shore far to the north. Somewhere among that line was the flag-ship, and, hoisting the ensign, Ross signaled in the International Code, asking the intentions of the Japanese fleet.

The reply was to the point: the first transport to pass the line of ships was to be considered as within the three-mile limit and would be immediately torpedoed and sunk. Ross replied that the transports would make the attempt, and that, while his orders bound him to remain strictly on the defensive, the first submergence of any Japanese craft in this contingency would be considered a hostile act. To this no reply was given, and he turned back to join the transports, fully awake to the responsibilities of his position.

There were no precedents to guide him. Since the destruction of the Japanese battleships by the early submarines years before, the torpedo had never been used in war. The tactics of the past were useless in a battle fought in the dark, illumined only by the short, scant light of individual search-lights. A battle fought wholly on the surface was not to be considered, for a craft of either side, hard pressed, would submerge for safety. So, having regard to the utter futility of any defensive action not involved in high speed, and the fact that a periscope-tube above water could be seen farther than the whole hull be-

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neath, Ross decided to keep his fleet on the surface until driven below.

To this end he reformed the transports into four columns of five ships each, gave the submersibles a numerical place—he had sixteen beside his own boat—and directed them to divide and flank the transports in, but, if hostilities began, to charge around the square at full speed, and torpedo every enemy that gave signs of its presence. And so instructed, the six columns of ships crept in close to the Japanese line—now a row of dots; for they had sunk to the diving condition, and showed nothing above water but their circular conning-towers.

Down in quiet compartments below the water-line, isolated from one another, and each adjusted in wave-length to a fellow on some other ship of the navy, were the transmitters and receivers of the underwater, wireless-telegraph system adopted by the Government. The sixteen "attuned" to those in the craft under Ross were manned, and the pneumatic tubes that brought the messages to the conning-tower were tested; but until the boats submerged, signaling was to be by flags. With this prearranged and understood, Ross was a little surprised when there popped into the conning-tower a cylinder containing a message from No. 5 of his fleet, with which boat he was even then in communication by flags. It was a meaningless jumble of letters, only one cluster of which formed a word; and that word was "Fulton."

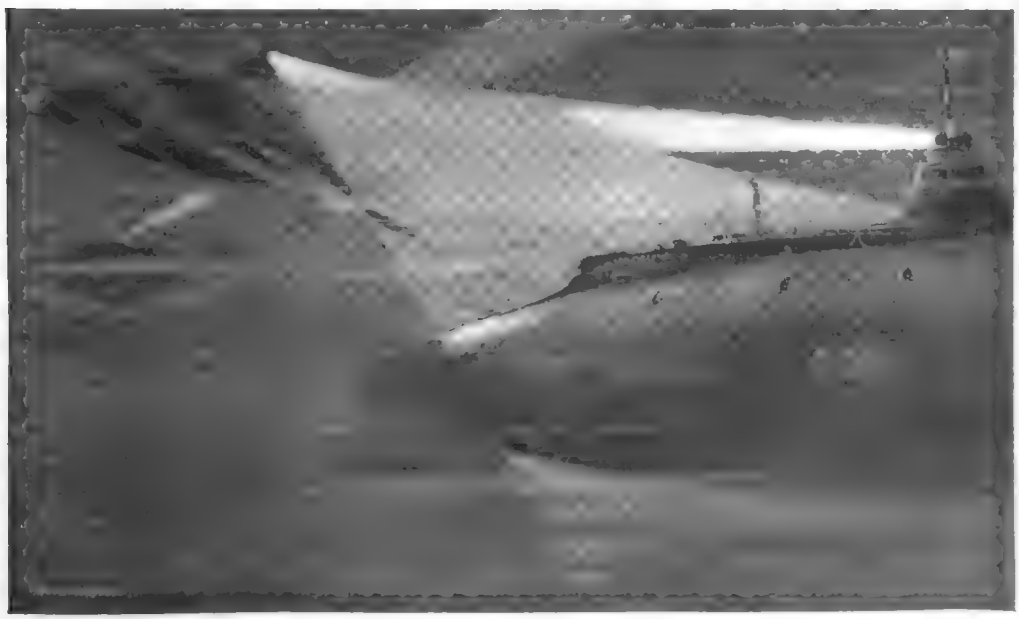
"Fulton?" said Ross to his aid. "One of the first submarines bore that name. The Russians bought her in 1904."

"I read up on those boats lately," said the ensign. "They could stand on their heads, or tails—almost, couldn't they?"

"Yes, but they were no good. Slow, and with but one tube. See what Five has to say."

Asked by flags, No. 5 denied having telegraphed; and concluding that it was an untranslatable message caught from some synchronous machine in the Japanese fleet, Ross put the matter from his mind.

With the American ensign flying from every mast and jack-staff, the great fleet moved slowly in, and when the Vacquero, ahead and in the center, had passed through the Japanese line, the latter's formation changed. Like the swinging of two huge, hidden gates, half the line drew to starboard, half to port, and both closed in, forming a wide lane of dots through which the fleet would have to pass. Then the four leading transports and the flanking protectors entered the lane, and the two lines of dots sank out of sight. Ross signaled "full speed ahead," and rang his jingler; but what followed was beyond his cognizance and control.



AT EQUAL SPEED CAME THE ENEMY, A BLACK AND GROWING BLUR BEHIND A LONG SHAFT OF LIGHT.

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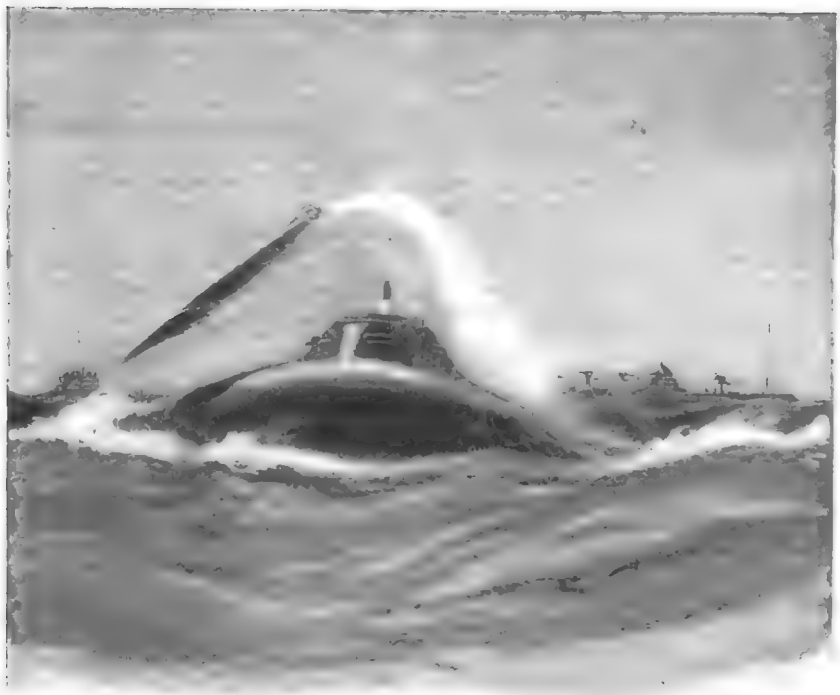

HE SAW A BLACK SPINDLE RISE BESIDE HER, CURVE GRACEFULLY IN THE AIR, AND DIVE INTO THE SEA.

The Japanese had taken bearings, and submerged for a rush. From the transports arose a hoarse buzzing sound, the combined effect of many thousand human voices raised in prayers and shrieks of terror. It rose and fell, but increased on the whole, and attained a volume that prevented Ross from hearing the usual muffled boom of underwater explosion. But he could see, with harrowing distinctness, the results of that hidden rush. Mound after mound of lifted water arose alongside of the doomed transports, which, bursting like huge bubbles, released clouds of black and yellow smoke. Here and there among them could be seen a cloud of white, attesting to shattered boilers; but the sound of the steam could not be heard above the buzzing.

It was soon over. The outer ships suffered first; but they had hardly begun to heel and settle before the mounds and clouds lifted beside the inner columns of ships. Nothing could be done for them, and when a message of one word, "torpedoed," came from No. 4 of his fleet, Ross was glad of an excuse to submerge, not only to shut out the agonizing sights and sounds, but to meet the enemy on more even terms, and fight.

"Where," asked the ensign, "is that invincible ball, that was to prevent all this?"

Ross shook his head; but the question called to his mind the admonition of the stranger, and with the signal to submerge he ordered all ensigns to be left flying at the staffs. Then he rang bells and pushed buttons, the engine-room responded, and in fifteen seconds they were in the dim gray of the undersea with only the telegraph to connect them with the fleet, and only the picture on the periscope-table to remind them, to the last detail of reeling mast and crowded boat, of the utter annihilation of the transports.

IV

In that day's battle beneath the sea it was proven that men *will* fight in the dark, provided they are willing to die, and that the submarine *can* fight its fellow, provided that fellow gets within range of its search-light. It was an underwater *mêlée;* there was no possibility of cognizance, evasion, or intelligent direction. Two craft could detect each other's presence by their telegraph-receivers, could approach and flash their search-lights

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at close torpedo-range. If friends, they could pass on and look for others; if enemies, slip their torpedoes, and also pass on—or down.

In quick succession Ross passed two, more by chance than through any advantage of seamanship or skill, meeting them head on at full speed, and launching at each a broadside torpedo, while dodging the return fire by quick use of the horizontal rudder. All four torpedoes missed, and with eyes flashing with excitement in the new game of life and death, Ross ground the wheel to port, to take another chance at two to one; but he saw dimly at equal speed came the enemy, a black and growing blur behind a long shaft of light. As the ill-defined blur took form and outline, he let fly the starboard torpedoes, one after another, then ground down the diving-wheel to avoid similar messengers of death. But whether any were sent he never knew. Hardly had the two rushing craft come abreast when there was an explosion—yet with none of the spectacular effects of an explosion in air—no flare of red, and hurtling of fragments, and sailing away of thinning smoke—only a dull, booming report, a physical

"SAY, LIEUTENANT! YOUR BLAMED OIL'S NO GOOD!"

in the lessening glow of his search-light that only one was returning—the other passing on—and he chose a course back that would leave it to starboard, open to his unexpended broadside. Back he went at full speed, and concussion, and a blotting out of the black boat by a milky cloud. Thrown off his feet by the concussion, and anxious for the safety of his own craft, Ross had just time to throw his search-light downward and catch a fleet-

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ing glimpse of the shattered fragment of hull wabbling toward the bottom before it was hidden from view by the angle of his own hull. Then came a call from the engine-room saying that the horizontal steering-gear and the stern torpedo tube air-valve were damaged. With all broadside tubes empty, and the stern-tube and steering-gear out of order, Ross decided to avoid chances for a time, and with men at work reloading, repairing, and coupling up the hand-gear he went on in the darkness with search-light shut off and the boat slowly lifting to the surface from the reserve buoyancy, unchecked by the diving-gear. And now there was time to read the messages piled up under the end of the pneumatic tube from the telegraph-rooms.

He had counted twenty-six of the enemy when the long line of dots had changed to a lane before submerging at the beginning. He had entered this fight with sixteen craft beside his own. Of these, nine had been destroyed, and had sent their last messages while on the way to the bottom. How many had gone down unable to signal he could not guess. But of the twenty-six Japanese boats eleven had been reported sunk, and there was the same doubt of the unreported.

Further fighting would involve the loss of more boats—the death of more men. Ross had done enough for prestige. So he signaled to his fleet to muster on the surface ten miles due east, and swung his boat to the course.

And now out of the gray sea to starboard came something big, black, and indefinable at first, then taking form—a curious form for a craft of any kind, surface or submarine. It resembled two salad-bowls with edges together, convex above and below, concave near the edges, which extended sharply and horizontally for about twenty feet from the termination of the convex curve. It was circular in a lateral plane, without rudder, propeller, or any visible means of propulsion; and it darted up close to the Vacquero and stopped with a suddenness which, with its spherical upper body, identified it as the strange craft interviewed the day before.

As Ross viewed it through the deadlights, the search-lights of two pursuers flooded it; then both quivered as two slim spindles darted out of the tubes and into the effulgence. They came on quickly, one behind the other, straight for the big steel bowl that, at equal speed, was now accompanying the Vacquero as if inspecting her. The first torpedo struck just above the circular knife-edge that girdled the craft, but the blunt bulge of the nose slid upward on the long concave, and the torpedo passed on overhead. The other repeated the performance, but struck below the edge, going downward and on. Then the bowl became a shadow, its outlines lost in the rapidity of its rush backward out of the path of light. With nothing to lose now, Ross turned on his own search-light and caught the stranger just in time to see it gently and glancingly touch on the port-bilge of the nearest pursuer. Then, whirling like a great top, it darted away, returned across the stern of its victim, and gently brushed up against the second. Both craft, wounded by that sharp, circular knife-edge, dived slowly downward, their paths illumined for a time by their own search-lights.

"It's he," said Ross, as he motioned his aid to shift the wheel. "And we'll go back with him. We've done enough running away."

"But what's his motive power?" asked the ensign, whirling the wheel. "It's unearthly—just as he said, no screw nor rudder."

"Don't know," answered Ross, squinting through the sights of the azimuth at the dim shadow receding in the gloom; "but his motion seems all lateral—that is, in any horizontal direction at torpedo-depth."

V

With search-light sweeping from starboard to port, they charged back on the bearing taken by Ross, and on a long, rising incline, that soon brought the light of day into the conning-tower, by which time tubes were loaded, and the hand diving-gear was in readiness; they might have steered down again, but the light suggested to Ross what, in the excitement, had not occurred to him since the first submergence—to inspect the periscope, the optical instrument that reproduces on a table a moving picture of sea and sky above. And there on the surface ahead of the Vacquero was a column of black craft steering east that Ross had no difficulty in recognizing as the Japanese fleet. There were twelve of them, and the height of their bow-waves indicated full surface-speed. The ensign joined Ross at the table, and their eyes met.

"Three more of them on the list of the unrecorded," said Ross; "but the one that gets our signals is still at work. They're going out to intercept us. Cut out that instrument

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and signal all the rest to disregard rendezvous."

"It's No. 2," answered the young officer, with a final glance at the moving picture on the table. "Look, look!" he exclaimed. "The two ahead — they're submerging— they're diving. How's that?"

"They're *sinking*," said Ross, after a moment's inspection. "They submerge on an even keel, as we do. That round fellow is meeting them. Send the signal. We'll get to the top."

The periscope had shown the two leading craft lifting their sterns and dipping their bows. When the water had dripped from the conning-tower deadlights, and they looked directly at the sight, these two had nearly disappeared, while the third was beginning to dip, and astern of her, rushing back to meet the fourth, was that huge, glistening convex surmounted by the periscope-tube. The two men threw open the deadlights for a clearer view, while their boat in the "awash" condition, like the other, headed toward the rear end of the line and hurried, with all the power of her engines, to be "in at the death."

There was not time. Perhaps in the whole history of naval war a fleet was never sunk so quickly. The speed of the Japanese submersibles was at least twenty-five knots an hour, that of the destroyer thirty-five—a total rate of approach of sixty. The column was less than a mile long. In less than a minute, and before the leading craft had entirely disappeared, all had felt the touch of the sharp, circular knife, and were dipping, rolling, or staggering, according to the nature and location of the wound.

But something seemed to have happened to the invincible craft that had wrought the destruction. As Ross looked at her, he noticed that she had stopped and was settling. Then he saw a black spindle rise beside her, curve gracefully in the air, and dive into the sea.

"Down we go," he said, giving the order to refill the tanks. "She's being torpedoed. Something else is down there."

The round craft soon disappeared, periscope and all, and not knowing her fate and not caring to approach too close to danger in his "half-and-half" condition, Ross stopped his engine until his boat was under control of the diving-rudder, and watched the spot for some sign of the mystery beneath. Soon he was rewarded. Not a hundred yards away on the starboard bow a black, curving hull with a short superstructure deck and dome-shaped conning-tower, rose from the depths to show for a few seconds, then, porpoise-like, dived out of sight. But in those few seconds there could be seen a name in white letters on the slanting side of the superstructure.

Then, out of the eddies left by the diving craft, rose a fan-shaped stream of water, and, following it, what seemed to be the broad nose of a huge, shovel-nosed shark, until, with the shutting off of the fan-shaped jet and the rising into sight of a familiar conning-tower, it resolved into the circular, knife-edge hull of their preserver. As the leading edge dipped beneath the surface, the opposite edge rose, and now from this edge came the fan of water, a powerful stream that slanted upward for fifty feet before it shattered into a deluge of falling drops. Then the hull disappeared and the fan became an uplifting mound that in a moment gave way to the eddies.

"Down we go!" said Ross excitedly, as the engine-room called that tanks were full. He ground down the diving-wheel and whirled the steering-wheel to port. "That's his motive power—a horizontal jet from the circular edge and a centrifugal pump. Remember—he spoke of it?"

"Yes," said the ensign, "and that fellow he's chasing—that's the——"

"The Fulton—I saw her name plainly—the old, obsolete little Fulton, with her one tube and seven knots."

"But she's a diver—she can stand on her head and tail. She's dangerous to that fellow."

"And that's what the message meant. The Japs captured her years ago and have resurrected her. They must have known of this new craft."

At full speed the Vacquero went under, and after a few circles Ross picked up the combatants with the search-light—the big, round destroyer poised about thirty feet down, canted at an angle of forty-five degrees, but motionless except for a slow, upward drift; and far down, and in a direction indicated by that canted edge, the Fulton, a short, stumpy shape in the dim glow of Ross's light, turning in a wide circle to head back and upward at the quiescent enemy, at which her own small pencil of search-light was directed.

"Something's wrong with him," said the ensign, as the Fulton bravely charged upward. Ross looked at the round craft; the knife-like girdle had assumed a horizontal

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position, while the hull as a whole went steadily upward.

"He's helpless!" he exclaimed. "We must stop the Fulton—both starboard torpedoes." He threw the diving-wheel hard down, and rang full speed to the engine-room.

Torpedoes are gaged to find and maintain a fixed depth—usually twenty feet—no matter what their submergence when fired. The latter-day submersibles were not designed to withstand more than two atmospheres of pressure. The early submarines could bear ten. It was a dangerous experiment that Ross essayed—to dive into the depths and torpedo a craft able to dive deeper—to hit her with a self-propelling missile whose immediate tendency was to deflect itself upward. But he felt that something was required of him, if not due him, to offset the work of that wonder-boat and her commander, and with the plates of his craft creaking like barrel-staves, he steered down on a path almost parallel to that upward pencil of light. The Fulton came on, her bow-port lifted to the semblance of an angry upper lip, her futile little search-light still held on her enemy; but at the psychological moment, when she was slightly ahead, slightly above, and a hundred feet away, Ross pushed a button. There was a cough and a thud, and a torpedo went its way. He pressed again, and a second convulsion marked the going out of another. Then he ground the diving-wheel hard up, and the straining, groaning Vacquero answered it, shooting up to safety on an incline steeper than that of her descent. But her search-light now played on the inert craft above.

For, just before he had fired, a short torpedo had shot out from under the angry upper lip, and was traveling upward on a long line of beauty. Ross shortened the focus and included it in his light, watching it with what attention he could spare from his own boat. He saw it curve upward, almost beneath the round hull, then assume a straight line directly toward its center, then reverse its curving path, and he knew that the danger was past—that the line of beauty would become a horizontal straight line, beneath and away from its target. Then there was a convulsion of the sea, a dull report from beneath, a physical shock, then a second convulsion, report, and shock, and the Vacquero, rocking like a row-boat in a tide-way, lifted a quarter of her length out of the water, and sank to an equilibrium. And Ross, trembling from reaction, also knew that far down in the depths the little, obsolete Fulton, struck by two torpedoes, was rolling to the bottom.

He emptied his tanks, and when his deck was clear of water, headed back for the strange craft, now on the surface, with her young commander's face again rising out of the conning-tower hatch. But it did not look so young as before, though the fine teeth were more in evidence than ever. The lips grinned, rather than smiled, and the eyes were a little sunken. Ross, somewhat haggard himself, stepped out and hailed him.

"We are deeply indebted to you, sir," he said.

"Hello, lieutenant. Same here. That little devil might have done for me. How d'you feel, now that it's over?"

"Shaky."

"Same here. What made you run?"

"Damaged diving-gear. What's wrong with you?"

"Same thing that kept me back at the first of it. Say, lieutenant——"

"Well?"

"Your blamed old oil's no good."

The Waning Season

By EMERY POTTLE

FULL tides of gold flow through the August sea,
The days are drooping blossoms spent with sweet;
In the ripe wood a leaf falls at my feet—
Frail ghost of autumn come to beckon me.

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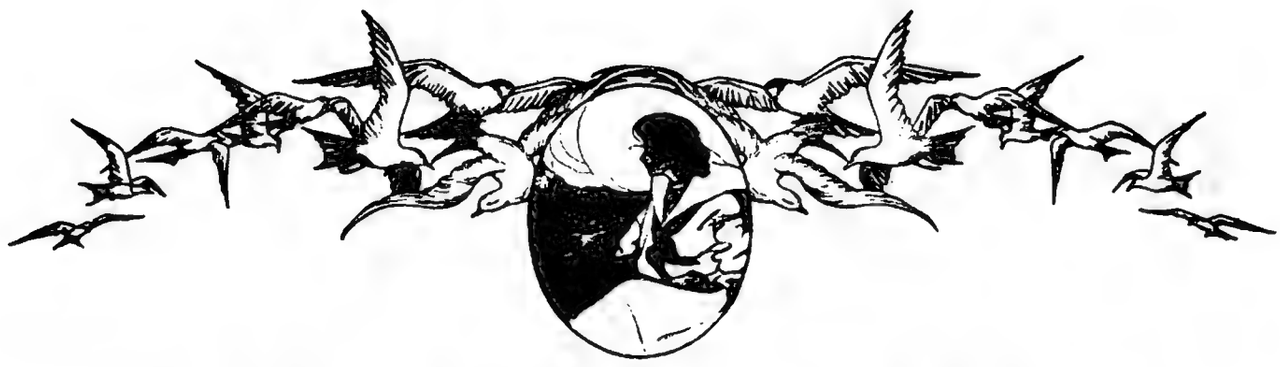

Little Stories of Real Life

In Tinlay's Wharè

By G. B. Lancaster

"The dead man told it to the dead,
And he wrote down the tale;
But life is blind to what They find
Who move behind the veil.

"'Perhaps,' and 'if,' and 'might-have-been';
The lights by which we read
The naked truth full told in sooth
By dead unto the dead."

THIS is not at all explained. It is Tinlay's business, strictly. But Tinlay passed, untelling, and it fell to Clint to pick up the raveled ends.

Tinlay was shepherd to Lane in a log hut set in the bush thirty miles from the homestead. He watched the saddle that made boundary of the low hills, and when the sheep fed afar he employed himself how he might. Once he employed himself in dying, and a stray swagger gave the word to Mindoorie at a considerably later date.

This does not matter, for Tinlay was forgotten in a fortnight; partly because it is well known that the mile-stones for the guidance of the men of to-morrow must be quarried from the bones of the men of to-day, and partly because out-back these mile-stones carry only such records as may be of use to the next man, and are not in the least of epitaph construction.

Clint was the next man. He went up the day after what had been Tinlay came to final anchor on the little hill behind the township; found the mobs shoulder-deep in rank gullies, and chasing the full feed still lower on the hills; raked out the dead ash left by Tinlay in the chimney-place, and slung his billy from the hook. Then he straightened slowly, being stiff from long hours in the saddle, and looked to what needed next.

The bunk was bare to its wooden slats, for there were reasons why the mattress went away with Tinlay.

"Wonder what Muggins'd say ter this," he growled, and crawled out to pull bracken —heaps of bracken, for he was a soft sleeper —in the great pillared corridors, always gloomy and always sounding like organ-pipes at moving of the wind in the tops.

But when the fern was spread, and the gray blankets over, and the firelight ran into all the wharè corners, a restlessness caught Clint, so that he overhauled carefully the nine-by-twelve space that had held Tinlay's private life.

Such outposts as these tell more of a man than his tongue or his face will give. Besides, it is decreed that each soul must influence other souls directly or indirectly. This was why the personality of Tinlay became blatantly real to Clint very presently.

HE FISHED OUT TINLAY'S DIARY.

Tinlay had been a neat man. Clint approved of the folding-chairs and camp-table, and the shelves where some odd books lay dusty among candles and string and fifty-one things more. The books did not interest Clint. They were what he called "bally

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rhymin'-rot." No more did he care for the thumb-nail sketches crowded on the smoked walls.

"Sheep feedin'," he said, standing before them and sucking his pipe in pure puzzlement. "An' a robin on th' choppin'-block outside an' a beastly blowy night wi' a wet moon. The on'y wharè on the beat what ain't got a colored picter from the township. Tinlay'd a rat, sure 'nuff."

Next, he fished out Tinlay's diary from between the top log and the sheet-iron roof, and frilled the pages over in his hand by the red of the sunset.

It was scrawled in indelible pencil, and there were copious stretches in Hebrew, or something equally like barb-wire.

"Tommy-rot," said Clint; and, there being no known person on the face of all the earth who wanted aught to remember Tinlay by, he stuffed the whole thing under the sputtering billy.

Before he left the wharè he would have given more than he had, and more, to have that book back in his hands. For it might have told of The Faces.

The first face he found in the corner by the bunk-head. Tinlay's pet weka was killing a rat all over the room; and when the twain began to bleed into Clint's swag he chased them out, falling over the face in the doing of it.

He carried it back to the fireplace; squatted in the glow; turned it as the light fell this way and that. He smoked three pipes for the good of his nerves, and said, very much more than once, "Did Tinlay do it, or ole Nick?"

It was the face of incarnate dread. This was most certain. After, it might be seen that it was the face of a man; young, by the full temples and clean chin, and roughed with vigorous power from a rich, cheesy heart of totara, ten-by-eight by five-and-a-half. The head was flung back, so that the neck muscles stood out; the lips were tight on the teeth, and the cheeks drawn in. But it was the set seeing horror of the eyes that made the thing strenuous with a lurking life beyond the brain and hand of the workman.

"DID TINLAY DO THIS, OR OLE NICK?"

"That chap's lookin' on his death, an' funkin' it," said Clint suddenly; and then shuddered because he knew that he had spoken truth.

He went to bed and slept badly, dreaming that the face hung in the air above him, and told him why it had feared death. This seemed to be because it would not play football or cricket any more. But the reason was so totally inadequate that Clint woke up laughing.

The face was quite as horrible and truthful by daylight, but the bridge of the nose and one nostril were unfinished. Thereby Clint took sufficient comfort to unclasp his knife for the smoothing. For most bushmen can do all things with their fingers. Five minutes he sat, weakening. Then he dropped the knife back, unfleshed, climbed a stool, and thrust the face to the hind corner of the topmost shelf, beyond bottles and empty matchboxes.

"Uncanny," he said. "That's what it is. Tinlay was a genus if he chopped it out, but he must a-bin dotty too. An' he never did it out o' his head."

This night Clint saw the second face. He turned in the strait bunk that Tinlay had mistaken for a coffin, and saw it on the floor. The door was ajar, and the moonlight washed through in a flood; and the shadow of a face fell black on the white. But only the tree-boles showed faintly beyond when Clint looked for the man who cast that shadow, and only the tree-tops whispered together in the silence which is not peaceful, but restless with a thin, ghostly life. Clint looked again at the face. It was profile, and indistinct, especially about the back of the head. Sleepily he fancied that he had seen the thing before. Then he murmured:

"Bloomin' shadder in a bunch o' leaves. I'll be seein' faces in the billy nex'. An' I'll light the fire wi' that ole heathen o' Tinlay's ter-morrer."

He took the face down at midday, and, happening to hold it sideways, sat suddenly, and did not feel at all well. For, allowing that the one face showed all fear, and the other

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the short upper lip of easy contempt, this was that which Clint had seen as a puddle of ink on the floor.

But the men of the back-country need not to have coward blood in their hearts. Clint shook himself, and went out from the bush to the free, windy hillside. There he said defiantly to his dog:

"Simple thing, in course. Branches makes a shadder on the floor, an' Tinlay carves the shadder. The lay o' the moonlight alters the expression—an' that's all there is to't. Blest if I don't worry that nose out from the ole shadder myself."

THE FACE ON THE TABLE.

He felt brave as a man may be when he laid block and knife in the bunk beside him. He began to sweat a little when the shadow dropped sudden and vivid in the white lime. It was cruelly real, and the pupil of the eye fixed on the block in Clint's hand. Clint swore to this later, and no one could possibly contradict him. He sat quite still, watching; and when another shade moved over the door-sill his eyes burned in his head with a sudden awful dread.

It was Tinlay's weka that came with its shadow before it, and heard Clint making incoherent prayer and breaking into laughter of relief. For a weka is above all things companion to lonely men, by reason of its knowledge that the heavy, powerful mystery of the bush is really just a delicate and transparent joke. And this gives the human much confidence.

It gave Clint confidence to watch the forward glide of the bird until its ocher-tipped brown feathers should darken in the unexplainable shadow. He watched. The weka stepped on, head low, spurred feet and wings mincing. It walked into the shadow, blotting the outline with its own, and passed, untouched in its lightest feather by the face, to the chimney-place.

Clint had not known that this Thing was a horror before. He knew it now, rolling in his bunk and biting his fingers; his eyes drawn still while the moon lasted to that face that mocked his fear and was cast by no light of earth.

He fought a little battle between his pride and his lawful alarm in the sunny space about the chopping-block, while the weka ran down into the thick undergrowth many times with scraps of chops and damper for his family. There were two things to be regarded. If he went back and said that he was frightened by a shadow, it would not be very easy to live on Mindoorie after. If he stayed, and that Thing turned to what Tinlay had seen, he would go mad. Quite probably Tinlay had gone mad before his death. Clint wished he had kept that blue-backed diary, that he might know for truth.

Three days he cooked and pottered about the wharè. Three nights he slept in a wild fern gully where glowworms climbed in ghastly gleams to meet the stars. On the fourth night came rain in ruled lines that caused Clint to burke the soaked fern and crouch over the fire with his dogs. The night was darker than coal in a pit, and therefore no shadow could lie.

"If it was Lavel or Muggins they'd a-guv it best long ago," he said in his conceit; turned, and saw the face floating on the floor in that strip of white that did not shine through the shut door.

This put the roof on the horror unequivocally. It is not wise to ask Clint anything concerning that night; but it is believed on Mindoorie that he passed it with stopped ears, and face hidden against the soft warmness of his dogs.

He rode back at daybreak, carrying his terror in his face and a carved lump of totara in his swag on the saddle bow. He walked into the wharè as the boys sat at tea, unrolled his blankets, and tossed the face with a bump on the table between Walt's plate and Jack's.

"I come back," he said, "'cause that devil is castin' his reflection all over the wharè, an' I don't like it. Burn him, you chaps. I tried, and I couldn't wi' the other face watchin'. Chop him up. But I couldn't do that nuther."

Walt was holding the virile staring face in shaking hands.

"It's de Carteret," he said unsteadily. "Reggie de Carteret 't got bushed somewheres up there seven years ago 'n was never picked

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up. Lord! *what* is it? Good Lord! what made him look that way?"

"Seein' his death," cried Clint hysterically, and tumbled over among the plates and pannikins.

They won explanation from him later. But it did not clear matters at all.

"Twenty chaps hev put in th' season there since Carteret pegged out," said Walt. "An' why should he show on'y t' Tinlay? 'N why show lookin' like that? Clint, ye're lucky y' didn't hev this thing knockin' roun' yer bed. How did Tinlay stan' 't t' carve it? How the land did he?"

"Tinlay saw more than you, Clint," said Harry gravely. "No man ever cut those sucked-in cheeks and bared teeth from a black flat shadow. That is, if Tinlay did do it, and not the devil."

"Tinlay did it," said Clint. "Don't ask me how I know, fur I can't tell yer. But he did it. An' it's a message by the hand o' one dead man from ano'her dead man. An' blowed ef I likes bein' mixed up in it."

But the shadow never showed there again. And so the true connection of de Carteret and Tinlay and the bush where belongs to the things that are not told.

But once in the mustering season Harry's dog gnawed on a human rib-bone in the glow-worm gully, and the boys buried the bone with reverence.

"Honey"

By Harriet Whitney Durbin

I

"LAK a mess o' nice, frash jewberries, jist gethered?"

The lean little man standing at John Follen's log door-step folded back a clean, blue-barred towel, showing the edge of a splint basket full of berries, large, purple-dark, musky and moist from June fields of dew and sunshine.

"Fetch 'em right in, uncle," invited the poet hungrily.

The young man had a general utility utensil in the shape of a tin dish-pan, which he now dragged from under the stove, and into it the fruit tumbled with crushy fragrance as the old man tipped the basket.

John was delving, experimentally, into the heart of Nature for quiet and for inspiration to aid in his wooing of an uncertain Muse. And Nature was proving bountiful on those points; but tin cans, outwardly embellished with corpulent scarlet tomatoes, peaches like yellow full moons, and pea-pods resembling feather bolsters, had become a weariness to the spirit; and the most tempting of "flakes" and "granules" but as dust and ashes.

The old man looked as if the suns and rains that had ripened the wild berries to lusciousness had warped and gnarled him and beaten him brown; yet a measure of alert buoyancy animated his lean little frame.

"I could-er sold 'em every one at Jim Peters's sto'," he chatted away with blithe openness, "unly I'd hafter take trade. And that suits me, good enough; gimme whut coffee and sody's needin' and a plug o' chawin' —I'm happy. But Jim don't keep the little tricks gals likes, and I wanter buy Honey some year-bobs and a peenk ribbon to wear to quatterly meetin'."

The old man's weak blue eyes appealed trustfully to John for responsive interest.

"Is 'Honey' your daughter?" John asked.

"Naw; Honey ain't real kin. I married her Granny, and she hadn't no paw and maw, so her Granny and me riz her; Sereldy's her crishened name—Sereldy Baker. My name's Bean— 'Uncle Jabez', folks calls me. She's all I got left, Honey is—her Granny's dead—and I 'low to buy 'er all the little notions and trinkets I kin. Wish I could buy 'er a hat—a squashin' big one with red posies on it and a gret long feather dangling over the aige—Jing! Mis' Prince couldn't git 'er away fum me then, could she?"

"Is she trying to take 'Honey' from you?" John asked interestedly.

"Yas; Mis' Prince is the milliner-woman nex' ter Jim Peters's; she's goin' to the city to do millin' there, and wants Honey to go 'long to try hats on and wait on folks; she's forevermore tellin' her how sweet she'll look in a new hat every fifteen minutes or so, and whut a lot of jew'lry and stuff she kin buy with her selery; and young gals loves them little finified fixin's—it's in 'em; they can't hep theirselves any more'n a pretty-by-night kin hep fum bein' red and han'some. Wull, I must jog 'long so's to git the stuff for Honey. Fetch ye s'more berries?"

"You bet," answered the poet fervently.

II

WHEN next the old man appeared at John's "shack," the big basket was piled nearly to

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the handle with the fragrant dark fruit, behind which the old fellow's weak blue eyes glimmered with new enthusiasm.

"The's a squashin' lot of 'em," he piped cheerily. "I 'lowed if the' was more'n you wanted I could trade part of 'em at the sto' and git a pound o' tea for Honey; she was feelin' kinder ache-y this mawnin'. 'N'en I wanter buy 'er somethin' spang this trip, and I want you to tell me somethin'. Ef you was me would you buy 'er some musling curtains for the winder by 'er bed, or a pair o' silk stockin's?"

"Wouldn't the curtains be the more useful?" hazarded John uncertainly.

"Yas—I do'no but whut they would. She'd love to hev some musling curtains. Reckon I'll try'n git some with a kinder little frill on the aige, mebby. The' ain't unly a iittle old peenk caliker curtain by 'er bed, now. But then, agin, Mis' Prince she promised Honey a pair o' silk stockin's, bang-up new ones, if she'd go 'long with her, and I'm powerful 'feared she'll git Honey away fum me."

"I should think"—John expressed himself bluntly—"if 'Honey' had any feeling she would stick by you, whatever offers Mrs. Prince makes her."

Uncle Jabez arose and took his basket, with a patient shake of the head over John's non-comprehension of "gals."

"They ain't to blame, gals ain't, fer likin' them little tricks and prettyfyin' things," he explained, with gentle reproof; "they was made that-a-way; it's borned in 'em lak sugar in a mushmillin. Reckon"—he turned around, his interest in the vital question cropping eagerly out again—"atter all, I better buy 'er the stockin's this trip, and let the musling curtains wait till the nex'."

John watched the old man as he went hopping down the path like a cheery old wooden bird, and wondered within himself what manner of womankind "Honey" might be.

III

"Honey's gone."

The old man, standing once more in John's doorway with his basket of berries, looked lean and wilted. Something of stored freshness, like the sear crispness of an autumn leaf, was gone from his look and manner, but his puckered old mouth paraded an unsteady smile.

"You don't mean she has left you, to go away with Mrs. Prince?" John asked.

"Yas; went's mornin'. Leastways, I tole her good-by 'fore I left, and she'll be gone aginst I git back; Mis' Prince is startin' to-day. Honey settled it with her yisterday she'd go, 'cause, she sayed, it'd be betterin' us both fer her to go; mebby it is—but law-law, I wisht the Lord could see His way cler to takin' me outer the world, now—yis, I do. Huh? The berries? Oh, you kin hev them ole berries and welcome; I unly fetched 'em 'cause I wanted to come and tell you 'bout Honey, and not be there when she was leavin'. I don't want no money fer 'em, ner no trade nuther; I don't seem lak I want nothin', now Honey's gone. I wonder—say, do you reckon ef I'd of got 'er the musling curtains instid o' the silk stockin's, she'd of stayed—er a hat? I was 'lowin' to git 'er a plumb stiley hat some these days. Ef I'd hustled up and done it before, do you reckon it'd 'a' made a difference?"

The old man plied his questions with such piteous eagerness that John turned away for a moment before replying.

"No," he said at last, "I don't think it would have made any difference; she'd have gone anyway, if she was so inclined."

"Wull, mebby — mebby; I reckon it wouldn't-er been no use. I must jog."

He took up his basket and went out, trudging spiritlessly along the footpath from John's door and up through the wood. The last bit of spring in the poor, stiff old wooden bird was broken.

It was noon when he reached his cabin. Honey had spread a little lunch for him before she left, upon the small table against the wall—cold corn-bread and boiled bacon, young green onions, and a yellow bowl of musky ripe dewberries; a shabby little tin coffee-pot stood upon the stove. The fire was ready to light, but Uncle Jabez did not light it.

"Shucks, I cain't eat nothin'"—he said aloud.

He went and looked into the second room of the cabin—Honey's room. Upon the floor just beneath the window stood a pair of shoes—Honey's shoes, small, somewhat battered, and run over a little at one side.

The old man's mouth twisted piteously as he stood looking at the shoes, his face taking tremulous new creases. With a sudden loud sob he hobbled quickly back through the kitchen and out upon the door-step; there, under the suddenly loosened tension of his emotion, he sat sobbing unstintedly.

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"Honey's shoes," he repeated weakly, between exhausting outbursts, "Honey's pore little shoes."

IV

UNCLE JABEZ and his trouble stuck harassingly in John's mind and caused him, at last, to fling by his pencil and tablet and set forth to find the lonely old man's shanty.

Jim Peters, a clear-cut type of the country postmaster and storekeeper combined, volubly acquainted John with the exact spot upon a lonely hillside where Uncle Jabez's cabin could be found.

"Quare old shrub he is"—Jim put forth the opinion, suspending his official stamp above the pile of letters under his left hand—"got a heart in 'im as big as a scalloped squash. Seems to me like I got a paper for the old boy—if you'll take and hold on till I get the mail bag fixed I'll han' it to you—train's most due, and I got to hustle."

John leaned against a show-case, looking idly at the cakes of bright pink soap, and bottles of "Apple blossom" and "Meadow hay" perfumery it contained, and listening absently to the gossip of two women standing near the door. One was large and stout; she was dressed in a warm-looking black silk gown and weighted with a ponderous, jet-trimmed black hat; she held a sun umbrella in a neat case, and an imitation alligator-skin satchel stood on the floor beside her. The other woman wore a black calico riding skirt and a slat sunbonnet.

"Your train'll be along right soon, now," the latter observed, squinting along the track that flashed white in the hot sunshine. "Where's Sereldy?"

"Yonder at the station-house," responded the large woman in a voice that pounded its way through the tapping of Jim Peters's stamp, and made John think of a copper saucepan in sudden conjunction with the top of a stove; "it's hot enough to kill a snake over there; I told her if she wanted to fry out in that sun, she could—I was a-going to stay right here in Jim's store till I heard the whistle holler."

"Shore," assented the woman in the sunbonnet, "so'd I. Is Sereldy pleased to go with you?"

"Law, yes. Ever know a female under ninety-five that wouldn't go next door to the brimstone place if she could get plenty of hats and silk duds by it? She did balk some about leaving that old dried-up herring, Uncle Jabez, but I peacified her telling her she could send for him after a bit, when she was making plenty of money—land! I'd like to see the old dry bones coming to me!"

The languid summer stillness of the country town was suddenly lanced by a long, sharp whistle with an undercurrent of rushing wheels. Jim Peters grabbed up his mail sack and fled across to the station; the stout woman shouted, "Well, good-by, Mrs. Singer," lifted her satchel, and set sail in the same direction, and John, from the post-office door, looked eagerly across to the station platform to see if he could distinguish "Honey" amid the tangle of passengers bustling aboard. He saw a slim figure and a flying blue veil directly behind the stout form and the alligator satchel, and felt a strong inclination to rush over to the wearer of the veil, and march her resolutely and vigorously home to her grandfather. But the big bell clattered its farewell to the drowsy station, the great wheels ground slowly against the hard steel, and the huge engine waved back a misty gray banner to the village, as it snorted forth into the world; and "Honey," poor, foolish "Honey"——

Jim Peters came back with the mail sack, gave John the paper he had mentioned, and the poet set forth to pipe what consolation he might into the ears of the forsaken old wooden bird with the broken springs.

V

JOHN easily found the mossy wood-way described by Jim Peters as "branchin' off the county road and runnin' to-wards the crick." But what to do for the poor, despairing old fellow still sobbing upon the door-step of the hillside cabin was a more abstruse problem. All the bits of comforting philosophy John could offer blew over the old man as ineffectually as a swirl of dead leaves. Once, only, his lamentation was suspended for a moment, as he looked up at John with watery eyes, to ask:

"Do ye reckon if I'd of bought 'er a par o' slippers—them reel slick kind with shiny toes and kinder high, tippy heels—it'd done any good?"

And John could only shake his head hopelessly.

The June afternoon was full of a rich, still peace. The "zooming" of a bee in a red hollyhock made a thread of sound that blended harmoniously with the wide quietude.

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The old man threw up his head suddenly, then lowered it once more.

"I got no more sense'n a doodlebug," he said; "I conceited I heered somethin' swishin' thu' the corn, lak skeerts."

Again his head went up, and he held his hand behind his ear, listening with nostrils a-quiver. A crisp, hurrying sound like the quick crushing of plantain leaves became plain. Something—somebody, in a pink dress and a trim poke hat with a quilling of white chiffon in the brim, like the petals of a daisy, swirled around the corner of the cabin. John had a half glimpse of a small, heat-flushed face in the chiffon daisy-disk; blue, wide-open eyes, a heedless nose, tender lips, and a noticeable little curved chin. Then the chiffon disk bobbed down over the old man's head and a pair of pink sleeves encircled him.

"Why, gran'pap—why, gran'pap," trilled a girlishly high voice, "did you feel that bad about me going? Well, I ain't gone; Mrs. Prince is, but I— I been thinking all along if I went I could take better care of us both; Mrs. Prince said so; but I've found *her* out all right—two-faced old——"

The soft, wide eyes that were beginning to flash sapphire glints caught John's interested gaze across gran'pap's bent gray head, and the voice trailed off.

"I thought you went on the train with Mrs. Prince to-day," John hazarded boldly.

The pink flush in the girl's face flamed rose-red.

"It's no thanks to her I didn't," she said, with a note of bitterness in her fresh voice; "if the train'd come along ten minutes sooner than it did, I'd be along with her this blessed minute, and all snarled up in her webs—She's a spider, that's what she is, a sly, spinning spider. Nex' time she wants to bawl out things about gran'pap and me she'd better look whether the door between the post-office room and Mrs. Peters's sitting-room is open or shut."

"Were you in there?" gasped John.

"I was *so*," responded "Honey," and a quick-passing smile made her pretty mouth entrancing; "the sun got so hot over at the station while I was waiting, I turned giddy, so I run over to the post-office, and Mrs. Peters was standing in the side door and she called me in, for she said I was white as a table-cloth, and I was all of a tremble. She bundled me in on the lounge and fanned me, and then run out to get some cold water. I was laying there, sort of gasping, and listening to Jim Peters pounding the letters, when all at once there come Mrs. Prince's voice a-bawling through, a-telling how glad I was to go along with her for the sake of 'duds,' and calling gran'pap an old herring, and—"

She broke off breathlessly, and the sapphire light in her eyes flashed indignation.

"And so," she began afresh, after a few minutes, "Madam Prince went to the city, and I—came home. I don't know whether she missed me or not when she got on the train, but I reckon she's discovered by now that I wasn't so crazy to chase after her— Why, gran'pap"—the cabin door had blown slightly backward, presenting an interior view of the room—"I don't believe you've eat a scrappin' of dinner; I see the table standing just like I left it. I must boil you some coffee— Now, gran'pap, you take and stop. Ain't I here? Ain't I going to stay here?" The girl's voice grew suddenly quivery and her lips began to scatter kisses recklessly about the old man's head and face.

"Stop, gran'pap," she besought; "don't you hear me telling you I never went? I'll never go an eanch from home again, gran'pap. I don't care a lick about Mrs. Prince and all the hats she can buy in a year— She can't get me away from you any more, gran'pap, nor nobody else can, and—there, now——"

Uncle Jabez reached out and gathered Honey's plump right hand into his two old unsteady ones.

"Oh, Honey," he sobbed, rocking back and forth with the pink fingers held close against his breast, "oh, Honey!—oh, Honey!"

John slipped silently around the corner of the cabin and was quietly effaced by the whispering corn-blades.

The Interchangeables

By Melville Chater

THIS is the story of the most daring train robbery ever committed in New Jersey. Of course such things are done better out West, where hold-ups still lend romance to railroad travel. In New Jersey suburbs the one picturesque feature of transportation consists in running for one's train. By night the commuter piously prays, "May I never board a train in motion!" In the morning he says grimly, "I'll catch that 8.13 somehow!"

The Conwright twins were the champion

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train-chasers of Starlingways, New Jersey. They were lithe, fair-haired youths, so alike in face and figure that when they paid calls together the elder wore a red necktie and the younger, blue, to prevent confusion. It would be difficult to say which suffered more by this case of continually mistaken identity, the public or the Conwrights, were it not that the latter shared a twin sense of humor: they kept business engagements for each other, gave away each other's photographs, and it was even rumored that they had enlivened the insipidity of afternoon teas by a wanton exchange of neckties. People called them the Interchangeables. Every morning one of them would sprint into sight just as the train pulled out from the station, whereat the men in the smoker would stop playing bridge long enough to make bets as to which twin it was, and as to whether he would be killed. When the train had reached top speed he would emerge through the baggage car, intact though breathing heavily.

Now, this is creditable as suburban performances go, but it is no betting matter when a man is faced by the necessity of boarding an express as it shoots by at the rate of forty-five miles an hour. Such was the gauntlet flung down to Edward, the elder Interchangeable.

He had met the Achison girl at the Misses Ayrton and Darrow's during her last year of school, and before Thanksgiving they had bridged the intervening half mile by a weekly correspondence. Elsie was a dark, dashing young woman of gaily defiant manner and a skill beyond her years for managing men. She preferred driving them tandem. At the Misses Ayrton and Darrow's, calling is confined to Friday nights; therefore on Friday nights Edward called, but not often before he encountered a visitor from New York, one Swartwood, a morose, aggressive, gipsy-looking fellow. Miss Achison introduced them: Edward thought on Swartwood's twenty-mile trip, Swartwood thought on Edward's perpetual proximity, and both lifted up their eyes and hated each other with the hate which was their doom. Such were Miss Achison's tandem-plays.

Now, Edward was of the blond, modest type, mild mannered, almost to shyness, but absolutely undrivable by a lady; he sulked in tandem, and after a few triple encounters he limited his calls to every other Friday. Such a tacit arrangement has all the suspense of a swimming race under water.

The men did not meet again until the June graduation dance, at which there befell the misunderstanding that culminated in train robbery. The Interchangeables attended the dance, and through an unfortunate confusion of cards Herbert instead of Edward sought out Miss Achison for the fourth. He took her from Swartwood, where they were seated in a dark nook under the stairs, and the couple were bumped thrice around the room before Elsie encountered Edward dancing with her pet aversion, heard her speak his name, and realized the awful truth; for meanwhile, it seems, Miss Achison had been saying things which were intended for Edward. She was one of those girls whom dancing inspires with a coquetry so near the danger line that they seek to counterbalance the effect by coolness, while sitting out afterward. In the present instance she counterbalanced it so roundly that Herbert retired, vowing vengeance.

Edward's friends asserted that the thing was a sheer mistake, and Miss Achison's foes giggled wickedly that the Interchangeables had served her out for trying to drive in tandem. Whatever the truth might have been, Edward and Elsie parted in strained relationship and Swartwood had exclusive control throughout the summer vacation, at the close of which Edward heard rumors that made him uneasy.

However, by September, when he knew that Miss Achison must be safely at home in Buffalo, he prevailed upon his sister to give her a house party. But Miss Achison wrote, declining sweetly, owing to a similar engagement on Long Island. Edward knew that Long Island contained Swartwood's married sister; he sat down and wrote Miss Achison boldly, bluntly, inviting himself to Buffalo for an immediate twenty-four hours. She declined still more sweetly because, she said, she was so busy with the dressmaker. Till then Edward had refused to be driven; now he not only accepted the bit, but took it between his teeth. He wrote that he was determined to see Miss Achison and proposed meeting her train at Jersey City. Miss Achison replied that she was sorry, but that she had already made a similar engagement with Mr. Swartwood, whom he no doubt remembered. Meanwhile Edward had conceived a lively suspicion of house parties; he wrote Miss Achison that he must and would see her, if only for the moment that her train stopped at Starlingways. Thereupon Miss Achison named her train, adding tersely that if he

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thought such an engagement worth while, she could be found on the near side of the third car.

Nowadays when Elsie tells the story she explains at this juncture that the trouble was due to her consulting an out-of-date time-table; and if the audience visits her with derisive jeers, she adds the incontrovertible evidence of her conversation with the Pullman conductor en route, wherein he used these very words:

"Starlingways? No, Miss. This train hasn't stopped east of Port Jervis since September first."

As Elsie says, you may believe it or not, just as you choose. At any rate, as the sixty miles between Port Jervis and Starlingways slipped past, Miss Achison, perhaps because she knew her train would not stop, conceived a most desperate desire that somehow it might. Her reply to Edward now rang like a bitter mockery which would sever their last bond. Why, she asked herself, must she always mistreat those whom she liked best? And, oh, why hadn't Edward known enough just to *make* her treat him well? If, instead of sulking, he had only done something desperate!

As the train rounded the curve at Starlingways, Miss Achison, gazing forlornly ahead, sighted a familiar light-haired figure on the near end of the platform, his coat buttoned up, his cap jammed down in a business-like manner. Hardly had she recognized him, when he turned and sprinted along beside the track, half glancing over his shoulder across the narrowing space between himself and the onrushing locomotive.

In a sickening flash it came upon her that Edward had read her last letter as a taunt and had determined to take her at her word. For one instant she saw him veer under the lee of the train, then all flew past and she sank back in limp horror.

During the next few moments she experienced an anguish of suspense. Inwardly she flung up agonized hands to heaven in self-denouncement; she laid to her charge every sin on the coquette's calendar and capped them all with unjustifiable homicide; and all the while there whirled through her brain wild thoughts of stopping the train, of telegraphing, of flying back to Starlingways to involve herself in murder—or marriage.

But just as she was about to scream aloud, Edward emerged from the vestibule. His coat was buttoned tight, he was nervously brushing himself with his cap, he looked pale and was quite speechless. Then, of course, she screamed.

Only two people know exactly what followed, but the car was sufficiently empty and there were twenty miles to go. At any rate, when Swartwood afterward found them wandering about the terminus together in a dazed, idiotic condition, he did not have to be told that train robbery had been committed.

That is about the manner in which Mrs. Edward Conwright told the tale for many a day. Whenever she began, her modest husband always said, "Oh, Elsie, for heaven's sake forget it!" She made his boarding of the train a very thrilling affair, at which point he usually blushed and left the room. On the other hand, Herbert would listen, time after time, striving to contain himself under high pressure of enjoyment.

For some while Mrs. Conwright sentimentally retained a Pullman car check for a chair in Car No. 3, Buffalo to New York. That was the only document in the case until one day she found among her husband's old clothes a similar check. It showed the same date and train as her own, and read in addition, "Car No. 4, Port Jervis to New York." Then she gasped—and began to wonder.

And shortly afterward one of Starlingways' matrons, meeting her at a bridge-whist party, said, "I'm convinced, my dear, that you've saved your husband's life by marrying him. He used to be so reckless about running for trains, you know! And as for his brother, Herbert—why, one afternoon last September I saw that boy actually try to board a through express for New York. No, of course he didn't succeed, but it was a terrible sight to see him dashing along right under the— But there, I—I can't tell you how it made me feel!"

Nor is there any record of Mrs. Edward Conwright's feelings upon that occasion.

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With the Procession

Happenings of the month—stories, personalities, compact epitomes of events that are making history.

THE REFORMED CORPORATION LAWYER

Mr. James B. Dill, a Yale man scarcely yet of middle age, has been extraordinarily successful in organizing great trusts and corporations. He is known to have received, as he undoubtedly earned, great sums for his services. Perhaps he is better known to the public than a great many other men in this very profitable business, for the most highly successful lawyers nowadays are practically business men. We heard of Mr. Dill next as wandering through the United States and Canada with a sort of train of swift automobiles. Without saying that automobiles are not pretty toys, that give more danger to the public than they confer happiness upon the drivers, there seemed to be a little too much advertising about Mr. Dill's automobile expedition. He has now gone into a better occupation. In a speech delivered at Oberlin College in June he agreed with the opinions expressed so often, and with so much evident impression upon the public mind, by this magazine:

"The menace in our so-called prosperity of to-day is that the men among us who become powers, financially, politically, or socially, abuse their powers."

He went on to speak of graft, of the unfaithful bank official, of the dummy director, of the whole practise of permitting a syndicate and corporate morality different from that which would be permitted in an individual. A man cannot have two standards of morals. His business life must react upon his private life, and "the inevitable result, the logical conclusion of a false standard of morality in business, is the corruption of all laws and their false interpretation."

These true and severe words against the methods of syndicates of rich men, uttered by a man who has done so much work for them, are another and certain proof of the great effect made by the revelations of Mr. Lawson, and the shocking evidence of their truth given by the Equitable Life Assurance Society. One would naturally suppose that a man who has made his fortune by work for corporations would, through habit or interest, continue faithful to their cause. Mr. Dill has shown his sincerity by consenting to become a judge in New Jersey at a salary of $3,000 a year. It is easy to sneer at Saul and Paul and to say that he has got money enough to afford to be converted. But clearly Mr. Dill is an honorable man. He has had enough of mere moneymaking. He has seen the disgraceful and immoral methods employed by associated wealth; and to be a just judge is honor enough, just as to be one of the sleek and pious scoundrels who pass the plate with one hand and rob the orphan with the other is dishonor too much.

THE SECESSION OF NORWAY

For over four hundred years, from 1376 to 1814, Norway was a province of Denmark. Against her will she was transferred to Sweden. Bernadotte, one of Napoleon's marshals, who had been elected Crown Prince of Sweden by the efforts of a coalition of nobles, King Charles XIII being childless, united with England to compel Denmark to make the transfer. In 1818, Bernadotte succeeded to the throne as Charles XIV. He united the two countries, but each kept its laws and its national legislature, with power to legislate for its own territory subject to the royal veto, and representatives from each sat in the cabinet. Ever since the union there has been a strong opposition to it. Norway is more liberal, more democratic, as is natural in a land of mountaineers, sailors, and fishermen. The nationalist movement has been stimulated for sentimental and poetical reasons by Norwegian writers. Norway is for free trade, Sweden for protection. Since 1890 the Norwegian nationalists have demanded a sepa-

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rate Minister of Foreign Affairs and a separate consular service. A bill for the latter purpose was passed by the Norwegian Storthing, or national assembly. It was vetoed by King Oscar II, one of the ablest and most democratic of rulers. Thereupon the Storthing declared the union dissolved. Sweden declined to recognize the dissolution. Norway invited certain royal families to furnish her with a king. The German Emperor shows an ostentatious sympathy with Sweden. Russia, which covets Scandinavia, is not in a position to take much of a hand in the controversy. It involves, or may involve, the command of the Baltic and the exclusion of Russia therefrom. It might involve a world war. In short, it is so dangerous that it will have to be put to sleep.

RURAL FREE DELIVERY

As the guide-book said of the hotels, the rural free delivery is expensive but good. It has cost something more than twenty millions a year already, although it reaches not more than one-third of the rural population, if any population can properly be described as rural in these utterly urban days, when the telephone and the trolley bind the country to the city, and practically make, or are making, the whole country a concatenation or bunch of cities. Petitions for the extension of this service pour in by the bushel. There were nearly five hundred of them in one week of last summer. New routes are established at the rate of about six hundred a month. When "every farmhouse is reached," the expense will be at least sixty millions of dollars, provided no reduction of salaries is made; and the salaries of officials have a habit of being increased, not diminished. Rural free delivery is a great and good thing, and it shows how much Congress loves the farmers, for their virtues, of course, and not for their votes.

THE GREAT DIVORCE COMMONWEALTH

THE American habit of leading the procession is capable of being carried to excess. The divorce rate in the United States at present is 612 divorces for every 10,000 marriages. Some cynics may think that this is not too much; but most of those who would not admit impediment to the quick separation of persons who desire better terminal facilities for marriage must admit that it is a little peculiar that the divorce rate in the United States should be so much greater than it is in other countries. Germany lags piteously with a bare 165; France can show only 80; Switzerland with 432 does very well for herself. But the proud preeminence of the United States for sudden severing of the marriage tie seems likely to be maintained, and even increased.

PINNACLES OF HEAVEN

A CHART published by a French scientific periodical and explained by a French scientist shows how far men have penetrated the heights of the earth and air. The Eiffel Tower, 984 feet high, is the highest building. Mount Everest, 28,995 feet high, is the highest peak of earth. Dr. Workman, of Worcester, Mass., holds the highest "record" for mountain climbing, 23,993 feet. His wife, Fanny Bullock Workman, has the woman's mountain-climbing record, 21,910 feet. In 1901, M. Berson in a balloon ascended 35,424 feet, the highest point reached by man, and nearly 3,000 feet above the region of the highest clouds. In 1902, a balloon from Strasburg observatory reached a height of 73,111 feet.

AUTOMOBILIANA

THERE are 60,000 motor vehicles in the United States. American cars have crossed the Rockies and the Andes. An American car has been driven into the ocean from the extremity of the southern island of New Zealand. The automobile has made its way into China and Africa. It will yet be known in the Solomon Islands, and the last remaining cannibals will fly from it in terror. It has passed the Arctic circle. It will yet be skating around the ultimate pole. Everybody goes touring. Inns and restaurants spring up along the path of the horn.

Many results, good, bad, and indifferent, have been attributed to the automobile. Certainly one of the most curious of them is their effect upon the great "family hotels" or apartment houses in New York, or at least upon several or many of them. The builder of the first great "family hotel" in New York explains that the class of hotels in question was built for wealthy men. Of course, the rent was even higher than the building. But now comes the "devil wagon," as its detractors call it, the "bubble," as the frivolous college youth names it, and away whizzes the rich

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man to his home in the country. He may do business in the city, and yet have a country home forty or fifty miles away. He can get home in an hour or so. He finds it pleasanter to live in the country. Besides, it is fashionable to live in the country. Let us not attribute too much to automobiles.

RING, RING, WHO'S GOT THE RING?

A BIRTHDAY party to a seven-year-old boy in New Jersey. A vision and marvel of a birthday cake. Seven candles on the top, a lovely ring inside. The cake is cut, devoured. "Which of you children has the ring?" asks the hostess with polite curiosity. Nobody has seen the ring. Nobody remembers swallowing it. The children are rushed home. Mothers send "hurry calls" to doctors. X-ray apparatus and stomach-pumps are ordered. But a healthy child can swallow anything. Ring, Ring, Who's Got the Ring? The candles were lucky to escape.

GUNLESS FIGHTING-TOPS

ONE lesson of Japanese naval victories has been applied in our own navy. The small-caliber guns which have hitherto been mounted in the fighting-tops of our war vessels are to be removed, and range-finders installed in their place. In theory these small quick-firers were to sweep the enemy's decks of every living thing. In practise it has been found that the ships never get near enough to have them do serious execution. So they will be removed, and for protection from torpedo-boat attacks reliance will be placed on the small guns mounted on deck. The range-finder will tell the gun crews below how to aim. Thus did Japan, and the accuracy of Togo's fire was not the least amazing thing about the battle in Korea Strait.

THE WORLD'S BEST SHORT STORIES

WHAT are the world's best short stories? In a collection in a number of volumes, edited by two well-known literary men, Mr. H. W. Mabie and Mr. Lionel Strachey, about half the stories are by English and American authors. Thackeray is represented by "Dennis Haggerty's Wife"; Scott by "Wandering Willie's Tale"; Dickens by "Trial for Murder"; Poe by "The Pit and the Pendulum," and "The Murders in the Rue Morgue"; George Eliot by "The Lifted Veil"; Hawthorne by "The Minister's Black Veil," and "The Great Carbuncle"; Kipling by "Without Benefit of Clergy," and "The Man Who Would Be King"; Stevenson by "Markheim," and Bret Harte by "The Outcasts of Poker Flat." Inevitably, Mr. Hale's "The Man Without a Country" appears. One man's meat is another man's poison, but it would be mighty interesting to get a vote from a few thousand people who have read short stories all their lives, who wallow in short stories, so to speak—it would be mighty interesting to get their opinion as to which are, say, the best ten or twenty short stories in English.

THE OCEAN DESERT

PROF. ALEXANDER AGASSIZ, lately returned from a six months' cruise in the Government sounding-boat *Albatross*, has discovered and charted a great submarine desert, covering about two million square miles of the bed of the Pacific Ocean. The water in this desert is very shallow as compared with the great depth of the rest of the ocean floor. In fact, it is a vast volcanic plateau. This is shown by the dredgings, which are pieces of manganese rock, volcanic lava rounded by the action of the water. Every day the *Albatross's* dredging apparatus would bring up bushels of what now appeared to be peas, now potatoes, now cannon balls. The average depth is two thousand fathoms. The ocean desert is almost absolutely level. That is, soundings show but slight variation of depth. A curious thing, this great plain of desert water, without a trace of life, plant or animal.

SCHOOLS AND CHURCHES

MANY people have complained because the Protestant churches are not open every day in the week as the Catholic churches are. In July fourteen churches in crowded tenement districts in New York were opened to the children, and the vacation Bible schools were begun. The work was started four years ago, and it is thought that a Federation of Churches could make enough to open buildings in all parts of the city. For two hours, on

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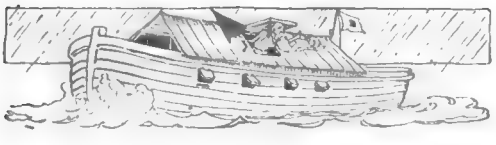
five mornings of the week, the children have lessons in music. The girls learn sewing; the boys hammock-making or basketry. Every day a short time is given to Bible study. Every week there is a talk on health. One thousand seven hundred children attended on the opening day, and more have come every day since. The object of the schools is to keep the children away from the hot streets and get them interested in something useful. Besides, as the director says, "there is too much empty church space in the summer in this city, and we want to use it."

THE ST. LOUIS MILLION CLUB

CHICAGO used to have a Two Million Population Club. That was dissolved, we believe, and a Three Million Club formed in its place. So rapidly does Chicago rush on to new millions. Her old rival, St. Louis, has now formed a Million Club. The object of this organization is to give St. Louis a population of one million before the census of 1910. All sorts of clubs and institutions, except political and religious, are represented in the membership. Exactly what steps will the club take to perform the task which it has taken upon itself? Will it offer bounties? Will it offer large and free quantities of that beer for which St. Louis is so famous?



THE STORY OF THE FLOOD

ONE hears so much of the Higher Criticism, and so much doubt and even ridicule is thrown on beliefs firmly held in one's youth! But listen a moment to Professor Wright, of Oberlin, a competent scholar and geologist. He is telling the American Bible League of "The Contributions of Geology to the Credibility of the Flood." There is no invincible objection to the scientific reasonableness of the Flood story. There is a vast amount of evidence in its favor. The level of the land is changing constantly. Geology is little more than a record of the rise and fall of continents. The world is a cooling sphere with a diameter of 8,000 miles, but with a hardened shell of only fifty. Every substance melts in the intolerable heat beyond that depth. "On this plastic interior the earth's crust rests like a pontoon bridge on water."

The highest mountains were once below sea-level, as is shown by the sea-shells in rocks on their summits. All Central Asia has been drying up for thousands of years. Once it was under water, temporarily, to a considerable depth. The lowlands of Turkestan and Siberia were submerged. The Desert of Gobi was a sea as large and deep as the Mediterranean. The Sea of Aral sent into the Caspian a stream as long as Niagara. The Jordan Valley was full of water to a height of from 1,000 to 1,400 feet. There have been such great changes of level and climate in the heart of Asia, that "No one contemplating them intelligently can well deny that some such catastrophe as the Deluge has passed over the country." The geologist does not have to prove, in detail, the story of the Flood; but the facts before him prevent him from "raising any serious objection" to it.

GERMANY AND THE UNEMPLOYED

IN Germany colonies for unemployed working men make pauperism unnecessary. In each city are great buildings, occupied by union offices, where seekers after work go and register. They bathe, have their clothing disinfected, and, if the unions have no work for them in the cities, they are sent to the farm colonies in the country, where they work at land reclamation, agriculture, and other productive occupations. The unions are open to all, and provide, besides opportunities for workers, old-age pensions, accident insurance, and other benefits.

THE PLENIPOTENTIARIES

THE plenipotentiaries to conclude a peace between Japan and Russia are Baron Komura, Minister of Foreign Affairs; Mr. Takahira, the Japanese Minister to the United States; Baron Rosen, the new Russian Ambassador at Washington, and Sergius Witte, the famous former Minister of Finance, now President of the Committee of Ministers. All these are men of keen intellect, and the first three are experienced diplomatists. The substitution of Mr. Witte for the reactionary Muravieff, the former Minister of Justice, a reactionary in full sympathy with the Grand Ducal party, seems to augur well for peace; but no disaster abroad and no amount of dis-

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orders and assassination at home are sufficient to teach the autocracy that it is beaten. Can Mr. Witte be in real favor with the Czar? Let us hope, for the best interests of Russia, that an honorable peace will be negotiated at Portsmouth. The war was so dishonorable to Russia that almost any peace will be honorable in comparison.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD PENSIONS

In five years two thousand four hundred and eighteen employees have been retired from the active service of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company and put on its pension list. Five hundred and sixty-eight were between the ages of sixty-five and sixty-nine, and of these four hundred and thirty-nine were retired on their own request. The company pays the operating expenses of its pension department, which has distributed some sixteen hundred thousand dollars in the five years.

A THOUGHTFUL DAUGHTER

In New Jersey lived an aged man with his two daughters. His pleasure was to smoke cigars and wear fancy waistcoats. One daughter would humor his whims, but the other tabooed the cigars and criticized the flowery articles of clothing. In the fulness of time the daughter who looked with tolerance on her father's indulgences died. She left by will all her estate to her sister, on condition that as long as he lived their father should smoke as he pleased, and wear such waistcoats as he pleased, without interference or remonstrance from the surviving sister. But the surviving sister wants her father to quit the weed because she thinks it is injuring his health. What shall she do?

AT IT AGAIN

Commander Peary's new Arctic exploration ship is named the Roosevelt. She was built at Portland, Maine, and all Peary's skill and knowledge of the conditions in high latitudes went to make her perfect. Her bow is bluff, her sides are protected by heavy guard strakes, her overhang is calculated to protect the propeller from ice. When she is pounded in the ice her frame will distribute the shock to all parts of the hull, thus minimizing it at the point of impact. She is 161 feet on the load water-line, and has three masts, engines, etc. She is steel sheathed. Her framing would be heavy for a vessel twice her size built for any other use, but as on the strength of this her safety must depend, particular attention was paid to it. In the Roosevelt Peary expects to reach the highest latitude yet attained, if he does not "find the pole." Many think he will find that hitherto unseen point, and patriotic Canadians are already laying claim to it for England's great empire.

MILITARY BULLETS

Is the military bullet too small? Japan uses a German-silver or steel-jacketed bullet of less than .25 caliber. It is long, built for speed, wide range, and flat trajectory. Our army uses a bullet slightly larger. They are called "humane," because the wounds they make are small, almost always antiseptic, and heal quickly. But they have not the stopping power of the larger balls, and many experts believe that they tend to prolong wars, by lowering the death-rate and permitting men to engage again in fighting soon after being wounded. Is a long war preferable to a short, bloody one? Has the reappearance of bayonet-stabbing, due to the reduced killing power of the bullet, made war more humane? And finally, can war ever be humane?

THE SMART SET

How much would you give to belong to the Smart Set? To belong to the real Smart Set you would give everything, probably, and perhaps borrow or steal. Why not? Isn't the Smart Set the greatest thing in the world, in fact, the one thing in the world? We read about it in the papers. We dream of it at night. The names of its members are beloved in every kitchen and in every parlor. If admission to that very smart temple is denied you, what will you give to make people think that you belong to it? It seems that in New York a certain number of well-known persons were willing to subscribe $500 to have their names and accomplishments registered in a book called "America's Smart Set." Anybody willing to pay a thousand dollars could have his name printed in every chapter. Cheap at the money, wasn't it?

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THE HEAD OF THE CANAL

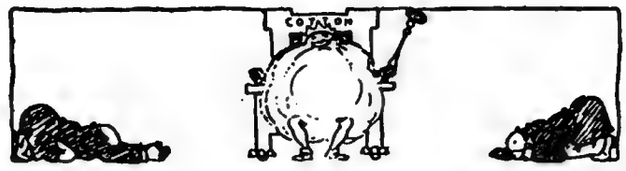
Mr. Theodore P. Shonts, the new chairman of the Panama Canal Commission, is an interesting as well as a successful person. He is only forty-nine, somewhat more than six feet high, and of athletic build. He comes to his great place from the West, the mother of most of the big men as well as great men, but he was born in Pennsylvania. He began business life as a railroad builder in Iowa. He has operated railroads. He has been a traffic manager. He has run the auditing department of a great railroad. He is known as an adept in railroad law. In short, he is one of those all-around and masterful railroad men that exist in such large quantities in the West, and are transported to the East at enormous expense. Mr. Shonts is said to have run railroads for the benefit of their stockholders. If this is true, he must be a curious man. He is understood to have a private income of $100,000 a year. So he is not dependent upon the beggarly salary of $30,000 a year which he receives in his present post. While he was scarcely known in the East before his appointment, there is a general agreement that he seems to have the force, brains, experience, and honesty to carry successfully through the vast enterprise of which he is now the head.

THE NEW AFRICAN EXPEDITION

In August the Duke of the Abruzzi, who made such a high reputation by his Arctic explorations, started with an amply equipped expedition for Central Africa. He means to explore the Ruwenzori mountains, and climb their highest peaks. This range runs north and south, across the Equator to the west of the Victoria Nyanza, and between Lake Albert Edward on the south and Albert Nyanza on the north. It is eighty miles long, a great block of rock upheaved in some old fiery convulsion of the earth. Stanley found it in 1888. The natives pointed out to him a big mountain "covered with salt." There it rose, surely enough, a mighty mountain robed in snow. It took Stanley weeks to find out that it belonged to a range. According to him, the Ruwenzori range is the so-called Mountains of the Moon, seen on many old maps. We remember to have noticed them stretching vaguely across Africa in school geographies still in use in the United States not more than fifty years ago. According to the old geographies, the Nile had its source in the Mountains of the Moon. To climb the peaks of this range will be a hard job. Supplies must be carried on the backs of natives, and though the climbing will be done under the Equator, the explorer and his men will work for months in a Polar climate. Good luck to the Duke of the Abruzzi on the Mountains of the Moon!

UNANIMOUS CHANGE OF FAITH

By a unanimous vote the members of the Congregational Church in East Brookfield, Mass., decided to become Episcopalians. Probably this was rather a change of name than of essential creed, but it shows the growing fluidity of faiths and the easy overleaping of denominational lines.



COTTON A SHRUNKEN KING

Cotton is still king, but the Farmers' Union of Texas believes that His Majesty's bulk is considerably less this year than last. The figures gathered by John M. Garner, the manager of the Union, show that this year's crop will be thirty per cent. smaller than that of 1904, or about 8,000,000 bales. The cotton-planters were much stirred up last year because the abundant crop sent the price of the staple down. By agreement among themselves they tried to limit the acreage this year. They appear to have been successful, and now, in higher prices, they hope for the reward of their foresight.

ADD CALLAGHAN

A well-known poem about the exploits of "Burke, Kelly, and Shea" is recalled by the fact that Lieut. Thomas Casey Callaghan, a Canadian, is the chief scout in the Japanese army in Manchuria. Callaghan is a mighty hunter of big game as well as men. He has seen life and adventure in many lands. He was shot through the body and left for dead in South Africa. Though nominally of Our Lady of the Snows, his name shows his descent from the great fighting race. To Burke, Kelly, and Shea add Callaghan.

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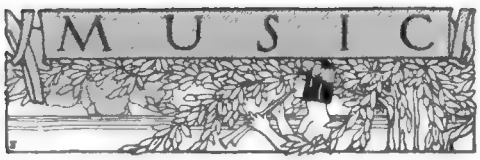

PROMOTING AMERICAN MUSIC

THE recent establishment in Boston, that paradise of liberal ideas, of a society whose sole end and aim is the promotion of our national musical art, is an event of more than ephemeral interest. "The American Music Society," as it is called, purposes to advance the best interests of American music by the study and performance of native works of importance. It may be seriously questioned whether the need for such an organization exists in any civilized country as it does in America. We are, as a people, astonishingly indifferent to the achievements of our music-makers. Whereas the names of Sargent, of Alexander, of St. Gaudens are known to thousands, the names of our most eminent composers are known only, proportionately, to dozens. How many of those who could name offhand the most distinguished American writers, painters, and sculptors, could identify the composers who have placed our national musical art on a level, in many respects, with that of contemporary Europe? It seems more than likely that the American Music Society will do much toward arousing our pride in the attainments of those music-makers who are, as yet, without honor in their own country.

THE OUTLOOK FOR OPERA

As the summer wanes, the promises and announcements of the purveyors of grand opera wax more insistent and alluring. Already we hear rumors, and even definite forecasts, of what the next opera season holds for the delectation of its patrons. The judicious will be cautious in the measure of confidence with which they receive such premature representations; but as there is doubtless a grain of truth in many of them, they are worth noting. The most gratifying report is to the effect that Humperdinck's delightful fairy opera, "Hänsel und Gretel" (which has never been heard at the Metropolitan), is to be put on by Mr. Conried with his usual lavishness and effect. Goldmark's sumptuously Oriental "Queen of Sheba" is also in prospect of revival; and there is some talk of a production of "La Cabrera," the opera by the Frenchman Dupont which won the prize offered by the Italian publisher Sonzogno—a veritable novelty, for it has been sung only in Vienna, Paris, and Italy. Of the singers, there is sufficient assurance that we shall hear again Mme. Sembrich, Mme. Eames, Mme. Homer, Miss Edyth Walker, Miss Fremstad, and—probably—Mme. Nordica. Frau Wittich, the much discussed dramatic soprano who, like the young woman of the Henry James anecdote, can sing Wagner "in the original," is also talked of; and it is more than likely that the young German tenor Heinrich Knote will again display his gracious and persuasive art in such rôles as *Walther*, *Lohengrin*, and *Tristan*. Van Rooy, Scotti, Plançon, Blass, and such other standbys, are of unfailing recurrence. It is hoped and expected that the temperamental and poetic Mr. Hertz will return to conduct the Wagner répertoire, and that Arturo Vigna will again direct the Italian performances. An important item is that Mr. Dippel is said to have abandoned his intention of adding the part of *Woglinde* to his répertoire.

BERLIOZ—GENIUS OR CHARLATAN?

Has the musical world been neglecting and reviling for more than half a century a genius of the first rank, and is he about to be discovered by the contemporary world? Undoubtedly, one of the most interesting of contemporary phases of music is the awakening of a vigorous enthusiasm for Berlioz and his works—a composer who, although most of his important productions belong to the first half of the last century, is still far from a definite rating in the history of art. About no other composer is there so wide a divergence of opinion. He died in 1869, yet critics and historians are still undecided as to whether he was a remarkable genius, a pathbreaker in his art, or merely a pretentious and egotistical charlatan. A recent essayist has attempted to place a definite value upon this first of the musical Romanticists, and finds him to be beyond question a master tone-poet, who "speaks with the authority of the seer as well as the voice of the orator." The eminent conductor, Felix Weingartner, who will visit this country during the coming season, is an invincible champion of the French tone-poet. He is editing

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an elaborate complete edition of Berlioz's works, and will probably give American concert-goers an opportunity once more to put their judgment of his music to the test of actual hearing.

THE PASSING OF RICHARD STRAUSS

Recent months have brought forth no more surprising development in the world of music than the indubitable fact that Richard Strauss a year or two ago the most adored and the most execrated personage in the contemporary tone-world, is becoming something very like a bore to his admirers and detractors alike. He has trifled with his magnificent birthright, and he is suffering the consequences. Only the other day one of his zealous champions, the eminent English critic Ernest Newman, pronounced Strauss's "Symphonia Domestica," his latest tone-poem, "the work of an enormously clever man who was once a genius." It is a curious outcome of one of the most fiercely waged esthetic battles in the history of any art. Seven years ago, when Strauss presented to a somewhat indifferent world that marvelous tragi-comedy in tones, his "Don Quixote," the few who gave attentive and eager heed to it recognized in its creator a genius of authentic and unparalleled gifts. That work is indisputably one of the great things of music; there is nothing quite like it in the entire literature of the art. It marked the summit of Strauss's achievements. But what has come over him since then? "Ein Heldenleben," which followed "Don Quixote" some years later, was marred by evidences of a growing tendency on the part of Strauss to debase his great gifts—in the phrase of his most conspicuous apostle, Mr. Newman, to "thrust his head through the canvas and grin at the public; to mar his picture by some piece of malicious folly." The climax was reached in the "Symphonia Domestica," his latest instrumental work, in which the efforts of a huge and complicated orchestra are devoted to the picturing of a day in a Teutonic baby's life, and in which a passage of portentous effect is intended to represent the edifying spectacle of an infant howling in its bath. What is one to think of an artistic intelligence that can come to this? Is it not likely, as has been suggested, that Strauss's brain, worn out by the enormous nervous strain that he has so long put upon it, has arrived at the state which makes such inanities possible?

WINSLOW HOMER

THERE is considerable difficulty and little distinction in "placing" an artist, whether painter or sculptor, but now and again it may not appear injudicious. The position of Winslow Homer seems so commanding that there should be small hesitation in calling him our greatest painter. Homer leads an isolated existence at Scarboro, Maine, depicting with power and certitude the relentless drama of the sky, the sea, and sailors or fisherfolk. His life has been varied, for, being in his seventieth year, he is old enough to have seen and done many things. Born in Boston, he was first apprenticed to a lithographer, and at twenty drifted to New York, where he attended the night classes at the National Academy of Design. After an experience as war artist for *Harper's Weekly*, he settled down to his real work and, though at times discursive, has never lost sight of his true mission. "All's Well," "Eight Bells," "Kissing the Moon," and kindred canvases are naturally more popular than certain solemn stretches of dark rock and swirling foam, but it is these latter which give Winslow Homer his preeminent position. He lives the life of a recluse, and is little known personally to the world at large, a fact which unquestionably helps to give his art its elemental beauty and majesty.

A SIGNIFICANT DEDICATION

It would be difficult to recall, offhand, a more fitting artistic event than the recent dedication of the Albright Art Gallery in Buffalo. The building, which is the gift of Mr. J. J. Albright to the Buffalo Fine Arts Academy, is an admirably adapted classic structure effectively placed against a background of turf and trees. On the occasion of the opening of the gallery the ceremonies were particularly appropriate, consisting of singing by a combined chorus under the direction of Professor Horatio Parker, of Yale University, an address on "Beauty and Democracy," by President Eliot, of Harvard, and the reading of the dedicatory ode by Mr. Richard Watson Gilder. Some ten thousand

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persons attended the inaugural exercises, which also included a loan exhibition of uncommon variety and merit. Mr. Albright is not alone a liberal but also a far-seeing man, for it is not his intention to erect a temple to art and leave it empty. He has further promised to contribute $10,000 yearly for the purchase of suitable works of art. It is impossible to measure the value of such a gift, or to praise too highly the spirit in which it was received. Art, indeed, bids fair to hold its own against the Tariff, the Big Stick, or other perils.

AMERICA'S FOREMOST IMPRESSIONIST

To-day, as for some years past, Mr. Childe Hassam continues our most consistent and illuminating impressionist. Those evasive truths about vibrant light and brilliant, broken color which certain French masters were the first to put upon canvas Mr. Hassam applies to scenes both Parisian and American, to the banks of the Seine or the quiet meadows about Lyme. Despite the Oriental flavor of his name, Mr. Hassam is not of Turkish or Arabic but of good New England stock. Born in Boston, he went to Paris as a young man, studying with Boulanger and Lefebvre. Though fond, even to-day, of figure painting—witness his recent "Lorelei"—Mr. Hassam's lot was not, however, to be cast with the academic group, but amid that courageous little band headed by the sturdy, patient Monet. By thirty he was a prize winner at the Paris Exposition of 1889, and has since been awarded numerous medals here and abroad. At this year's Salon, Mr. Hassam is represented by four characteristic canvases, "Spring in Central Park" and the "Little White Cottage" being perhaps the most typical. Like most emancipated Bostonians, Mr. Hassam resides in New York, spending his summers, usually, in the vicinity of Lyme, Connecticut, which he finds eminently paintable.

MISS BEAUX—AND OTHERS

It is by curious chance that two of the three leading women painters of the day are Pennsylvanians—Miss Cassatt, who resides permanently in Paris, and Miss Cecilia Beaux, who has returned to the genteel seclusion of Philadelphia. Now that brilliant Berthe Morisot is gone, the only remaining woman artist of first rank is Mlle. Breslau—the Breslau so often referred to in Marie Bashkirtseff's egotistic yet pathetic "Journal." According to Continental standards, both Miss Cassatt and Mlle. Breslau seem more generally significant than Miss Beaux, but locally Miss Beaux has things much her own way. Good Philadelphians, who have watched Miss Beaux take successively nearly all the available prizes here and many abroad, recall with unmixed pride and pleasure the ambitious little miss of French parentage who began her career copying charts for the United States Geological Reports. After studying with William Sartain and at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, Miss Beaux crossed over to Paris, where she pursued her apprenticeship at the Julien and the Lazar schools. Like most women artists, Miss Beaux paints almost exclusively portraits, and it is as a portraitist that she continues her uniformly successful career. At every current exhibition may be seen one or more of these refined, semivigorous likenesses. They aim to reflect, though not too obviously, those qualities which seem most admirable in American man- or woman-, boy- or girlhood.

NOBODY can relate what are called, in this book of four short stories, "Fond Adventures," better than Maurice Hewlett, nor has this master of medieval spell-weaving worked to better purpose than here. As always, these artfully presented situations of Mr. Hewlett's are full of the most insinuating suggestions of veritableness. History itself is not as plausible as, for instance, his Captain Brazenhead—"a lean man of six feet two inches, of inordinate thirst, of two scars on his face, a notched forefinger, a majestic nose, of a long sword, two daggers, and a stolen horse"—although it is a secondary interest of these very tales that some of them are wrought upon crumbling historical skeletons. "The Love Chase," though it may perhaps have none of the virtues of the short story, as we nowadays cultivate it, is nevertheless a wonderful bit of literature, classify it as we may. As incarnations of the subtleties of old Italian portraits, Nello Nelli and La Colombina, in this very story, are triumphs. Nor is the thing to be smiled at

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as trickery—it is legitimate re-creation. A slighter, less human story, "The Heart's Key," is amazingly like a little painted pageant, in gay, unfading colors. You will scarcely believe the thing is told in words, so sharp and symmetrical are the outlines, so adroit is the use of color and of contrast. The stories are not to be summarized but they are each well worth reading. Mr. Hewlett is still the supreme romantic historian of his time.

The stories of the West and Northwest which Mr. Rex E. Beach has collected under the title "Pardners" are as a whole better than the average book about cowboys or gold-diggers. Perhaps this is because Mr. Beach has happened on what is, for his material, the best of themes. We have read often enough of the dreariness of life remote from "the touch of a woman's hand"; but the converse of this situation—the bonds that pioneer experience develops among men—appears not to have been regarded by the short-story writers generally as so good a sentimental motive. Mr. Beach, however, has made the point very effectively, and in various pitches, from humorous to tragic. His method is undeniably sketchy, but the results are often more distinct and significant than many that are more laboriously achieved. They are essentially stories of the hour—stories that a great many hurried thousands of us restlessly seek in the magazines each month and are gratified to find—stories in which one can point out no striking virtue of workmanship or marked originality of conception, but which give a certain satisfaction nevertheless. "The Test," a grim little tale of Arctic hardships, is perhaps the best piece of work in the book; while such a story as "The Shyness of Shorty" is an example of how far Mr. Beach can fall short. There are pretty plain evidences, all through these little stories, that with as wide a scope of material as this, and as fearless a manner of handling it, Mr. Beach's next volume will be still better worth while.

Being so good, it is a pity that Elizabeth Robins's latest book is not better. Partial failure though it is, it exhibits, in the author's insight into the springs of human action, in her competent characterization and abundance of fine detail, so many of the elements of a great novel, as to rise well above the average. "A Dark Lantern" is a dual love story that falls almost too definitely into two parts: the infatuation of Katharine Dereham, an aristocratic young Englishwoman, for a handsome and quite unworthy German prince, and the girl's gradual disillusionment are consistently wrought out, though there is constant danger that Katharine's unsophistication may be too long insisted on. The second half introduces an unusual character in Garth Vincent, a wilfully ungentle and uncouth physician who has, through some experience not revealed, lost faith in women, and who wields truth as a cudgel. It is quite credible that Katharine, hurt in her own passionate devotion to truth, should have learned to love him while under his charge as a patient. But the sick-room device, almost inevitable though it is, is too long protracted; and the means that Katharine takes to win the doctor's love involves a situation that is neither convincing enough nor sufficiently necessary to the plot to save from coarseness. Vincent himself is an interesting character and a conceivable one; capable, too, of commanding sympathy if Miss Robins had but brought about earlier his softening to Katharine's love. As it is, he remains to the end too much a merely abnormal phenomenon. It is, indeed, in this particular as throughout the second part of the story, the exaggeration inherent in too long protraction of a situation that mars a story which is nevertheless unusually absorbing.

E. F. Benson's latest book furnishes fresh ground for reflection on the dangers that beset the writer of horror stories. That it is vastly easier to create an atmosphere of fearful anticipation than to make the actual horror effective is amply illustrated by "The Image in the Sand." Mr. Benson has succeeded admirably on the former count—he gets his reader into a fine state of dread of the ancient Egyptian evil spirit that has acquired partial control of his heroine, and he has by several devices avoided much of the cheap ridiculousness of séance scenes. But the Set-Nekht who is finally loosed upon the girl by her baffled lover, a spirit that can be controlled by force and anesthetics, is not so dreadful a manifestation of "the very jaws and gates of hell." The consideration that makes the book more than something to be labeled "Horrors—Avoid," is the fact that Mr. Benson apparently takes the advanced spiritualism of his plot quite seriously, and dignifies the story with a philosophy of

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realities, of fear, and of solitude that is anything but wholesome. Whether or not the book represents personal convictions, it does represent convictions—it is not fantasy for fantasy's sake. But at the best, one hopes for a return to Mr. Benson's earlier manner.

"We think we are going to spread the mantle of civilization over him and that it will fit very neatly, when suddenly we discover a bare place that hasn't been covered at all, and no matter how we twist and pull and tuck in that mantle, always an odd corner will stick out and show us that it is a misfit." So said one who had lived among the Indians of the Northwest Territories for thirty years. It is to Miss Carter Goodloe's credit, in "At the Foot of the Rockies," that she assumes no pose of understanding the life that she studied at a Mounted Police Detachment for a summer, but frankly presents "kaleidoscopic views" of it in a volume of short stories. Yet one may hazard the guess that she has caught essential features. The stories are noticeably uneven, those dealing exclusively with the British soldier having little distinctive value. But the glimpses of the Indian himself—whether at the hideous sun-dance, or exhibiting his "medicine" with quick flaming wrath for the pale-faces who refuse to be impressed, or in some inscrutable way flashing over miles of plain information that makes possible his brother's escape from the police—all these show excellent use of dramatic, if at times unwarrantably disagreeable material. Miss Goodloe might well minister further, from this comparatively fresh source, to the taste for Indian stories that seems to be perennial in America.

It was at a yearly feast given by a Philadelphia financier, whose real name is not Linsey Attila Cards, to the "Republicans and sinners" of that city, that a young corporation lawyer told a story placed in a New England graveyard filled with the graves of Northern soldiers. A member of the corporation that owned the tract in which the graveyard lay said to him: "Curious, the war made tariff and our business and prosperity; and these poor devils here made the war! . . . Man to man an' barrin' the prosperity business, you and I see these fellows were dog-gone fools." The incident sums up in little the contrasts that make up the story within the story of "The House of Cards." Following the feast, the lawyer listens to the intertwined histories of a high-minded hero of the war and of Cards, who, while his friends were fighting, preferred, as foreign fiscal agent, to lay the foundations for a typical American financial structure. It is a sufficiently absorbing story, with more love than business; and it is told with the pleasant eccentricities of the "sentimental bachelor," Major Heigh, who assumes the rôle of author, and who may in reality be Dr. S. Weir Mitchell. But fictional form is freely sacrificed to the asking of the question that underlies the story: What would the heroes of the war do with present-day conditions? A little later the young lawyer answers it: No compromise with the House of Cards. As an appeal for a twentieth-century manifestation of nineteenth-century patriotism, even more than as a novel, the book deserves serious attention.

"The Storm Center." (Charles Egbert Craddock.) The old story of a Northern officer detained by illness in a Southern household in Civil War times—with the inevitable romantic result. Nevertheless, Miss Murfree's work has always an originality and distinction of its own and her picture of the three children in this story is of the very first order. A good deal of old-fashioned rhetorical embroidery still clings to the author's otherwise sincere and capable work.

"The Game." (Jack London.) A lamentable specimen of the liberties established writers take with their reputations. It might be called a prize-fighter's love-story, except that there is no story in it, and none of Mr. London's art in the telling. The illustrations give the book an unfortunate stamp.

"The Little Hills." (Nancy Huston Banks.) Attenuated sentimentality. Mrs. Banks produces a conscientiously "pretty" background and marries her sad, wistful heroine to two ministers in succession. Not, in essentials, a gloomy narrative, however.

"On the Firing Line." (Anna Chapin Ray and Hamilton Brock Fuller.) A romance of South Africa during the Boer War, with a Canadian hero and an English heroine. The book has plenty of incident and is readable, even though it is of a purely conventional type.

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With "Everybody's" Publishers

IT was our good fortune to be of Mr. Lawson's party when, in July, he addressed large audiences at Kansas City, Mo.; Ottawa, Kan.; Fairbury, Neb.; Missouri Valley, Ia.; St. Paul, Minn.; Minneapolis, Minn.; Albert Lea, Minn., and Chicago, Ill. We have been asked so many times how the West received Mr. Lawson that it occurs to us our readers may be interested in a brief review of the trip.

It is rather remarkable that Mr. Lawson should have been invited West in the first place—a private citizen, seeking no office, taking no pay, paying his own way, and speaking to audiences which were obliged to pay to hear him. Mr. Lawson was not a trained speaker; in fact, he had never made a speech before, and his subject, Finance, would under ordinary circumstances be about as dry a subject as could be found. Here you have then a private citizen, without experience as a speaker, invited to address paid audiences, half of them women, on the driest subject in the world, at the hottest time of the year, in a section of the country where you would not expect to find any interest in the subject of stocks and bonds; the farmers busy harvesting, the railroads hostile, refusing to help swell the crowds with excursions. And yet in spite of all these conditions, Mr. Lawson spoke from two to four hours at a time, to audiences ranging from three to eight thousand persons, who paid anywhere from twenty-five cents to a dollar to hear him—spoke on the dry subject of Finance, and spoke so interestingly, so simply, so convincingly, that his audiences, both men and women, listened with an attention so close and an interest so intense that to those of us who were of Mr. Lawson's party the strain was almost painful. The audiences scarcely breathed; the intense heat and the uncomfortable benches were forgotten. So still were they that those on the fringes of his largest audiences in open tents could hear every word delivered in a tone but slightly elevated above the conversational.

After the first address, Mr. Lawson spoke without manuscript, with the ease and confidence of a finished speaker. His facility in turning sharp phrases, which you have noticed in his writings, cropped out in his extemporaneous addresses. A crowd likes a man who can turn sharp phrases. Nothing better illustrates Mr. Lawson's seriousness than his attitude on this point. When one of these brilliant, crowd-catching turns would slip out, and it is well-nigh impossible for him to keep them from slipping out, and the audience would be swept away in a burst of enthusiasm, Mr. Lawson would stop his address and explain that it was not his purpose to use catch phrases, that he wanted the attention of his audience and not its applause, that he deplored anything which might impair the serious effect of his talks. He was out there to educate the people in the ways of high finance and not to make rhetorical flourishes. He did not care what they thought of his speeches if they would only give serious attention to his story. In his own words: "I don't want your votes. I don't want your money. I would like to have your good will, but if you have any better use for it you can keep it—only listen to my story." Any phrases which caught the crowd, and, as he said, distracted their attention, he never used again. We made a point of keeping tabs on him.

If Mr. Lawson adopts the speechmaking habit he will be one of the greatest speakers in the country, without doubt. After each address the audience would rush to the platform to shake hands with him. The men would say, "We're with you, Mr. Lawson," or "Count on us, Mr. Lawson," or "We understand it better now, Mr. Lawson," or something of that sort. The women were more personal with their "God bless you, Mr. Lawson," or "God speed you in your great work." Many of the women told him, with pride, that they had listened to every word and that they understood what he was talking about. We were interested to hear the remarks of his audiences after each address and to that end circulated among them. On every hand we heard expressions of appreciation of the winning personality of the man, amazement at the tremendous task he had set himself, profound conviction of his unselfishness and his sincerity, decided purpose to assist him in every way possible.

We appreciated the opportunity to meet these splendid men and women of the West. We shall make a better magazine for having known them. Perhaps at a later time we shall

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review the trip more in detail, when we will endeavor to pay them the tribute they deserve.

When Mr. Lawson finished speaking at Albert Lea, Minn., the editor of one of the local papers, Mr. C. S. Edwards, in behalf of the citizens of Albert Lea, presented Mr. Lawson with a beautiful souvenir in the following words:

We desire to express to you in some degree our high appreciation of your achievement in placing in the public pillory certain pharisees who have claimed as their divine right the pursuit of the life, liberty, and happiness of other people.

The beneficent service which you have rendered humanity in showing us how we have been robbed by indirection and flayed, Marsyas-like, by the right oblique, could only have been accomplished by a man of courage, tact, high resolve, artistic expression, and a prophetic insight into the heart of things, all of which you certainly possess. You have faced the dragon alone, as did St. George; and while you have not killed that iniquitous thing, the "System," you certainly have scotched it, and it is now merely taking the count.

Sir, we have noted that in days of seeming defeat you have not been cast down, nor in moments of victory have you been unduly exalted. At times we have thought you a gourmand for punishment. Life is a battle, and great is he who not only can give blows but accept them, and laugh at wounds, for by such attitude is the sting taken from every hurt.

Sir, when you have with your marvelous pen marshaled important facts before us, we are proud to say that no son of Minnesota has ever sought to divert attention from the real issue at stake by using you for a target for vituperation and calling in shrill falsetto for your "motive"—as if to speak truth were in itself a suspicious performance!

To behead the messenger who brings us bad news will not stop the advance of the invading army.

Sir, in your battle against wrong we observe that while you detest crime, you do not hate the criminal. You recognize that the men who have created the "System" are themselves hopelessly caught in it. You recognize this, and in your proud heart is a quality which we have thought you have at times masked with a bruskness you did not feel—the sublime quality of pity.

Sir, we seek not to separate you from us by working your apotheosis, but we greet you as a man—a man of power, an enlightened egoist, who benefits himself by benefiting others. We ask you to accept our high faith, our gratitude, our profound esteem.

And now, Mr. Lawson, it becomes my pleasant duty, in behalf of the people of Albert Lea, to present to you in this form the words which I have just spoken. We trust that you will accept them, not only as a souvenir of your visit here, but as the true expression of that high esteem with which the freemen of this glorious Northwest regard one whose fearless conduct in the very forefront of the great battle against graft, frenzied finance, and corruption has won our admiration and inspired our faith.

Sir, we not only admire but we believe in you. You have appealed to the confidence of the American people, and to-day the heart and brain of this great nation, which may well be relied upon to right every discovered wrong, have most generously responded. We know that the great task to which you have devoted your energies and pledged your fortune is beset with difficulties. We know that powerful influences are zealously opposed to your success. We cannot, however, refrain from reminding you that "obstacles touched, vanish," or from assuring you that among the millions who are loyally supporting you none are more enthusiastic or zealous than the people of Albert Lea, who, through me, now ask you to accept this evidence of their appreciation.

We have reprinted most of the address because it will show you, as nothing else could, what the people of the West think of Mr. Lawson.

BOOK PUBLISHING

THE book department of a publishing house is often the big end, and the tail is usually the magazine. This is the fact with many of the old-time publishing houses. With us, however, the publishing of books is an incident. We did not wish to become book publishers quite so soon. The magazine alone has taken all our time and all our thought, and while we enjoy work and plenty of it, we recall the old saying that "all work and no play" is conducive to dulness, a quality of which we have never been accused. Never, perhaps, did a magazine publisher have so auspicious an opportunity of entering the book-publishing business as we, with two such books as "Frenzied Finance," by Mr. Lawson, and "The Greatest Trust in the World," by Charles E. Russell.

In this department last month we made brief mention of the fact that the first volume of Mr. Lawson's book, "Frenzied Finance," would be published early in September. We were not surprised at the advance orders; we expected them. We appreciate the quick response, however, which plainly shows that the first and even the second edition will be easily sold before they come from our bindery.

TEN DAYS MORE

FROM September 1st the subscription price of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE will be $1.50 per year. It is only fair to our subscribers that they be given an opportunity to renew their subscription at the current rate of $1.00 per year, so that all subscriptions mailed to us before September 1st will be accepted at $1.00.

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Frenzied Finance

Continued from page 371

the young eagles had not made serious inroads on the reputation of the firm, which still stood a monument to conservative tradition. It swung great money powers of its own, and as the Boston representative of Drexel, Morgan & Co. controlled unlimited capital. Mr. Rogers knew Kidder, Peabody & Co. as the synonym for legitimate dealing, and he was well aware that the house prided itself on the fact that it had nothing in common with "Standard Oil" or its purposes. From all he had heard he was justified in assuming that the Boston bankers would spurn his proposition, but also he knew human nature, and was as well aware as I that the best of banks and bankers are out for business and that the most toplofty of them would turn a double-back somersault to get into the good graces of "Standard Oil," provided the hand "Standard Oil" reached out was properly gloved. This is exactly what happened in the instance at hand. One afternoon Mr. Rogers and I decided that we needed the furniture and trappings that Kidder, Peabody & Co. could furnish our enterprise, and the next day Mr. Rogers said to me:

"Lawson, we do business quickly here when we set out. I have a surprise for you. I have made arrangements for the active partner of Kidder, Peabody & Co. to spend to-night and to-morrow on my yacht."

By what mysterious ways he worked this miracle so quickly I could not then guess and have never since found out. On the day after the yachting trip he said to me:

"Lawson, Kidder, Peabody & Co. have agreed to handle the entire transaction and to put all their credit and reputation behind it and I have agreed to pay them a number of hundreds of thousands of dollars, and, in addition," and there was a merry twinkle in his eye, "I have agreed if they do this job as they should they shall have others."

Instantly things were a-bustle in Boston "Coppers" and in Amalgamated, and mysterious rumors began to be circulated, which I could easily trace back to this conservative banking firm, all tending to show that there were to be some new and startling developments in Amalgamated affairs. After a while, these assumed the shape of a report that "Standard Oil" was giving up the active management of Amalgamated in favor of the great house of Kidder, Peabody & Co. Under this stimulus our stock mounted to 95, then to par—100. It was with great relief that I found there was at last a genuine market and that those subscribers who had so patiently held on could at last sell their investment without loss.

CHAPTER X

THE VENGEANCE OF "STANDARD OIL"

HOPE springs eternal in the human breast, but some breasts are undoubtedly more fertile in hope than others. To me, frankly an optimist, whose optimism has triumphed many a time in spite of the bitterest lessons of experience, the world seemed very good again. Our Amalgamated project was fast assuming the shape I had planned for it. I knew that Butte and Boston and Boston and Montana were reliable properties, rich in resources and capable of greater development than had yet been given them. I persuaded myself that Rogers and Rockefeller had seen the error of their original conduct so fully that they could be depended on to run straight for the future. Keene, too, was working like a Trojan and his powerful shoulders boosted the stock a degree higher every day. Indeed, he had performed the hard task set before him so admirably that he had not the slightest doubt but that he had won not only "Standard Oil's" forgiveness, but their favor. And simultaneously he was at work on his rubber company, which seemed destined to do great things. Already the enterprise had run the gantlet of public announcements, which had plainly stated that "Standard Oil" was behind the enterprise and had subscribed for seven and a half millions of the stock.

Poor Keene—neither he nor I estimated rightly the Indian nature of the men we dealt with. There came a day soon afterward,

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when the great plunger sent round his check for the last share of the Flower pool stock and with it a note of congratulation to Mr. Rogers. I sat in the office of the master of "Standard Oil" when this letter and enclosure were brought to him. He passed them over to me and left the room, returning a few moments later with a sheet of "Standard Oil" letter-paper which he tossed across the table for me to read. This was the message:

"You may now cancel our subscription of seven and a half millions to your rubber company, and please announce to the public —or I will—that we will have nothing more to do with it."

I looked up at Mr. Rogers prepared to remonstrate, but I caught the expression of his face, and I got no further. Never have I seen on human countenance such a look of devilish satisfaction. He spoke, and then I realized that this man's nature knew no relenting and was incapable of forgiveness, and that he felt as bitterly against the man who had seduced his trusted employee as though that man had not since waded through blood and fire to prove his repentance, as though he had not conferred on the property and the credit of him he had sought to injure, benefits absolutely inestimable.

It was a staggering blow to Keene. He saw the result of his magnificent work fall and vanish like a tower of cloudland, yet he dared not resent what had been done to him. He must conceal his injury even from his associates and most of all from Wall Street, for after his return and the outward evidence of his close association with "Standard Oil" he had not only regained his old prestige but was in the very heyday of his great career. It must be remembered that at this period frenzied finance history was being made at a mile a minute clip. It was the tremendous time in which "Jim" Hill and Morgan were tacking their Northern Securities structure together and the same Morgan, together with Frick and the Moores and Daniel S. Read and Norman B. Ream were rearing the marvelous billion and a half Steel Trust. Great consolidations were served up every morning for breakfast and a bull market stampeded prices to a giddy height. Morgan, recognizing Keene's great work in Amalgamated, had entrusted him with the marketing of the millions of shares of the Steel Trust, and every ounce of prestige was invaluable. So Keene said not a word; he continued to boom Amalgamated as though nothing had happened, thereby justifying Mr. Rogers's predictions when he had said to me:

"Lawson, times have changed from a year ago, and with the splendid condition Amalgamated is in, and the additional strength which will be added by the acquirement of Boston and Montana and Butte and Boston, and the work of Kidder, Peabody, nothing can keep Amalgamated from now fulfilling your old predictions."

Indeed both his and Mr. Rockefeller's enthusiasm at this juncture surpassed anything I had ever seen them evince, and wary old campaigners as they were, I knew they felt solid ground under their feet when they gave way to such jubilance.

It is hard to define what constitutes the atmosphere of Wall Street. There are times when life has an indigo complexion and there is no good in sight. Then of a sudden the sun is out and the world is changed; the grass is greener than ever before and the flowers are appareled in brighter hues. One week the market lags dull and old and prices sag and sag like lead; then comes a vibration and the current sets upward; of a sudden every anticipation becomes a prophecy of good times, of rich crops and great dividends. It was just such a change that had come over our affairs. The winter of our discontent in Amalgamated was over, and the speculating and investing public, ever quick to appreciate such changes, overflowed with eagerness and cordiality toward our affairs. The carpers who had previously declared that the decline in Amalgamated represented the malevolence of devils were now assured that all its vicissitudes were benefits in disguise and represented the wisdom and knowledge of the infallible "Standard Oil."

Capping the climax of all this jubilance came the public announcement of the eminent Kidder, Peabody & Co. that they had been asked, not by "Standard Oil," Rogers and Rockefeller — that is not the way frenzied financiers work — but by the conservative holders of Boston and Montana and Butte and Boston, to take charge of a deal which was under way through which stockholders of these two companies were offered the choice of receiving for their shares cash or new Amalgamated stock. At once Butte jumped to 102, Boston and Montana to 370, and Amalgamated to 105. In thus coming boldly forward with this proposition it must

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be remembered that the banking firm took no chance of failure, for before they moved they were assured that the management of the two corporations under instructions from Rogers had asked their stockholders to give them a right to purchase their shares. This, of course, tied all the stock safely up and yet gave the affair the appearance of a competition, with Kidder, Peabody, desiring to pay cash rather than shares of Amalgamated for the desired stock of the two copper corporations, Amalgamated in the mean time being kept a number of dollars ahead of the market price of the two stocks. That is, the holders of Boston and Montana and Butte and Boston could sell the Amalgamated shares they would receive in exchange for their stock at $420 and $105 respectively, while it would bring but $370 and $102 respectively, if not exchanged.

To My Readers:

You will realize when you come to the stopping-place above that I have left my story 'twixt wind and water. Two other episodes should follow here, and when the pages that have gone before were finished, I fully intended adding the culminating chapters. Though your indulgence has been asked two or three times previously, it has always been in connection with the department "Lawson and His Critics." Thus far I have not had to beg you to overlook any hitches, nicks, or breaks in the main narrative.

Before entering on the story of "Frenzied Finance," I had thought myself fully taken up with the care of my private affairs. A variety of business details requiring personal attention continually press for my consideration and settlement. Some cannot be postponed, or having been put over for months, present the alternatives of adjustment or permanent shelving. On several occasions in the past year, owing to the squeeze of such emergencies, it seemed impossible for me to get my "copy" finished in time for the magazine, but always, at the last moment, by imposing on the good graces of EVERYBODY'S publishers, I have managed to catch the last form. But the time has come when I find myself sorrowfully gazing at the rear car swiftly disappearing down the right-of-way, and here, at last, at the ring-bolt of necessity, I must ask indulgence.

During the year my story of "Frenzied Finance" has been appearing in EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE, I have been importuned by men and women from all over the country to come out before the people and give them an opportunity to judge for themselves the truthfulness of the assertions of "Standard Oil," the "System's" hirelings, and of the insurance grafters who sought to neutralize the effects of my disclosures by circulating the statement that they were the utterances of a crazy man. At the end of my first year's work I determined, at any cost, to make a physical refutation of the campaign of slander waged against me, and I have done so.

I went West. I talked to the people of Kansas, Iowa, Nebraska, and Minnesota, and to the Jefferson Club of Chicago. The character of the receptions accorded me in Kansas City, Ottawa, Fairbury, Missouri Valley, Minneapolis and St. Paul, Albert Lea and Chicago has been recorded in the public prints, and I need say no more about the subject here than to reiterate my gratitude for their cordiality and my surprise at the interest and attention accorded my dry-as-dust political economics. The foregoing chapter was produced on the car between speeches. The editor of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE, who was of my party, urged me to finish the instalment, but this proved impossible. I agreed to add the final pages—those which run over into the advertising section—when I returned to Boston. But, man proposes——.

I have not been away from my office for several years and I found it absolutely incumbent on me to devote my entire time to the business which had accumulated in the brief interval of my absence. Since the last issue of the magazine thousands of letters have been received in response alone to my call on the policy-holders of the great insurance companies. To attend properly to this one item of my work would have taken every moment of the time between my return and the going to press of the magazine. From this my readers may realize what sort of a situation I am "up against."

This, then, is my reason for stopping in the midst of what I consider one of my most interesting chapters and for my inability to continue in this issue my revelations of insurance wrongdoing. As some measure of offset for my readers' indulgence, I agree here to make up fourfold what has been abstracted from the average, and to make the next two instalments of my story interesting enough to offset the deficiency in this instance.

(Mr. Lawson's story of "Frenzied Finance" will be continued in the October number.)

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Lawson and His Critics

WHEN I began my crusade against the "System's" utilization of the funds of the three great life-insurance companies for its own enrichment, I repeatedly stated that the one sure barrier between the policyholders' millions and the looters was the honesty of the men in charge of the insurance companies. For all intents and purposes, the hundreds of millions of the New York Life and of the Mutual Life were controlled and so virtually owned by President John A. McCall and President McCurdy. If these men were actuated by a high personal sense of honor, then the policyholders could rely on the safety of their investments. If, on the contrary, these men were shown to be tricky and evasive, the policyholders had better take precautions to insure to their loved ones the provision they were making for the day of death or disaster.

By a series of tests, which my readers will remember, I proved that John A. McCall, of the New York Life, R. A. McCurdy, of the Mutual Life, and the Alexander-Hyde control of the Equitable were so far devoid of honor as to initiate against a man who had dared criticize their methods a campaign of lies and slanders. When they openly denied my facts I produced the proofs of my statements. I illustrated their methods by instances of graft, and when met by their contradictions showed from their own balance-sheets the truth of my charges. Yet the disclosures recently made in connection with the Equitable Life demonstrated that my accusations, strong as they seemed, fell far short of indicating the actual obliquity of these men and their associates.

The evidence of all this graft and trickery is before the public to-day. The investigations of Attorney-General Mayer, District-Attorney Jerome, and the Committee of the Legislature of New York will, I trust, bring home to the wrong-doers their guilt. In the mean time, as a further proof of the dishonesty of the men in control of the Equitable, I submit the subjoined letter and circular. They speak for themselves:

LONDON, E. C., *July* 25, 1905.

THOMAS W. LAWSON, ESQ.

Dear Sir: The enclosed amazing circular has been issued to every British policy-holder in the Equitable Life.

The signature is the signature of Naish, but the inspiration is Tarbell's.

Do they take Britishers for absolute fools?

Anyway, how can the good faith of American undertakings be defended when such documents as these go forth? Yours truly,

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THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY
OF THE UNITED STATES.
120, Broadway, New York.
HENRY B. HYDE, Founder.

6, PRINCES STREET, BANK,
LONDON, E. C., *July* 11, 1905.

DEAR SIR (OR MADAM):

As many sensational reports have appeared in the public press for the past few weeks regarding this Society, I think it desirable to let you know the *truth of recent events in the Society's history.*

To begin with, the Society was organized in the year 1859 under the laws of the State of New York, and in compliance with these laws it was compelled to furnish a capital stock of $100,000 (about £20,550).

By its certificate of incorporation the dividends on this small capital stock were expressly limited to seven per cent., but the holders had the privilege of electing the Board of Directors of the Society. In all other respects the Society was a *purely mutual one.*

During the past forty-five years the Society greatly outstripped its competitors, and accomplished a record in the history of life assurance which has never been approached by any other Society in the same period of its history. It paid away in that period of time to its policyholders the sum of over £78,000,000, and has at present accumulated for their benefit invested funds to the amount of £85,067,345, enormously exceeding that of its nearest competitor in the same period of its history, and representing a total of nearly £6,000,000 more than the policyholders have themselves paid to the Society in premiums.

Early this year the *President and officers of the Society* decided that in the further interests of the policyholders, the time had now come when the control should be taken out of the hands of the stockholders and placed in the hands of those most interested in the welfare of the Society, viz., the policyholders. This was naturally resisted by some of the stockholders, and as the matter appeared likely to drag on at length in the courts of law, one of the Society's policyholders came forward, *purchased the majority of the stock,* and at once divested himself of the voting powers of the same by handing it over to a Board of three Trustees, composed of Mr. Grover Cleveland, ex-President of the United States; Mr. Justice O'Brien, Presiding Judge of the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court of New York; and Mr. George Westinghouse, of the Westinghouse Manufacturing Company, Pittsburg, the last named of whom are two of the largest policyholders in the Society. This Board of Trustees will elect 28 of the 52 Directors, in accordance with and by the direction of the policyholders, and they will also elect the remaining 24

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Directors in accordance with their uncontrolled judgment.

The Society has therefore become at once a MUTUAL SOCIETY IN THE FULLEST SENSE OF THE TERM, and has been placed in an almost unique position, stepping out at the same time from the EVILS OF PROPRIETARY CONTROL, and avoiding the almost equal disadvantages attaching to the mutual system of voting by proxy.

In addition to the above reform, a new office, that of Chairman of the Board of Directors, was created by the Board, and has been filled by Mr. Paul Morton, late Secretary of the United States Navy. In connection with this appointment the chief officers of the Society tendered their resignations, in order to give Mr. Morton a free hand in connection with any reorganization he might desire to undertake.

Whilst these measures for strengthening the Society and placing it under the control of its policyholders were in progress, and connected therewith, charges were made against certain officers of the Society, and two investigations were undertaken simultaneously, one by a Committee of Directors, and the other by Mr. Francis Hendricks, Superintendent of Insurance of New York State.

As the reports of these two separate investigations criticised the actions both of the President and Vice-President, their resignations were accepted by Mr. Morton, and no new officers have yet been appointed in their place.

Much to be deplored as the actions criticised are, they do not for one instant affect the stability or strength of the Society. Proportionately to the Society's invested assets, the amounts involved are small, and the only other point is that *with regard to a small portion of its investments*, the Society might possibly, under a different system of management, have increased its earnings from this source.

The above facts will show that so far from policyholders having any reason to be anxious regarding the welfare of the Society or the security of its policies they hold in it, THEY CAN CONGRATULATE themselves that they are connected with a SOCIETY WHICH HAS HAD THE COURAGE TO TAKE ITS OWN AFFAIRS IN HAND, AND ELIMINATE FROM ITS midst everything that was inimical to the interests of the policyholders, WITHOUT WAITING FOR ANY OUTSIDE PRESSURE OR INFLUENCE. As Mr. Hendricks says in his report, referring to the demand of the officers for the mutualisation of the Society and the retirement of the Vice-President: "The policyholders are under great obligations to Mr. Alexander and the other executive officers for taking this step."

Mr. Hendricks also in a preliminary statement says that he is at this date sufficiently well informed as to the Society's condition to "unhesitatingly state that it is financially sound, and that all its contracts to policyholders are fully and safely guaranteed."

The fact that the Society (one of the youngest of the leading life assurance societies in the world) for the past ten years has annually paid away a larger sum in cash bonuses than any other life assurance society, is a tribute to the results of its management, and the fact that it also holds the largest surplus profit fund in the world, now totalling sixteen and a-half millions sterling, shows with what care its assets have been guarded and the interests of the policyholders watched over.

You will be glad to know that the Society's new business paid for shows a substantial increase for the first five months of this year over the corresponding period of last year.

Prosperous as the Society has been up to the present, no one can doubt that in the new era on which IT IS NOW STARTING OUT AS A PURELY MUTUAL SOCIETY UNDER THE CONTROL OF ITS POLICYHOLDERS, its future will be still more prosperous than its past.

I shall be glad to give you any further information you may desire. I remain,

Yours very truly,

REGINALD T. NAISH,
General Manager.

This lying distortion of familiar facts carries its own condemnation. Is the mind that is capable of such falseness and evasion also competent to direct the affairs of a great insurance organization? Do ex-Secretary of the Navy Morton and ex-President of the United States Grover Cleveland stand for the prevarications and deceptions contained in this circular?

THE CAMPAIGN OF SLANDER

A lengthy experience of the ways of Wall Street and other financial centers has convinced me that for what is known among thieves and thugs as "nerve" the "System's" leading votaries have the bravest highwaymen on earth glued to the cobbles. After the recent exposures of insurance graft, one might suppose that for a while, at least, the lordly grafters, who have been revealed to the world in their true colors, would seek seclusion and await the blowing over of the storm that their rascality has aroused. On the contrary, so lost to shame are they, and so infatuated with the usages of slander and libel, that it now seems nothing will divert them from their old ways but an experience of prison bars.

Of the scores of critics and correspondents who published their "sizings-up" of me in the West, not one, friend or foe or looker-on, but admitted I was absolutely earnest and sincere, and that I had a plain, straight story to tell, and that, at short range, it was evident I believed it. There was an exception, and since I returned I have received hundreds of letters enclosing the following excerpt. It becomes evident at this late day, even after what has happened to the Equitable, that the great New York Life is still spending its policyholders' money as it did at the beginning of my story, when it sent out millions of circulars to prove "Lawson is crazy" and "Lawson's charges too silly to notice."

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CHICAGO, ILL., *July* 26, 1905.
MR. THOMAS W. LAWSON,
Boston, Mass.

My Dear Sir: Enclosed find a folder sent out by the New York Life Ins. Co. to its agency force. In view of the clear-cut and forceful style of your writings this "pen picture" is little short of a caricature and no intelligent man can take it seriously.

Yours truly, ————

LAWSON OF BOSTON

A PEN PICTURE OF A PROMINENT PERSONALITY.

By Hugh O'Neill

Mr. Lawson, of Boston, is thirty-eight years old by the book, but that is neither here nor there; he stands 68 inches high and weighs about 180 pounds, and many other men do these things; but Mr. Lawson, of Boston, has heralded himself to the people of America as the man who is going to break the power of Standard Oil, and force the men of Wall Street to pay effectual respect to the Beatitudes—and therein he stands apart from other men, and holds the ear of the listening people. Who are listening still for that word that is to give them freedom. And will listen so far as Mr. Lawson is concerned.

I met him first in his private car, running from Lexington Junction to Kansas City, a bronzed man in a silk shirt, facing three other coatless men. I told him of my message and expected that he would make some kind of effort to reply to my questions, but he just sat back and commenced talking at me—just talking generalities that had nothing much to do with anything, and were of no earthly interest to anybody. Sometimes his steel-gray eyes looked clear before him and sometimes they oscillated like the beads in the head of a Chinese doll, and sometimes he glared in my face and thumped the table, not to emphasize anything he said, but apparently because the table was there and he liked the noise.

I was quite close to him, of course, but he talked very loud and looked tremendously fierce all the time. I had asked him just three simple, definite questions and I waited as he talked for some answer to them.

Who or what was he fighting? What was his remedy? Why did he not publish it? He replied by shouting cheap economics at me. The American people produced so much wealth annually, and received in wages and dividends only so much in return. The difference belonged to the people and he, Lawson, would have it disgorged.

How? What did it matter how? He, Lawson, knew the way. I attempted to pin him there, but the flood-gates of his eloquence opened and he poured out a shouting torrent of words that rang round and round that little compartment and deafened me with its noise. His eyes were gray and clear and expressionless and gave no key to his words as he talked on and on. He abused Rockefeller, he abused Rogers, he called young Hyde a fool and the New York Stock Exchange men liars and thieves. He diverged to talk about his happy domestic life and his loving children, he reckoned his own profits in millions and boasted about the quality of his cows and horses; he threatened the ruin of Standard Oil and promised to put John D. Rockefeller into the hands of the receiver; he shouted that life-insurance should be bought for just one-fourth of its present price and boasted of the numbers of insured thousands who had written proxies in his name, but never once did he make a simple, solitary statement that was worth its salt as testimony in a court of law.

Rogers was so money-hungry that he would cut your heart out for a dollar—and five minutes afterward Rogers was a good fellow and one of the best friends he ever had. At one minute Rockefeller was a worm, a despicable fool in the hands of the Frankenstein his own money-lust had created—the next he was a cold, scheming ghoul of whom Lawson wanted to rid the world and leave a bankrupt pauper before another sun had set. Another sun? Well, what the hell did that matter? It might be one or two hundred, but he, Lawson, would see him in the gutter before he was finished with him.

And then he swept off into his tale of millions and millions of dollars that the people had been robbed of, but where they came from, or who had them, or when they were coming back, of all that not a word.

And his own millions. His own millions and millions and millions. He was making them every day. Damn it, he couldn't help making them. Anybody could make them. I could do it if I wanted to. It was simple. I could make millions as I wrote words and I wouldn't be a newspaper man working for a wage any more. I lifted my voice to thank him through his gale of words, but he was back to his family and his farm again, shouting, waving his hands, thumping the table; loud, vain and vulgar, the first American "bounder" I had ever seen.

But all the time I watched and watched for one simple, direct statement of any fact about anything that could be pinned down as a responsible affirmation, and watched in vain. He was just a gale of words; he boasted of his growing power, he cursed his way through a land of words up hill and down dale, he thumped the table, he buried himself in the billions of dollars that the people would soon have returned to them—and clutched his way out to tell me that his name was Lawson and not Larsen, as some enemy had alleged.

I didn't want to then, and I don't mean now to sit in judgment upon Mr. Lawson. That is not my business. But I did want to get from Mr. Lawson some plain statement of his ultimate object, of the means by which he would gain it, of the evil, definite or indefinite, that he was fighting—and I failed. Mr. Lawson just sat there and yelled at me. That was all. Just yelled. But as for facts of any kind—not one.

Was he fighting Rogers? Mr. Rockefeller? Standard Oil? No. Wall Street? No. Then what was he——

Mr. Lawson drowned the question in more shouting. I am not exaggerating. It's the simple, astounding truth. This man who has captured the imagination of the foolish and unthinking, bellowed at me for just fifty minutes by the watch without defining one simple principle that guided him in his fight with the person or institution that he either failed or refused to denominate. And when I left him it was with the conviction that nothing would more quickly break the faith of people in Mr. Lawson's honesty than Mr. Lawson's public appearance and public exposition of his own faith. They might believe what he wrote before they saw him—but they certainly never would afterward.—From the *Independent*, Kansas City.

"Lawson and His Critics" will be continued in the October number.

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